He who taketh the sword shall perish by the sword.

THE TWO FATHERS.

AN UNPUBLISHED ORIGINAL SPANISH WORK.

BY

ADADUS CALPE.

TRANSLATED INTO THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE

BY

The Author, and Henry Edgar.

PART FIRST:

THE RUINS OF THE PARACLETE.

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TO

L. S. SUÁREZ, Esq.:

Honorable Friend:

MODEST AND ENLIGHTENED MIND:

GENEROUS AND NOBLE HEART:

THIS HOMAGE OF FRIENDSHIP IS OFFERED YOU

BY

ADADUS CALPE.

Brooklyn, N. Y., 26th March, 1852.

PREFACE TO THE ENGLISH TRANSLATION.

It is the duty of an author, particularly when he publishes his writings in a tongue which is not his own, to show to the readers what he has proposed in the original; and at the same time to observe that certain accessories, beautiful in one nation in consequence of climate, of education, of the mode of government, of local beauties, have not the same attraction for another people. My idea was to write for the Spanish family of both hemispheres, not forgetting that the scenes of this narration take place in France; but after some reflection I have determined to publish in English: so that it will not be strange if some passages in their literal translation do not produce exactly the intended effect upon the Anglo-American population. But the inhabitants of these happy States are of all nations, in part by birth, in part by education; they sympathize with all that exhibits the Dignity of Man; they feel the value of education, for there is no people in the world among whom it is so widely diffused; they know the power of religion, and the gulf opened at the feet of those who do not possess it: so that all these eminent qualities, united to their benevolent hospitality, have encouraged me to clothe my modest offspring in a foreign dress; and I cherish the anticipation that they will receive it with that open freedom, and hospitable kindness which distinguish the first among the free men of the universe.

Religion, Wisdom, Education, Work, and Constancy, are the device of my writings. The scenes are all natural, for it is unquestionable that men have passions, which are as the sails and the wind which swells them, to vessels, enabling them to navigate the ocean; but it is my duty to notify that, although strictly moral, there are points in which, as happens in the history of the human race, I have been obliged to describe man as he is; for the contrary would be to fail in truthfulness, and by an exaggerated scrupulosity, my personages would be changed into grotesque monastic phantasms. Truth and Virtue go arm in arm, illumined in the midst of the obscurity of Vices,—hypocritical monsters which people the whole earth—by the splendid light of Wisdom.

In some passages I have used the language of monarchies, in others that of republics, guided in this by history, which teaches us to be moderate, ceremonious, timid in the former, and frank, severe, free in the latter. Greece and Rome bequeathed us both styles.

There are passions which either the influence of temperament, or vicious education, or preoccupations, or other innumerable causes develope in the meridional nations, to which more northern people are not so generally accessible. There are ideas, as there are beliefs, which prevail in the north of Europe and America,—as the Protestant church; others which reign in the south,—as the Catholic church; others in the east,—as the Greek; the roots of which are so deep, that to attempt to generalize them would be to reduce them to nothing, and in their respective countries they have incontestable beauties; but the truth is, that all these fractions unite in admiring a general, beautiful, and sublime whole, although in their details they do not agree. If this work had been written

in English, I should not have introduced certain scenes purely continental, but its being a translation, makes me hope that they will not be displeasing to my readers.

In order to give a review of my plan I will repeat what I said in the Prospectus; that is, that my two Books are Man and Nature; the tableaux of the latter, the lineaments of the former; the truth of the one, and the falsity of the other; the sympathetic front of Virtue, and the repulsive visage of Vice; the grandeur of heroic actions, and the vileness of sin; the sublimity of the affections of man in his normal state, and their baseness in moments of aberration: what education is, and the horrors to which the want of it conducts; the worth of nobleness of soul, and the contemptibility of that which consists only in parchments. I have wished to show that science alone, without religion, involves itself in dense darkness: that education, aided by faith in the One True God, can make heroes; but that without this faith, it is a vain pretence, which serves only to raise an intoxicating vapor; that the people are victims to the bad organization of human affairs, to the ambition of certain leaders, to ignorance—in which, for their own convenience, their rulers keep them—being worthy of better days; that the sage—this middle class which forms the thinking element of the nations—if not provoked by the world, would invent wonders for the perfecting of his kind, objects to which Nature, our mother, constantly tends, and which now he seldom attempts, since he fears the ingratitude of those around him—which is more bitter than death; or the interpretations of the ignorant—whose number is infinite; or he is overwhelmed by his sufferings—which are generally intense; so that what would be a wonderful antidote, is converted into a powerful poison; that however depraved the heart of man

may be, it cannot resist the beauty of virtue, when presented in all its simplicity; that the greater part of the horrors committed by the masses are the natural offspring of the higher classes,—whose repentance generally comes too late:—finally, that in this world man is mostly rewarded according to his deeds, or what is the same thing, that *he who takes the sword perishes by the sword.*

And now that I have succinctly stated my plan, I must come to the new dress which I have given to my humble foreign conception. Let us imagine it a Spanish or French girl, poor, unhappy, but my daughter, and that I love her with all her defects, uncomeliness, tawny complexion, black eyes, slender frame, weakness, sickliness, timidity, and that I wish to dress her in the style of the country which I have adopted for her. As a stranger, I am not practised in the caprices of the fashion of the country, nor in those finer strokes which constitute the speciality of the new Fatherland; and although I have watched piece by piece, and word by word, every thing contained in my work, I frankly confess that the accessories which may make her more national often escape me, and therefore I have associated with me a son of the country, or what is the same thing, of the mother-country, who takes upon himself to place properly those pins, those ribbons, those ornaments which my foreign taste, at present, with all my efforts, knows not how to place; and it will be seen that I have done all that lies in my power to naturalize her. Lay aside allegories: the reader will judge whether the English style is pure, the expressions chaste, the phraseology national.

It now only remains for me to cast myself upon the indulgent kindness of the public.

Be that taketh the sword shall perish by the sword.

THE TWO FATHERS.

FIRST PART.

The Ruins of the Paraclete.

CHAPTER I.

It was the month of June, 1836. M. Gueneau de Mussy, a distinguished member of the Faculty in Paris, had just been refuting, with equal power and eleganee, in the Academy of Medicine, the opinions of the Phrenologists, then in vogue. Gall, Spurzheim and others, were authorities of great weight, who could not but attract, in the course of five-and-twenty years, many disciples, and make many proselytes all over the world, particularly in France, the standard-bearer of modern civilization. Nevertheless, this hypothesis, which will never reach even the portico of Science, had, like all human things, enthusiastic panegyrists, and inveterate enemies. Which side is right the reader of the following pages may judge; and we believe that while Phrenology may dazzle for awhile, it will become dim in the rising light of truth. The cranium of Fieschi had, according to some, certain protuberances situate upon the side of the head, where has been placed the organ of Murder or Destructiveness: according to others, these protuberances were not found in Fieschi, but were so in General Foy,

the type of urbanity and nobleness.* Contradictions so enormous, and others which we do not cite, prove that man in the midst of his progress often struggles in the darkness of ignorance while he believes himself enthroned in the spheres of light. To say that miserable mortals are victims of their organization is a blasphemy—a doctrine fatal to all liberty, to all morality, to all hope; a doctrine which arms the ignorant with terrible weapons, worse than the inevitable doom of Mahomet, and presents to the mind of man Destiny with outspread wings swooping over the earth, spreading desolation, piling up putrescent masses. We should have much to say upon this subject, but it is not our intention to deliver an anti-phrenological course; we prefer commencing at once a history that will furnish our humble pen with matter for many pages.

In the northern part of the Department of Aube, some twenty-six leagues from Paris, there is a small town, Nogent de la Seine, watered by the river which lends it its name. Not far off, a pile of ruins arrests the view of the traveller. Mouldering arches, broken columns, heaps of stone and brick, walls carpeted with saxifrage, with tree and ground ivy, with parietaria and its round red stems brittle as glass, and its rough, dark green, sharp pointed leaves, and small apetalous flowers, and an infinity of other climbing plants and shrubs, over which lightly runs the lizard, lover of silence, with sparkling eye, rustling in his nimble course the heaps of withered leaves, and interrupting the tranquillity which reigns in these solitudes, over whose crumbling masses has rolled the light of some eight centuries. The founder of this monastery sought to immortalize the memory of the *consolation* he so much needed by calling it The Paraclete. His history, though immoral, is well known, and has furnished the materials for the Abelard and Heloise; but such are human things, the Paraclete no longer exists save in ruins, and many of the inhabitants of its own neighborhood,

* Journal des Débats, 27th June, 1836.

and nearly all the rest of the world, know not who founded it, and do not approach it, because . . . . . let us hear two ignorant peasants who are passing by, eyeing the ruins askance, and they will tell us why.

— Not in the day time ; but in the night it is horrible ; you could hear the groans from this place where we stand, and you see it's a good way off.

— And the man with the long beard lives there, eh ?

— Parbleu ! don't name him, Julien, don't name him ; M. le Curé told Dame Frayeur that the old founder of this monastery was a scandalous man, who among other things taught a young lady I don't know what magic tricks ; but one thing is certain, that they both got a whipping at last, and a pretty smart one too ! and it seems to me that the old fellow that lives now in these ruins, but nobody has ever seen him, must be an enchanter, a wizard, a goblin, a devil's whelp, for he goes about with a bald-headed raven, the ugliest thing in the world, and the nasty bird understands him when he speaks for all the world like a Christian.

The clown hearing this, crossed himself, stared vacantly with his mouth agape from ear to ear, his knees knocking together, awkwardly shuffling his feet, and drawing a deep breath, he said :

— Why, how does he live ?

— Why does he live, man ? Ah ! there's a question ! Why ? —because he is not dead.

— And why is he not dead living there ?

— I cannot tell ; but at night they say it is frightful to hear the groanings and howlings that come from the cavern he lives in.

— And he does really live in there ?

— To be sure, he lives in those vaults.

— And,— said the other, nudging his companion, — he has not got a young lady like the old founder to teach magics to ?

At this question they both stood still ; the one puffed out

his ruddy cheeks choking with laughter; the other with his hands resting on his knees, burst into a convulsive ha! ha! ha! Both, face to face, stood there laughing for some time, when the raven of which they had just been speaking passed over their heads croaking. They remained fixed in the same position, glancing from side to side with terror in their eyes and wide-opened mouths, till it was out of sight; then crossing themselves, they went on their way to their cabins in an unbroken silence, looking fitfully from time to time over their shoulders.

Let us leave these countrymen, and follow two travellers who are taking the narrow lane lined with green turf which leads to the ruins. Both have reached a mature age, both belong to an elevated rank in society, and although arrived at a period of reflection, both think as to certain matters like gay young men of the world. They are on foot and alone, for neither the peasants of the neighborhood nor the town's people of Nogent dare approach the mysterious ruins; so that they have had to leave the carriage in which they came at the end of the lane.

— Strange country!— said the younger of the two, — strange country is this France! Side by side with learning, around the very focus of science, one finds the most frightful superstition, the densest ignorance. Did you hear, Count, the conversation of the hotel-keeper and his guests, when we said we wished to visit the ruins of the Paraclete?

— Yes, Baron, but that proves only a bad social organization. In France, it is as though the proprietor of a chateau, who was eminently selfish, possessed a reservoir intended for purposes of irrigation, which he would not suffer to be used for the neighboring fields; his own pastures, meadows, and gardens would have all the luxuriance of tropical vegetation, enriched by the abundant watering of crystal streams, while the adjacent fields would present but a desert to the view of his tenants. The French, as leader of the nations, centralize in their cities learn-

ing, education, great men ; they make an immense reservoir of this Paris which lies beneath us ; but like egotists as they are, they deny the crystal waters to the people, whether in the country or in the towns, and they do right, and so ignorance sterilizes this teeming soil, which, cultivated and watered, would produce the richest fruits instead of the weeds and brambles which we now see.

— And who can this necromantic, savage, ferocious creature be, that lives in the ruins and puts these people in such fear ?

— We shall soon solve that question ; but I have little doubt that the whole story is fabulous—a tale of witchcraft.

As they said this they approached the Paraclete ; it was eleven o'clock in the morning, and the sun was very powerful, so they opened their umbrellas to screen their heads from his scorching rays.

— Surely this is the only way to the monastery.

— It must be so. I have carefully examined the horizon ; all the rest is a dense wood. What ideas rush into the mind when treading a spot of which one has read in childhood, with the soul suspended between pain and pleasure ! Do you know that in view of the celebrity of the learned Abelard, whose name was in the twelfth century the personification of knowledge, I cannot but wonder to see the errors to which man is exposed ; when believing himself guided by reason, he is but dragged along by his appetites.

— The greatest men generally commit the greatest errors, particularly when woman is concerned. . . . . .

The flight of a raven which slightly touched the umbrella of the Count, interrupted this dialogue, and attracted the attention of the two travellers to the crumbling ogives of the peristyle of the Paraclete. They went on in silence, searching for some place where they might enter the ruins ; when presently they heard the footsteps of a man at some distance in the interior of that abandoned monastery. They looked at each other ; but before they could speak, they perceived coming towards

them a man truly mysterious. He was small of stature; his head hung upon his shoulders, his neck was twisted towards the right, the cheek resting upon the collar-bone; he was dressed in a blouse; he tottered as he went, and on his breast, he carried a picture, the subject of which they could not see at that distance. This mysterious man appeared through a ruined window, leaned his body on one side so as to be able to see them, and disappeared, not without striking terror into those who had seen him. The travellers looked at each other, and with a gesture of mutual understanding commenced the following dialogue:

— This must be the monastery, and the ruins on the other side the church.

— That which was the church has perished almost to its foundations, while the monastery remains but half in ruins: here Baron, you have a perfect picture of the actual clergy and church; the latter is almost demolished by the ministers who exercise its divine authority so unworthily, and the former meantime sustain themselves well enough, because they think only of money-getting, and the pursuits of ambition, without troubling themselves about the decadent church. Poor Abelard! Who would have ventured to tell him that the refuge he sought against the barbarous envy of his enemies, and particularly of the Canon, uncle of Heloise, would one day see the lizard running, and wild plants growing over its ruins? Who would have believed that his numerous disciples, and the fame he left behind him, would have been insufficient to eternize the Paraclete, and that his very name would be buried in oblivion. . . . . .

From behind a massive wall clothed with parietaria, appeared the head of another man, tall, thin, pale, with large blue eyes, with red saffron-colored beard which covered his cheeks, leaving only his eyes visible, dressed in a frock coat after the fashion of the times, reaching down to his feet, and the cloth of which shone with long wear upon the forearm and shoulder,

who with his eyes riveted on the strangers, said to them with honeyed voice and flashing eyes—

— Back, gentlemen, back; here alone live I—a poor botanist.

And stretching out his arm, he pointed with his finger to the path by which they were to retire. While he had been speaking, Kant had stood contemplating him with much curiosity, and now giving way to his recollections he exclaimed:

— Schmidt, Schmidt, don't you remember me? don't you remember Kant, the companion of your studies in London, the playmate of your childhood in Wertemburg?

The man to whom had thus been given the name of Schmidt, passed his hands across his eyes, struck with his palm his broad forehead, and with a gesture of delight clasped in his arms the Count Kant, his fellow-student when a young man in London, and, though Schmidt was the older of the two, the beloved friend of his childhood.

After the first transports of joy, which were natural upon the reunion of those who had loved each other in the age of truth, the tall man assumed the meditative air which was habitual to him, and said:

— Do you remember, Kant, the first time that the philosopher of Wertemburg, the profound Gall, explained to us in London, he and Spurzheim, before giving them to the light, their investigations upon anatomy, and the physiology of the nervous system?

— I remember it.

— Do you remember my plans for the future?

— Yes, my friend, as if it were but yesterday.

— I have followed them all, but not with the results I calculated upon at that epoch.

— What have you accomplished?

— That is my secret.

Schmidt stopped short, looked at the Baron, stepped a little aside, and whispered to his friend.

— Who is this gentleman that comes with you?

— It is my friend, the Baron de Vieux.

— The Baron de Vieux! . . . . ah! . . ah!

The countenance of Schmidt assumed a peculiar expression, as he repeated several times. . . de Vieux! . . . . de Vieux! His friend Kant could distinguish none of the significance of this expression, and answered him—

— Yes, my friend the Baron de Vieux.

— Then I am sorry I cannot speak to you with freedom. You nobles do not believe the science of the plebeians.

— Schmidt, you do not know the Baron. I assure you, on my word of honor, he is worthy of your highest esteem.

— Very good, but it does not follow that I can confide to him a secret.

— As though he were a corpse, or the ruins on which we tread.

Schmidt looked at Kant with one of those looks that go right to the heart, and added:

— Well, I will confess to you the half of it.

They then rejoined the Baron, who was examining the monumental spot, and preceded by Schmidt, they directed their steps to a corridor, which doubtless led to the vaults of the Paraclete. Let us follow them, treading in their steps, and observing all that surrounded them, in the same silence that they kept.

This corridor was a dark passage, whose arched ceiling might defy yet another eight centuries, with its five layers of bricks; and it was so dark that it could not be entered with confidence by any one who was not accustomed to pass through it many times a day. After some three or four minutes they began to descend, not a staircase, but a declivity worn smooth, at the end of which light was perceivable. They raised their heads, and saw the rays of the sun penetrating a dense mass of foliage, which covered the topmost peaks of the ruined edifice. A Picardy sheep-dog, with intelligence beaming in his counte-

nance, was lying at the door of a kind of apartment to the left, and as soon as he observed the presence of strangers, he fixed his eyes on Schmidt, as though asking him what he was to do. His friend indicated by a signal that he was to remain quiet, which seen by the intelligent animal, he returned to his first position, resting his chin on his fore-paws. Schmidt opened the door, and invited his guests to enter that strange inclosure. Before a word is spoken, we will describe what they saw, and which held them in breathless awe.

CHAPTER II.

One who has seen a South American market, where meat is exposed for sale, upon filthy planks laid on the ground, swarming with large blue flies, which make it teem with maggots, may form an approximative idea of the place we are treading. Pieces of flesh, violet, black, mulberry-red, mangled brains separated into their several compartments, livid viscera, greenish liver, whitened lungs with black spots, crania full of holes, skulls sawn in pieces, heads of animals of different species heaped in a corner, purulent marrow, a fetid smell half camphorate, mephitic miasms mixed with divers pharmaceutical odors, were the first body of the horrid picture the Count and the Baron were observing. Then in course of dissection were hearts with the great arteries and veins that communicate with them; great aortas, lungs, tracheæ, bronchi, venæ cavæ, right and left ventricles of the heart, tricuspid valves, stomachs, pulmonary arteries, viscera, thoraces, spleens, abdomens, œsophagi, bladders, pancreata, mesenteric veins and globules, arteries, absorbent vessels, superior venæ cavæ, and an infinity of other integral parts of the human body, some blackened, others greenish, these in bottles, those half fresh, and some almost palpitating. This was the second body of the fearful tableau. On one side, hanging on a beam, were skeletons of men and of women, skinned and dissected with all their members—wonderful work of scientific patience. A little further, a complete chemical laboratory, but

equally horrible for filth, full of bones, blood, and pieces of flesh; the horrid nausea excited by which made the nerves recoil. The chamber was of great size, and it seemed as though the inhabitant of this cavern must be the Secretary of Death, or the universal executioner in his workshop, who, after the Spanish fashion of forty years ago, was frying the members of quartered criminals, or cutting them in pieces to expose them in iron cages at the cross-roads, in order thus to announce to the passers by the barbarism of human justice!

Schmidt had fallen into a profound reverie, while Kant and de Vieux felt their hairs standing on end at the contemplation of so infernal a laboratory. Had either of them been asked where they were, they would have fled at the sound of a human voice. It has cost us some moments to describe all this, but their vision embraced the whole in a very few seconds, at the end of which was heard a cry as of a human being. Schmidt made a satanic gesture and set off running to the bottom of the cavern, which movement made the travellers start back twice with fear; their knees knocked together, their pallid countenances expressing the terror which agitated their hearts.

Man is so much the child of his senses, that in certain cases it is necessary to materialize the moral disorders in order that they may produce on him a beneficial effect. The preceptor may tire himself out in vain counselling youth to govern and not succumb to their brutal appetites; he may make a thousand reflections, and hold up before them a thousand examples; he may instil into them a thousand maxims, all will be useless; but let him take his pupils to one of those hospitals where are to be seen the ravages effected by debauch; where they may witness the fatal consequences of vice, of intoxication, of gluttony; let him lift up the bloody and nauseous sheets; let him expose to view the apparatus that inflicts the surgical incision; let him cause the groans of the patient, perhaps in the flower of his age, to fall upon their ears; let him set before their fearful gaze the monstrosities produced by vice, and the youths will be seen to

return from the terrible couch with the muscles of the face contracted, the hair all on end, the stomach nauseated, and, what is of most consequence, with an extreme horror at the possibility of falling into such a situation. This is not a system of terror—no, but of practical persuasion, one of sound reason; and it is not to be said that physicians are every day in such scenes and are yet no more moral than the rest of mankind, because it may be replied that it is an injustice to the faculty to suppose them immoral; for though the generality of them are, if you will, materialists, they show by their conduct that the sight of such pictures, if it does not lead them religiously to preserve themselves from debauch, at least creates in their minds an inveterate antipathy to vice, which restrains them from falling victims to it with so much frequency as the rest of men who do not witness such disenchantments.

In the absence of Schmidt, Kant and de Vieux, petrified with astonishment, stood motionless as statues, capable only for a long time of regarding each other with bewildered eyes. It is not to be wondered at that two men of the world, as those are generally called who have passed their youth in levities, remained at such a moment awe-stricken in the midst of their no vulgar attainments. There are certain scenes invented either by wickedness, or scientific fanaticism, or superstition, or the misled judgment of men, which we in vain strive to imagine, and to which we can much less make ourselves superior. Under this influence, greater doubtless than the magnetic power of Joseph Balsamo, they found themselves, when Schmidt returned rubbing his hands, in a meditative air. Kant could not help drawing back, and saying:

— Schmidt, what are these horrors? what workshop of Satan have you chosen for your operations? what cry was that?

— Ha! ha! ha! .... it is but the laboratory of a poor physician.

The three relapsed into silence. The strangers cast another glance at these terrible remains of humanity, and the Franco-

German inclined his head. The frontal arteries throbbed convulsively, the lower lip projected, and shrugging his shoulders he directed himself to Kant:

— Then you . . . . and this gentleman . . . . are astonished at my house?

— But, my friend, who would not be horrified at such a sight and such cries?

— I, you, and this gentleman, if I explained it to you.

— Say, Schmidt, say for what end you have collected such putrescent masses, and live in the midst of such sad cries?

— To give life to half a world.

— To give life!—exclaimed de Vieux, a little recovered from his amazement, — to give life!

— Yes, M. de Vieux, to give life.

— And how will you give life if these miasms take away your own, Schmidt?

— Oh! these miasms do not inflict death, those which kill are those you respire in Paris and other cities, moral cesspools whose vapors stifle.

The extraordinary man rose up, strode two steps, took a bugle, drew from it two prolonged sounds, Ho-o-o-o, ... ho-o-o-o! . . . . turned and sat down, and placed the horn between his knees. Inexplicable to the strangers was all that passed under their eyes, and but for the ancient friendship of Kant and Schmidt, the noble German, as well as the Frenchman, would have quitted the vaults of the Paraclete, never again to set their feet within them. The extraordinary physician had made signs to them with his hand that he expected some one, and that they were to keep silence, and while the person came whom he had thus called, he struck the floor with the bloody bugle-horn as though beating time to music. Footsteps were heard as of a person walking slowly, the pallid features of the host of those ruins were dilated, the *os hyoides* rose and fell quickly with the pleasure he was experiencing, he could not swallow the saliva fast enough. The door opened. The man who presented himself before them

was the same wry-necked humpback whom they had seen before the appearance of Schmidt. Our readers know him already, but they do not know what he had hanging at his breast. On seeing him Kant and de Vieux rose involuntarily from the blocks of wood, for they could not be called benches, whereon they were seated, and stepped back with demonstrations of horror. What was it they saw! Let us with them fix our eyes upon that painting. It is a picture a foot long, whereon is seen a gallows, and a man struggling in the agonies of strangulation between the knees of the hangman. It bore an inscription in Spanish, saying, "José Feliú, wonderfully saved." Schmidt smiled to see the two nobles so terrified, and after giving them time to contemplate José Feliú, said to the condemned:

— José, my son, go in and look to that . . . . . and do not let it move.

The wry-neck went out, dragging his disjointed legs, to the bottom of the cave, whence had proceeded the terrible cry.

— What is this, Schmidt, what is this?

— A poor worthy fellow, whom in the year '27 the Conde de España, that tormentor of Catalonia, had hanged in Barcelona for a liberal, as the monster said, whom I, being in the city, begged after the execution, and whom I have been able to restore to life.

— And how?

— You must have read it in the periodicals of the time.

Schmidt was one of those wonders of science, to whom nothing attained appears worthy of admiration compared with what they have yet to learn, and this ever recedes as they go along towards the infinite horizon of science; so he would make no further answer.

— This is truly horrible.

— It is fearful, added de Vieux.

— But what is there horrible and fearful, gentlemen; the sight of bones and dissected flesh, and of a man whom I have saved, and who out of gratitude will not abandon the picture which represents his sufferings and happy end? Bah! gentle-

men, what you call horrible has nothing in it but the sublime and holy! It is plain .... the nobles ....

— Come, Schmidt, pardon my first emotion; since we are not accustomed to see sages like you, nor cabinets so artistically decorated, it has made an impression on us; for you know though I have studied somewhat, it has been only for pastime, and the Baron knows only the anatomy of Love, and the remains of hearts analyzed in cups of Louis d'Or.

— Aye! Aye!

— Let us leave this, now, and tell us how it is you are here. I left you in London in the year—the year '29, seven years ago, more or less, is it not so?

The man of science gave an affirmative sign.

— Come, tell us what has happened to you that you should have formed the determination to live amongst the dead. Speak, the Baron de Vieux is but to me another self.

The mysterious man opened his large blue eyes and looked at Kant, then at the Baron, and smiled. The glance which he cast upon de Vieux made the hair of the latter stand on end, though he knew not why; the sea-blue eyes of Schmidt caused an ocean of time to rush over his soul; but this impression was effaced, as the furrow traced by one wave is obliterated by the larger succeeding one which rolls over it, as he gazed at the smile of the extraordinary physician.

— My history .... ah! it is related in two words.

Schmidt twisted his fingers in his hand, beginning with the smallest and finishing with the thumb. In his countenance there was nothing that could be deciphered; it was as a parchment from which time had effaced all that in youth might have been read there; but one who had studied the rising and falling of the *os hyoides* might have detected that something extraordinary agitated his breast.

— Come, tell us those two words; I repeat that the Baron is but an *alter ego.*

A flash darted out from the intelligent eyes of Schmidt. The Baron added:

— If my presence . . . .

— No, M. de Vieux, no, your presence cannot but be a pleasure to me. I will relate in a few words my history from that time. From London I passed to Paris, in search of Science; from Paris I went to Bremen, to Dresden, to Berlin— in search of Science; thence I returned to France, and, being, as Kant knows, poor, and the son of a husbandman, I sought to make myself a name; because the middle class, destitute of parchments and coats of arms, seeks its trophies in science, in intelligence, which is the greatest nobleness next to genuine virtue, and perhaps the greatest of all, since without intelligence it is impossible to be truly virtuous... begging your pardon, my Lords. Not being able to live in Paris, for particular reasons, I sought an asylum in these ruins, to dedicate myself entirely to investigations which might make me a name, and make me forget .... my first disenchantments, my first attempts, and I have succeeded. Behold my history!

— But now before we go into details as to that which surrounds us, if I mistake not, it seems to me that in the year '20, in Wertemburg, you had a family, wife and daughter.

Schmidt bit his inferior lip, and added with a gesture of indifference: — Yes, they died in '22.

— And how have you been able to amass so many skeletons, such heaps of flesh, so many corpses? What discoveries have you made? Speak, my dear friend, speak. You have put me into a burning impatience; what does all this mean?

Schmidt arose from his seat, went to the beam where the skeletons were hanging, and taking one by the vertebral column, said:

— This is my wife.

The two aristocrats moved uneasily upon their chairs. Kant said: — Horrible!

He who had just shown the remains of her who had made him father, continued, without visible emotion:

— This is my daughter, the only one I had.

Kant and de Vieux arose and drew back.

The Gallo-German, imperturbable, continued :

— These are two celebrated murderers, who were guillotined at Troyes ; this is the most lascivious man that ever entered the Hospital Val de Grâce at Paris ; this is the woman most insatiable of pleasures that ever trode Marseilles, daughter of the Terrace behind the Theatre ; this is a robber, essence of Caco, or spirit of a usurer ; this is a soldier of the army of Algiers ; this is a curé, who passed for a saint, and was more voluptuous than a monkey ; this belonged to a negro, who would have become a prodigy of intelligence ; this is one of a girl, type of sensuality ; why should I add more ? All are celebrities, each in his own line.

The nobles were petrified with amazement at the *sang-froid* of this Galen.

— And how have you obtained a collection of notabilities so numerous ? What have you gathered from your study ? Without doubt Gall and Spurzheim will fall into the background when you give to light investigations so profound ? Speak, the Baron and myself are enthusiasts of Phrenology.

— Ha ! ha ! ha ! Phrenology is a hypothesis, and will never attain a higher rank ; by it some phenomena can, in certain cases, be explained ; but Science hides itself in the cerebral sinuosities, and is confounded by the spirituality of the principle that animates those wonderful caverns. To attempt the explanation of the mysteries of Nature by arguments so elastic, so to speak, as those of Gall, Spurzheim, Salandier, Lavater, Cabanis, &c., is to fight against truth, to debase the judgment.

— And why are you so opposed to Phrenology ? How is it that you have changed ? How can you deny what we have together seen in London ?

— Sit down, and we will talk.

It is necessary to pause here and observe the sage, the terrible man, who at 53 years seemed to be a septuagenarian, so much had he studied ! . . . or so much had he suffered ! . . . or

perhaps both these causes had combined so to wear him out! His kingdom was knowledge; in reflecting upon the human body his countenance became radiant, his features dilated, his eyes sparkled, his hands spoke, torrents poured from his lips, his head was elevated with a philosophic enthusiasm. Then Schmidt was like a miser passing in review his bags of gold; or an artist in that blissful moment, when he has been permitted for the first time to touch with transient kiss the lips of his beloved; or a conquering hero who, in the midst of the battle-field, plucks the decorations from his own person to distribute to his brave soldiers around him; or a tragedian, who, in the height of his triumph, sees his audience weep in the midst of their applause, while they throw chaplets at his feet; or the orator, who is exciting by his sympathetic eloquence to heroic deeds; or the mother, who, from the wrecking ship, receives her only son in her arms, snatched from the abyss which stood ready to ingulf him before her eyes. All this and more was Schmidt. His central point was that elementary being called by Leibnitz the monad, his throne was the human body, his atmosphere the soul, his court the secrets which environ those two substances. Schmidt, before speaking, poured forth a deep breath as though animating worlds of intelligence around him. Oh! Schmidt was terribly beautiful. The two nobles gazed with admiration upon the metamorphosis undergone by the extraordinary being before them; they hoped to hear great things, to see wonders. He, while they looked upon him, drew himself up, passed his large fingers rapidly through his fast failing hair, opened wide his eyes, as though seeking to penetrate the abyss thence to draw out light, respired deeply, looked at his guests, searching in their eyes to see if their souls were coming out at those windows to hear what he was about to say:

— Phrenology! Poor alphabet of an imagined science! The soul and the body, the spiritual and the physical strength, what relation have they? How do they communicate with each other? How do those two contraries unite? It is a mystery.

The configuration of the skull, the sinuosities, the protuberances, the organs which are more than thirty-seven in number, those conductors of external sensations, those cameræ obscuræ which represent that which is without, that which we feel, that which we desire, that which we hate, that which we imagine, that which we idealize! . . . . the soul subject to the mechanism of the body! Error! The same organ, the same protuberance, which in man they call Destructiveness, is in the wolf an imperious incitement to devour the lamb for his sustenance; the same organ, of assassination in man, makes the goat eat grass, the bird feed on seeds, the insect live on air. To say that all destroy is to give such elasticity to science, that it is reduced to a mere pretence. Intelligence based on configuration or volume! Nonsense! A bird, a canary, a parrot, learn to do marvellous things, are superior to other animals a hundred times their size, from whose brains might be made a dozen linnets, three or four parrots, or half a score of canaries. It is not volume that we must consider, it is activity. The inclinations of man, his moral part, boxed up in protuberances and sinuosities! Sheer madness! A mass as of 20 with 3 degrees of activity or velocity, is the same as a mass of 3 with 20 degrees of activity or velocity; this is an incontestable principle of mechanics. How do the phrenologists pretend to support themselves upon it, or to evade its force? The phrenologists consider the brain only as a material organ; this element alone proves nothing; it is necessary to consider whether we can measure the activity which animates it. And who will measure the soul of man? Who has entered this world full of darkness? Who has penetrated into this breath of God? Oh! the soul of man has an activity like that which with a breath animated the statue of clay as it lay by the banks of the river of Paradise! Oh! phrenology is a charlatanism! I, with my own hands, have lifted up, broken, severed in pieces, examined even palpitating the frontal, parietal, occipital, sphenoid, temporal and ethmoid bones; have fixed upon the quivering brains

my greedy eyes; have fatigued myself with comparing heads of men and of animals; have perforated heads of men and women, of children and the aged; have removed this coverlet of their brains, and seen this mass of their thought trembling in the palpitations of death; have endeavored to seize the soul that was escaping me; their heads have drooped, their brains have fallen on the floor, the soul, the power of activity, has fled to Heaven; how? by what road? where had it been? which was its seat? Oh! phrenology . . . .!

— Schmidt! Schmidt! are you a monster, a murderer, a? . . . .

— Hear me, Kant, before you judge; you say that I am a murderer because I have killed some dozens of men and women in order to save many, to aid the progress of science, to gain knowledge, to hasten the reign of intelligence: hear my answer, then I will go on with phrenology. You have called me an assassin because I have searched for knowledge, not for myself, but for the solace of human kind, for the amelioration of entire humanity; and what title will you give to the monarch who causes thousands of men to die on the field of battle, for an imaginary and dreamed-of right which he calls divine, that of subjugating his fellows? We need not go back to the wars of succession in Spain, nor turn over the pages of history to cull odious names; let us look at the fratricidal war which the Spaniards are waging against each other for that poor mannikin of the Jesuits, Don Carlos, on the one side, and on the other, Donna Isabella, that little innocent, knowing as yet nothing but how to play with her dolls! If you call me a murderer because I have, without one selfish consideration, seen a few expire for the sake of the many, what name will you give to Napoleon, and to all the sanguinary cohort of ambitious conquerors whom men call heroes? How will you designate those worshippers of Mammon, who with capacious throat devour the goods of their fellows, causing them to die of misery through their infamous usury, usurpation, and fraud? What appellation do those rulers deserve who suffer the people

to fight in the streets for a name—call it king or liberty—strewing the ground with corpses? What names will you invent for the priests and monks, who in past centuries—and they are fully disposed to do the same now—have lighted the fires of the Inquisition, sacrificing not to God, who hates victims, but to their own stupid superstition, hundreds of thousands, and perhaps millions of men? For this the people rise against them, and shoot them even in the churches, as you have seen now quite recently in Madrid and Barcelona, paying them with brutal fanaticism of liberty for their own religious fanaticism of oppression. "He that takes the sword shall perish by the sword." What will you call those ignorant physicians who daily send thousands to the tomb?—or those reckless merchants, who in their unscrupulous thirst for gain, make the sea a sepulchre to thousands of noble hearts? And if from the material, of which plenty more remains to be said, we turn to the moral, what language can you invent justly to characterize those murderers, the great and the rich, who abuse their position to defile the bed of the unhappy son of the people, to sacrifice the virtue of its daughters, to destroy the peace of proletarian families for the accomplishment of their nefarious designs? By what term can you rightly name those deaths which are entailed by the selfish upon the honest poor, by demagogues upon the incautious people, by immoral and sophistical writers upon their unhappy readers, by journalists upon the nations? What can I say to you, Kant, what can I say to you? You, yourself, this gentleman . . . . . yes, this gentleman . . . . . and others that occupy similar situations, answer: what names do those whom I have described, and others whom to save myself hateful recollections I will not mention, deserve, who, not for the good of the community, but for their own; not for the love of science, but for their brutal appetites; not from enthusiasm for knowledge, but for the sake of the most petty worldly considerations, kill, destroy, immolate? No, my friend, no, do not call me an assassin because I have killed a few for the good of all, and

through whose deaths I have found a remedy for a thousand ills.

The eccentric man inclined his head, and clasping his hands, a tear ran down his saffron-colored beard and moustachio. Kant and de Vieux could not take off their eyes from him, lost as they were in the profound thought his extraordinary reasoning excited. On seeing him weep, his old class-mate was melted, and falling on his neck, said:

— Pardon me, sage friend, pardon me, I have given you a name you do not deserve; Kant admires you; Kant calls you now in adult years more than in infancy, the friend of his heart. Kant is a fool, who trembles at a few deaths, and does not consider the thousands around him.

There was a prolonged silence, during which strange things might have been remarked, if each had not been absorbed in the thoughts which beclouded him; the solemn stillness was at length interrupted by Kant, who said, addressing himself to Schmidt:

— Well, my dear and wise friend, I concede that your end justifies the means; continue now your exposition of the prodigious discoveries resulting from your studies.

The Gallo-German recovered himself in appearance from the abstraction into which he had fallen, and replied in a casual manner:

— Think you not the obscure Schmidt wept when he heard the cries of his victims? Do you not judge that his heart-strings broke when he caused the convulsions of death, when he put his face into the reeking entrails of those whom he immolated? Has he not grown old with suffering? But Schmidt had cruel pains to forget, Schmidt had to devour his most beautiful sentiments; and it was by force of suffering that Schmidt cast himself into the unfathomable abyss of science, whose infinity threw him into ecstasies till he was even beside himself; Schmidt looked at humanity, and preferred repaying the evil he had suffered with good, to taking vengeance on those who had

outraged him. Please God even the names of these men shall be forgotten in order that all mankind may be loved . . . . .

The man who an hour ago appeared a genius of the intellectual heaven, sunk to the material earth—to the abode of mortality.

The Baron de Vieux ventured to address him:

— Mons. Schmidt, will you have the kindness to lay aside these recollections, and continue for the benefit of our intelligence the exposition of your vast discoveries in relation to Craniology? You have so much interested me . . . . . .

Schmidt again surrounded himself with the luminous atmosphere in which he had but just now been swimming, and impelled afresh by Kant, commenced thus:

— God is not as men: with him there is no distinction of persons; justice is one of his highest attributes: the souls of all men come from his hands equal; he creates them with equal wisdom; he sends them with equal goodness to animate the material part of man. All souls possess the same identical gifts; all enjoy equal activity; all are endowed with the same prodigious power. The physician more than all others is ready to acknowlege the existence of God; for he beholds wonders which annihilate his arrogance and confound his comprehension. That the souls of all rational beings must be equal, is manifest; because a contrary doctrine robs God of his infinite and wise justice, permitting us to lift up our necks against him, and tell him that he has made a distinction of persons. The body of man is equal in all the human race, as to its essential and integral parts, if not in that which pertains to accidentals. The same two hundred and fifty-two bones, the same viscera, the same cartilages, the same tendons, the same arteries, the same nerves, the same veins, the same vessels, the same fluids, the same cuticle, the same epidermis, the same members. The differences noted in the races are accidental; for the most part, they are the result of education, of climate, of food, and an infinity of other circumstances which barbarism, caprice, fashion,

ignorance, have invented in their febrile disorder. The Caribbee has a flattened, the negro a melon-shaped cranium, the Chinese woman feet exceedingly small, and other accidentals have sprung from what I have just mentioned; but in the essential, in the integral, they are equal. From what happens it, then, that morally they are so dissimilar? Is it in the manner of looking at things? Is it because the harmonies of all men's bodies are not alike? Is it because his corporeal and intellectual activity are not in equilibrium? It may be affected by this, though it is not a sure rule in all cases. The activity of the mind is the same in all cases—of the body not so, because *anima omnis carnis in sanguine ejus est.* That is, the activity of the corporeal substance is in the blood. That does not mean, as a sect of philosophers two centuries ago interpreted it, that the soul, or thinking principle, is in the blood; no, the thinking principle may be in the head or in the whole body, that is yet a mystery, but for our purpose it is indifferent; what is meant is, that the strength of the physical principle is in the blood. On the other hand, in the liquids there is life, in the solids death. Moreover, the blood is like the sea in the earth, penetrating its bowels, vivifying it, moistening it, giving it sap and aliment, sending out its waters in all directions, and gathering them together again in its capacious bosom. And will not the purification, or empoisonment of these waters, influence very greatly the animal economy, which by a yet undiscovered mystery has its sympathies with the spiritual kingdom? Who can doubt it? Look at the effects produced by wine, by opium; and look at the opposite effects of coffee. The former are incitants to concupiscence, the latter is an antiphrodysiac. This stimulates the senses, the others infuriate them; this delights, those sadden; this gives energy to the body, which communicates it to the soul, and in that state of sur-excitation man creates, originates, performs wonders; the others enervate the body, which drags down the soul to a participation in its inertia and depression, till it finds itself enwrapped in stupidity.

Sensual vice, in some cases reduces the blood as it were to water, in others it envenoms it. In the first case it causes idiocy or insanity; in the second, generates monstrosities. Yes, gentlemen, the velocity, the activity of the material part of man is the blood; it matters not that the brains have or have not this or that configuration; give one the necessary fluid having qualities of the kind and activity of the power required by the exigencies of the particular case in the given circumstances, and you shall see prodigies of intelligence, of virtue, of wickedness, of vehement passions. It is not to be believed that the soul obeys the body; no, she is the queen, she dominates; she but allows herself to be subjected in abnormal moments; in returning to the normal state she reveals her power. Gentlemen, my secret is in the blood, my discovery I bequeath to the world under the name of "*The Nervo-Sanguineo-nutri-imbibitive Art.*" Give me substances proportionate, analogous, assimilative to the conducting organs, the principles simple or compound which touch those springs of sensibility that affect the soul, which at times put it into an abnormal state, at times equalize its forces, and behold a new world; behold intelligence; behold prodigies of every kind. For what doubt can there be but that the milk which the babe sucks influences its future as well as its present development? What doubt that the qualities existing in certain minerals, certain plants, certain elements, is born of the liquid which nourishes them? What doubt that the aliments change the nature, the tendencies, of the body, and influence in a surprising manner the relation which exists between it and the soul? What doubt that the animal education changes the ideas of men? What doubt that the moral part is affected by all the external? Oh, my friend! my attempts will be perfected by others; their results consigned to posterity, and science will have gained thousands of leagues in its spacious horizon. Transfusion, transfusion! this is the prodigious power, whether by the alimentary canal, by

the veins, or by the organs which directly act upon the intelligence.

Here the admirable man arose, drew his guests nearer to him to explain to them mysteries, marvels, wonders, which he had discovered in the analysis of the human structure. Here there was an entrail, here a bone, here an artery, here a membrane, here the cerebral cavity, here that of the thorax, here the labyrinthine nervous system, here the blood of various beings rational and irrational, here the caverns of the cerebellum, here the globulous mass of the brains, here all these together, here much that we cannot describe. The mysterious beginnings of life enveloped in fluids, like the world in the hands of God, their progression, their development, the ossification, life, the tendencies of the being about to see the light, about to be bathed in another atmosphere as fluid yet less liquid, the immediate cause of its life, Schmidt treats of all with a freedom, a facility, a disembarrassment conceivable only in one who had been present with God in the fabrication of the world—who was with him in the composition of the beings that surround us, who had served for hands to creative wisdom. This man of the people was as superior to the two nobles as wisdom is to ignorance, as strength is to impotence, as the people are to the kings who govern them, in strength, in resources, in physical and moral power.

The two guests were so ravished listening to the sage, that four hours passed without their perceiving it; when the body of Schmidt admonished his soul to come down from the lofty heights of science to the dark regions of the flesh which sought food, and must be supplied at the risk of being separated from its intelligent companion. During the repast, which was sparing and frugal to excess, especially for the Baron, that volcano of ideas grand and new, continued his explanations, his physiognomy revealing nothing whatever of the inexplicable torments he was suffering. The Baron, in a moment when he was left alone with Kant, said to him:

— This singular man is one of those visionaries, who because they conceive a thing believe it; and while the strength of their own conviction makes their hearers doubt whether it is really truth or a paradox, their eloquence fascinates into concession.

— Do you think so?

— Such is my opinion.

— I do not share it . . . . .

The presence of the condemned and of Schmidt cut short their discourse. They hoped for new wonders. They had determined to leave the ruins, for it was now six o'clock in the evening, and the carriage which conducted them to the end of the terrible lane, which the country people would not tread for their weight in gold, had perhaps gone, the driver believing them victims to their temerity; but Schmidt easily persuaded them to pass the night with him, for he had yet to show them wonderful things, which he exacted under oath that they should bury in their breasts. They consented.

The sun with accelerated pace abandoned the horizon, so that the darkness of night entering by the unsashed skylights of the ruins, mingled with the gloom shed by the dense foliage which served for curtains. The silence and the situation were imposing, clothed in the mystery lent by night. They had gone into another apartment, less lugubrious but not less majestic; it was the pantheon of the monks of Abelard, which retained some few tombs almost in the state of their primitive existence.

CHAPTER III.

KANT and de Vieux remained alone in that mansion of darkness, illumined only by the smoky light which emanated from a sooty lamp of four wicks, placed upon a ruined tomb. It was a symbol of the faith of men in our age, which sees every thing through clouds of smoke. What were their feelings our readers may imagine, who, if they have put themselves in their situation, cannot but confess freely that terror, mingled with amazement, must have served as their atmosphere in those caverns.

Schmidt had gone out with José Feliú, the two strangers not knowing whither nor for what purpose, but they hoped to see extraordinary things. In the interim, they made a thousand guesses as to what could have originated in that man a life so strange; pretensions so marvellous, customs so extravagant, passions so inexplicable, actions so mysterious, reticences so incomprehensible. The voice of Schmidt was heard like the sailor's horn on the wide expanse of ocean, when at a great distance from another ship he believes himself lost, the echo of which transcended the imposing, and reached even the terrible.

— What is that, Kant, what are these sounds so lugubrious, that seem to be approaching us?

— I don't understand it, de Vieux, I don't understand it; it may be, perhaps, the shepherds of the neighborhood tending their flocks, whose shouts, since we are in these solitudes, seem to us like the cries of those who, entering the vestibules of eter-

nity, and having lost their way, seek a conductor to the eternal roads.

—What think you, is it not fearful to live here? Do you know this man is capable of turning the brains of the wisest man, with all his science? It is not from fear, but from I know not what repugnance that possesses me, but I am determined to leave this place.

— And where would you go at this hour? One can pass a bad night any where.

The same tremendous voices drew nearer, proceeding apparently from the bowels of the abyss. The frames of the two aristocrats shuddered; a strange trembling agitated their arms from the elbows to the fingers. They looked at each other, and their eyes fell upon the lamp, which emitted dense columns of smoke from its four wicks, which began where the lurid flame ended; approximative image of the physical harmony of soul and body. Their shadows, monstrously distorted by the arches of the vaults, presented to their view formidable spectres; the slightest movement called up in their minds fearful images. They stood like two statues. At the farther end of the apartment there was an ogive which served as a door, leading from the place where they were, abode of the dead, perhaps to the infernal regions . . . . or to the fields. On that side they heard footsteps. It was Schmidt, coming with a brand of burning pinewood in his hand. Before they could distinguish, amid the shadows projected by the smoky torch, his saffron-colored beard, they thought it must be Time encountering them, watching Death in the darkness of night, to surprise in his arms the horrid mysteries of his inhuman loves.

— Come, you must excuse my having left you alone a few moments; I went to prepare your beds; they will not be worthy of your aristocratic persons, but you will sleep tranquilly; that is all we need to insure to make sleep profitable.

These words brought back the souls of Kant and de Vieux to their bodies.

— Do you know, Schmidt—said the former,— that your palace has a sinister aspect?

— The aspect of things affects only the vulgar; let us study their qualities. Many times you may have seen a man of fine countenance, elegant form, fascinating manners and melodious voice, and his heart, his soul have horrified you when you have known him profoundly; on the contrary, you will not fail to remember some whose aspect is forbidding, whose harsh voice makes those who have delicate nerves tremble, but in whom, upon intimate acquaintance, you have found souls of angels in bodies of demons, hearts of wax incased within rusted iron. We must not believe in appearances.

As he said this, he led them from the apartment, they not knowing what they were doing; for in certain circumstances of life men prove that there are beings, like the loadstone, which attract us independently of our wills, unconsciously to ourselves. They arrived at the place where the Franco-German wished them to remain: there was a door, which, after he had thrown the torch upon the ground, with a stamp of his foot flew open, and revealed what was within. De Vieux drew back and gave way for Schmidt and Kant.

— Here— said the first, entering,— you will see the truth of the *nervo-sanguineo-nutri-imbibitive* system.

The horror depicted by Michael Angelo in his Last Judgment, is not equal to that which was represented by the countenances of the two nobles. Let us see what caused them such surprise.

It was a vast vault, well lighted by half a dozen lamps of a peculiar make; on one side was a great plank with bottles and glasses, and some blocks which Schmidt called benches or seats; in the centre was erected a gallows whence ropes were hanging, at the foot of which instrument were great stones enveloped in a kind of net made of rough cords. José Feliú stood at the left of the formidable machine, from the death inflicted by which Schmidt had liberated him.

— What does this mean, my friend— exclaimed Kant, his hair standing on end, — what does this mean?

— It is my workshop of wonders, my friend.

— Workshop of wonders!

— As you hear. You will test it this night.

— I!

— Yes, and this gentleman too.

— I! exclaimed de Vieux, trembling.

— Ha! ha! ha! do you believe that I am a demon, or do you but prove that what you call the great have degenerated, and are sunk into the smallest atoms of men? Why fear? Which of my antecedents can induce you to believe me an executioner, a murderer, a traitor? I will make the first experiment, and if you wish to taste for a while the preludes of paradise, you may try it. How misled are men; this instrument invented to torture thousands of innocents, instead of the agonies of death, yields the pleasures of heaven; in place of horrible convulsions, causes quiverings of delight; instead of making the entrance into eternity frightful, renders it enchanting. Is it not true, José? is it not certain, my son?

The condemned replied with broken voice:

— The moments are few, but immense the delight.

Kant and de Vieux looked at each other, as though in another world; that which they have left above the vaults seems to have receded several centuries.

— I see that you are confounded at what I tell you, or that you think me mad. Let us sit down.

The two nobles mechanically sat down.

Schmidt proceeded:

— I am going to give you the key to this mystery, so inexplicable to you.

Before listening to Schmidt it is necessary to observe, that this man was apparently exasperated against the nobles of the earth; nevertheless, such is the power of science, that it made him forget even his anger as soon as he entered the domain of intelligence. Oh, that all men would amass wisdom, that they might forget the passions which agitate them! Let him go on:

— You will remember, you particularly who were in Lon-

don at that time, the arrival of our countryman, Faust-Werther, of Stuttgard, and the representations he gave in the metropolis of Great Britain, on behalf of which Lord * * * became so very enthusiastic, calling them his dessert, with his condemned criminal whom he had delivered, as I had done a year before in Barcelona, with my poor son José,— and Schmidt turned his eyes full of tenderness to the spot where Feliú stood; — also it will be present to your mind that the police prosecuted the German physician, and that Lord * * * went with him and the condemned criminal from the Court of St. James, and you will remember, too, the untimely end to which he came. . . . . .

— Yes, my friend, I remember; you are right; I was there.

— José and I were there also, and we knew as much as they; but till then I never believed there could be any one who, for the sake of money, would commit such a profanity. I grant that enthusiasm may lead us to make experiments in the secrecy of our laboratories for the good of mankind, and even of poor animals;—this is well enough; but to prostitute Nature, making her loving mysteries serve to pander to the vulgar ignorant, and give them an occasion for wickedness, is not only unreasonable, but insane. From that moment I began to study this great discovery, due, like most prodigies, to a mere chance, as you already know, through the *Société des Pendus*, which proves the little we study this great book that we have before our eyes, Nature, whose pages embrace the universe. José told me what he had experienced; I tested it, and to perfect the discovery and bring my system into clearer light, I added some potions, some of which taken half an hour, others a quarter of an hour previously, combine with the strangulation to agitate Nature and produce the desired sensations, caused principally by the greater activity of the blood in these moments of nervous desperation. Why say any more? When one who has profoundly studied nature can demonstrate truth by experiment, theories are useless. I invite you to pass a few moments of exquisite enjoyments in allowing yourselves to be

hanged for some hundred seconds, and you will see if I have not attained the object of my incalculable labors.

— This is very dangerous, Schmidt; I grant you all you have said, but I had rather not trust my neck to such a funambulous exercise.

— M. le Baron will be more of our age?

— M. Schmidt, the question seems to me rather delicate; for in our age of positivism, I should not wish to risk myself on a perhaps.

— But I will be the first, José will follow me; and after you have seen the simplicity of the operation, I can assure you you will desire to taste the pleasures it affords. Chloroform, animal magnetism, and other modern inventions, are much more hazardous, less delicious, and cause greater suffering. Oh! curiosity will incite you, and I shall obtain, if I die soon as I believe I shall, the support of two personages like yourselves, who with your own experience will be able to testify to the theories of the obscure physician. Kant, friend of my childhood, will you deny me this service? Do you know how much you can make me lose or gain?

He said this in a manner so peculiar, that Kant was moved at the expression of the countenance of Schmidt, and replied:

— Dear friend, the sublimity your features respire, united to the certainty I feel of your great knowledge, makes me promise that after I have seen you, and if you give me your word that you will watch the movements of the friend of your childhood, I will try it!

— It could not but be so—exclaimed Schmidt, beside himself for joy,—it could not but be so; your eyes bespeak the generosity of your soul; in them I read frank friendship; your heart is great as your mind is not vulgar. Fear not—and stretching out his arm and displaying his hand, he continued: —from these fleshless fingers will escape not an atom of life that passes through the air. When stretching out my arm I apply a finger to the temples, I count the molecules of activity which

rapidly circulate through the vital channels. You will see, you will lose all fear, you will try, and afterwards . . . . . afterwards you will not suffer Schmidt to die in obscurity, whom poverty and sufferings have buried alive in these ruins; from whom men fly as from a demon, while he sacrifices himself for their good; whose brains, while he to make them good and happy opens his heart to mortal steel, they have crushed, robbing him of the only thing he loved. Kant, Kant, Providence drew you here

He was silent, and with the worn skirt of his surtout wiped away a tear. To see a man so formidable in appearance weep; to hear one who was acquainted even with the causes of life sob, must have interested not only those who heard him, but the most ignorant, and confiding in his exquisite sensibilities, they would have trusted themselves in his hands without reserve. Thus it happened to Kant and de Vieux, particularly the latter, who had in his youth drained the cup of pleasure, having tried the sulphuric ether, the pastile of the harems, and every thing that refined luxury has invented to imbrute man, and deprive him of the gift of reason which assimilates him to God. After a moment's reflection, during which all retained silence, he ventured to put this question to the absorbed Schmidt, who, as he stood like a monument in the silence of night after the inaugural festival, was thinking something extraordinary:

— M. Schmidt, have you found the means of exciting certain given sensations; for example, those of love?

A smile played lightly on the lips of Schmidt, which indicated that which will be read in the following chapters, united to the scorn which the epicure excited in him, and he replied:

— Have I found the means of exciting the pleasure of which you speak? And why not?—He made an effort as though fighting with his own soul, and approaching the improvised table, took up a bottle and said—Read, "Heroic Aphrodysiac." If you take a glass of this liquid, in a quarter of an

hour, my Lord Baron, placed in the *funi-phantasmagorica*, which is the name I have given to the experimental gallows, you will far surpass the muleteer of Medina with his febrile paradisiac dream. In a minute and a half you will be flying through the air, your head reclining upon the bosom of a magnificent woman, every convulsion will be a kiss, every movement a flutter of love, every oscillation the supreme instant of a passion suppressed for many years, and compensated by the caresses of a delicious *houri*. Oh! M. de Vieux, this elixir, and the gallows, will suit you . . . . . that you may know what it is to enjoy . . . . .

He was going to continue, or to be silent, after these reticenses, but Kant interrupted one or both these things, by saying:

— Schmidt, dear Schmidt, and is it in your power to call up horrible images, infernal pictures?

— To awaken horrors in the imagination? . . . . But what scenes, friend, what scenes?—He took up a bottle and read the label, "Phantasmagorico-Satanic."—With this drink you see in ninety seconds all that the mind of Lucifer can forge to terrify men. It seems to you that you are dreaming; that they are inflicting on you the cruelties of Nero, Caligula, Attila, Dioclesian, those of the inquisition; and you see here what a leap, but the two epochs shake hands; that you are suffering the tortures of a night of agitating dreams, those that the Indians and the civilized have mutually inflicted upon each other; those that are suffered by the poor, freezing with cold and dying of hunger; those experienced by the condemned criminal as he ascends the steps of the guillotine; those endured by the husband whose wife and daughter have been stolen from him, their honor stained, and their innocence blighted. Fired with this potion, you see death and his satellites making fearful faces at a moribund. Anger, envy, jealousy, rage, the tortures of suspense, thirst for vengeance, lust for gold, the pains of numberless diseases—all the emotions you may feel inclined to ex-

perience, pleasing or painful, are inclosed in these bottles, with the aid of the gallows which is before you. I want yet to see horrors—and suiting the action to the word, he emptied into a cup a small draught of a red liquor, and drank it to the dregs, with deadly anxiety; then turning to his amazed guests he said:

— Choose, quickly, for it must be taken in the critical moment.

He looked at them with sparkling eyes, and waited the answer of Kant and de Vieux, who, notwithstanding their curiosity to make the experiment, touched their necks as though they already felt them squeezed in the rough ropes that hung from the gallows.

— Well, what say you? quick! within ten minutes I put on the *cravate;* quick! what will you try?

— My friend, if I determine after seeing the execution, I desire to enjoy a state of beatitude of soul.

— "Pacific spiritual enjoyments" . . . . . this bottle, take, drink.

Kant drained the glass.

— You, M. de Vieux?

— Under the same conditions as my friend, I want to see the Paradise of Mahomet.

— Mahomet . . . . the first bottle, this, drink.

The Baron emptied it. The taste was agreeable, even disgust was spared them. Schmidt did not wait for them to speak:

— This is agreed.

— What?

— What?

— That each one shall relate what he sees.

— Agreed.

— I consent.

— It will be curious.

— Worth hearing.

The worker of wonders made them sit down near the apparatus and began giving orders to José. There was heard from this moment no sound, no sign of life, but the voice of Schmidt.

— José, my son, bring the quilted *cravate*, that the ropes may not graze the necks of these gentlemen, who are more delicate than we; get out the chronometer; put the light beside it; see that the time is not exceeded by the smallest instant; I shall remain suspended a little less than 120 seconds. Quick! Mind! don't forget to untie the wheel and loosen the slip-knot the moment I touch the ground.

— I will attend to every thing.

— Come, make haste, I feel the symptoms of the liquid.

In a bow-shot every thing was in order. The apparatus was imposing. Schmidt looked at the chronometer, felt his pulse, thought for an instant, directed his steps to the spot and put his neck into the halter, which was a rope with a little quilted cushion of a material uniting flexibility with softness. José went up the ladder, passed the rope through the pulley in the centre, came down with it in his hand, and fixing it in the notch of the wheel employed to suspend the patient in the air, placed a block of wood some twelve inches high at the feet of Schmidt, who stood upon it, had his hands tied tightly behind him, and put his feet into fetters of a peculiar make. When all these preparations were completed, José approached the wheel, put his right hand on the handle ready to give it the turn which would suspend the doctor two feet more in the air; with the left took a pike and stuck the point into the block to move it from the place, so that the body on coming down would meet no obstacle on the floor, and said:

— All is ready, sir.

— So am I; quick!

In the twinkling of an electric spark Schmidt was raised three feet from the floor and the block removed to one side. The eyes of Feliú, motionless, were riveted on the hands of the chronometer. Kant and de Vieux gazed fearfully on the strug-

gles of the Gallo-German's powerful frame; his eyes were turned upwards, showing only the white balls; his face was livid, his tongue was hanging out, his veins and arteries were inflated, his breast was agitated, and his legs from the knees to the feet were seized with an extraordinary trembling.

One of the strangers clasped his head in his hands, struck with horror; the other put his finger on his mouth, gazing so intently that little lights seemed to sparkle before his eyes.

— Now, said José.

The wheel whirr-r-r-r-ed, Schmidt touched the ground; the slip-knot was loosened, a powerful aroma was applied to his nostrils, the cords which bound his arms were untied, the irons were taken from his feet, and in three minutes Schmidt smiled looking at the nobles. A moment after he said to them:

— Oh! to see what I have seen at so little cost, it were worth while to make a thousand such attempts; and you see I am already in my normal state. Come, who follows me? the time passes.

The Baron looked at Kant, he at Schmidt; at last de Vieux said:

— M. le Docteur, I; but my life . . . . .

— Say not a word; if you suffer the least danger, here are two pistols;—and he took them from his pocket—Kant, in whom I believe you have confidence, shall fire with the barrels between my teeth.

— I am ready.

— But you will tell us what you see, as I will do.

— Just as I see it: mind, now, don't go beyond the ninety seconds.

— Not an atom.

The French noble, in whose physiognomy there breathed a thirst for pleasures and epicurean intoxication, took off his coat, his vest, his cravat, suffered the pillowed halter to be placed upon him, though at its contact he shuddered; let his arms be tied and his feet placed in the fetters. Schmidt told José to bring

a ladder that he might, in those critical moments, place his fingers upon the temples of the Baron and make sure of his existence, but to place it so that he need not approach nearer to his body than about an arm's length. When de Vieux heard the whirring of the wheel, he said:

— M. Schmidt, it is a question of my life or my friendship.

— Don't concern yourself.

Before seeing the Baron suspended in the air, we must look at the countenance of Schmidt. He was mounted on the ladder in front of the Baron, so that he could, by reaching out his arm, just touch the temporal arteries of the patient; his countenance wore a sinister expression, his features were contracted, his lower lip clenched over the upper, his eyes were paralyzed; he shrugged his shoulders. Kant was observing him, and thinking he saw in him horrible ideas was about to cry out to him to stop . . . . .

— Now, said Schmidt.

The wheel runs round; the Baron is suspended, stretching down his legs and the points of his toes, as though seeking to glue himself to the earth; the fingers of the Gallo-German are fixed like pincers on the temples of the Baron, while the latter makes fearful gestures, his eyes twinkle convulsively, he trembles, he turns livid, Schmidt smiles; already have elapsed sixty seconds: the countenance of the physician contracts; his eyes are lost in the folds of their living curtains; he bites his inferior lip, draws a deep breath, returns to his normal state; cries:

— The time, José.

The Baron is on the floor, freed from all the apparatus, safe; and throwing himself into the arms of Schmidt, exclaims:

— Man of wonders, I have tasted what neither I nor the genius of pleasure himself could conceive! Try it, Kant, try it.

In such enthusiasm was de Vieux, and such security had the extraordinary physician inspired in the noble German, that

he consented to try those delights. The same was done to him as we have seen done to the others: and within a quarter of an hour from the commencement of these hangings, the three hanged men found themselves alive and well in another chamber, a kind of sitting-room, speaking of the wonderful character of the discovery. The obscure sage cut short the river of their praises, and with a sad countenance engaged them each to fulfil the promise given to relate what he had seen. Kant wished to be the first in relating what he had been the last to experience, adding, which was true, that his vision had been the simplest.

— I wish to tell you what I have seen. How original! how interesting! how sublime!

— But tell it us.

— You may imagine, and now that I have lost fear, and am disposed to make a hundred trials, I can confess it without accusing myself of cowardice, you may imagine that my heart beat more quickly than it is wont, as I placed myself upon the block; a hundred lugubrious ideas were struggling in my mind with fear, when I lost the earth, and began to hear a rumbling in the ears, as if you were in a vault, while horses, cars, and engines were running overhead; afterwards came a sound as of wind; then I felt a delicious throbbing in the breast, that diffused itself through all the body; then it appeared as though the heavens opened, and a bright light environed my existence; then I saw Schmidt flying . . . . . I touched the floor and lost that delicious illusion, which I would fain have retained for an hour.

The physician smiled, and his traits dilated.

— Well, now Baron it is your turn.

De Vieux turned his eyes, flashing with the brilliancy of sensual animalism, from one to the other of his interlocutors, as though not daring to communicate what he had enjoyed, jealous that others should share such delights; but he decided to do it, and said:

— Gentlemen, to explain what I have seen and experienced,

it is necessary to relate an anecdote, because those moments fly quickly, like pleasures; but they present scenes and enjoyments of many years.

— Well, say on, M. le Baron.

— Certainly, speak out your mind, for Schmidt studies the psychological part of his discovery, that is to say the effect which it causes in the soul, and in these cases a sage like him weighs even to the syllables whatever we utter.

— Well, then, in vain I would try to deny to the sage Schmidt, that my system is thirsty for pleasures, and insatiable of that charming tendency. One of the incidents of my life that has left the deepest trace on my mind and heart, bears date a little over seventeen years ago. I knew by sight a German lady, living at a country-house in the suburbs of Paris, a beautiful, charming, luscious woman, widow or not widow of a physician.... the truth is, he was travelling I don't know where .... and she missing him, I improved the occasion, blinding the servants with gold, and surprising her one night. Never, afterwards, did I know her end, because she disappeared soon after.—Schmidt had changed color several times.—You cannot imagine how delicious was that woman, nor the feelings that her absence caused in me, for the cup of pleasure had but approached my lips. With these antecedents I can relate what I have seen.

The veins of the temples, and the *os hyoides* of Schmidt continued to be so agitated, that he was obliged to pass his hand over his head and neck, as though to swallow something, or alleviate some pain. This man of iron is softened only by fire; how intense must have been the fire lighted up by de Vieux, when he put him into such a state!

— To recount what is seen in that inappreciable atom of time is impossible, except diffusely. José well said, "the moments are few, but immense the delight;" and to describe what one enjoys, it is necessary to use many words.

— But come, go on, you put me into desperation.

Schmidt continued swallowing, whether saliva or poison we know not.

— I pass over in silence that which we have all alike experienced. A few moments after my suspension, behold Wilhelmina presents herself to my eyes, with all the charms of that half nudity of the Greek statues, which is a hundred times more piquant than entire nudity, her mellow lips approaching mine of fire, which advanced to burn her delicious coral, as burning iron fine satin; then I struggled in the agonies of inexplicable love . . . . . and returned to the monotonous life which we men pass in this world. Oh! *del detto al fatto ci va un gran tratto.*

While de Vieux had been speaking, the mysterious sage, without being observed by the nobles, closed his eyes and folded his hands upon his heart, which he detached as the Baron finished, with the fingers and the nails bloody; with such violence had this man, in five minutes, battled with himself.

— Now it is my turn,—said Schmidt—and then we will make our comments.

— Say, my friend, say what portentous visions you have had: I am stunned with what I have felt and seen. And what have not you experienced, de Vieux?

— I have seen night, illumined by a green-red pyre, and in a deserted field a young woman battling with a tiger, who was amusing himself, thrusting his claws into her skin, and making her believe he was playing, when suddenly he tore open her flesh from her head downwards, and I saw . . . José let me down.

They were going to ask something; but a cry which was heard in the distance made the prodigious man begin to run, leaving them in suspense. They had been talking a little upon the strangeness of those cries, which could not but be of great importance, seeing they so powerfully drew off the attention of Schmidt, when he returned to their presence, rubbing his hands,

a custom which in him denoted that his soul was in scientific agitation. Kant was the first to break silence:

— My friend, this is the second time during the few hours we have been with you, that the same distressing cry has been heard; can you, by informing us of its cause, remove our curiosity? It must be no other than one of those marvels which your modest humility hides from the sight and knowledge of those who cannot appreciate the intellectual power of semi-divine beings, who, like you, have a body, but live only in the mind.

The sage returned some disjointed words, which indicated the high importance he set upon the cause of those lamentations, and ended, saying:

— I told you this morning, I would explain to you but the half of these things; the whole I cannot divulge. There are mysteries in religion, which, revealed, would make men demons of pride; there are mysteries in nature, which, were the curtain drawn, would make men audacious, and lead them, perhaps, to aspire to equality with God; there are mysteries in science, which surprise the Divine Artist in his prodigious works, which, if divulged, would do more harm than all the good which could be derived from them, so that these ineffable pleasures must needs be reserved to a privileged few. That which causes these cries is not yet clear; it is a new world: the Columbus of knowledge has begun his voyage, already he distinguishes land in the horizon, he is about to satiate the ambition of those who wished to accompany him so far as to plant his foot on a new hemisphere; but his vessel is not yet safe, although it has already ploughed the uncertain sands of the abyss. That must suffice. I can say no more.

— Well, I do not wish to launch into an abyss whence perhaps your knowledge could not raise me again, for I am not so spiritual as to be able to sail between wind and water; but you will tell us at least what question you hope to solve by those cries?

—I seek to know whether man always sins when he performs actions contrary to the law. It is a question I have asked myself on seeing the unbridled course we run, dragged on by our sensual and sordid appetites, till we seem to have been born rather to fight against Providence, nature, and our own happiness, than for any thing else. This universal, constant, tenacious tendency of the inferior part of man, is diametrically opposed to the rectitude which characterizes the soul in her intimate self-consciousness, or, which is the same thing, conscience; and I have drawn a consequence from the psychological nature of the thinking principle, which has made me ask myself the following question:—Is it certain, as the philosophers of times past have said, that the senses deceive and are deceived? And I have come to the conclusion that the senses never deceive, that what deceive the soul are the combinations, the judgments she forms of the images which the *conductors of the exterior life* transmit; and these depend on her state, that is to say, on the normal or abnormal state in which she finds herself, subjected by a preternatural excitation which operates on the *conductors of movement*, and on those *of sentiment*. The over-excitement of the mind produced by internal or external causes, very often guarantees miserable man against the judgment of God; because, in truth, if all the wickedness which he perpetrates were done by him in a normal state, he would deserve that the thunderbolts of Divine wrath should efface from the earth the steps of the vile insects which, with heads lifted up, insult Him at every step, at every breath, at every link of the chain of time which passes unbroken over their existence. Perhaps you will not understand the end I propose to myself in many of those things I have just told you; but this is my idea which I have in part stolen from the profound Dr. Bertrand, whose treatise on artificial somnambulism is a work worthy of immortalizing its author.* This profound genius in his

* The whole scientific world is acquainted with the learned Doctor here mentioned, whose death, and the consequent loss of all his works, is

flight, rushes across the wide-spread hemisphere of philosophy, of physiology, and of history. Finally, gentlemen, as to physiological phenomena, I have made a great progress; but psychology belittles me. It is certain that the soul enjoys an activity that we will call ubiquity, if not instantaneous, at least successive and wonderfully rapid; it has its *agents or conductors of sentiment*, which, according to modern discoveries, are certain nerves under its immediate control, and from these active, swift, and rapid spontaneities are born an infinity of phenomena which bewilder the imagination, disconcert the judgment, baffle the reason, and confound all the faculties of one who seeks to study them profoundly. Enthusiasm, moral fear, spiritual love, ecstasies, the sur-excitation of the passions, are they not marvels which the soul works upon the body, just as that which you have experienced has operated upon it; like those felt by drunkards, the sensual, cowards, and those who allow themselves to be dominated by their animal appetites? Gentlemen, man knows nothing; he must study himself yet many centuries to be able to understand himself. What wonders does not the soul exhibit in this state of intense, powerful, destructive, insurmountable irritation which controls her! If she is seized by fear you see the members fail, the strength vanish, the body fall into syncope: if in one of those supreme moments she touches, without materializing herself in the least, the conductors of sentiment, those nerves that must be called the immediate agents of the spiritual power, they excite enthusiasm; if for a woman, and without thinking of her body, man does wonders; if in an army, and each soldier is a hero, unsubdued by fatigue, the third part of which would be sufficient in the absence of his enthusiasm to kill him; if in a person fanatical in religion, or it may be truly pious, and he presents us with ecstasies, elevations; because, gentlemen, when the soul is in all her

deeply deplored by all who knew the transcendent sublimity which characterized the unpublished, but powerful writings of this too-early-lost French facultative.

activity, when passion for any object rules, subjects, disquiets, torments, devours, destroys, kills us; she forgets the body, and the *nerves of sentiment* work wonders, produce convulsions, contractions, leaps, elevations, gestures, things unseen, unheard of. Oh! if man could enter into this spiritual world! if he could succeed in penetrating the *why* of his phenomena, if he could surprise nature in her most exquisite operations, he would see that many of the bad actions he commits are not sinful before God; as those of the madman, those of a man intoxicated, those of one who sleeps, those of the somnambulist. That is my idea, Kant, to see if I could succeed in disculpating the human race before conscience, before God, before reason, from all his errors when they are born of that sur-excitation of the soul's activity in which the senses are left powerless. This is my idea, awakened by seeing men so corrupt, so brutal. But what! I dream! I imagine myself alone; I believe no one hears me; it is already late, you doubtless wish to repose.

— No, my friend, go on; for my part, I confess I would fain listen to you all night.

— M. Schmidt,—said the Baron— your luminous conversation puts me into an ecstatic state like those of which you have just spoken; I enjoy hearing you as though I were present at the plan of God in forming the world.

— Thanks, gentlemen, thanks; but the body demands that the exercise of the *conductors of movement*, or, as you call them, the senses, be suspended for some hours.

Half an hour afterward nothing interrupted the august silence of the ruins of the Paraclète. The two nobles, tired of so many emotions, and in a state of marvellous psychological and normal physiological tranquillity, were sleeping in a chamber contiguous to that of Schmidt. But it will be well before we speak of the admirable man, to describe his appearance as we see him sitting at the foot of his poor bed, in his shirt sleeves, with naked feet; and that we take note of the battle

his soul sustains against himself. There are moments when he inclines and shakes his head; at other instants he stands up and seems in imagination to be seeking something; now he takes a few paces on the damp earth; now he has stretched his arm with features of fearful expression; now he lets it fall and sighs; now he presses his hand upon his forehead, his countenance is wrinkled; now he smiles, he puts his forefinger to his mouth; now seizes his large beard, tearing its hairs with indignation; now he makes affirmative signs, now negative; he takes a few large strides, being near some planks whereon are placed instruments of death in infinite variety, he recedes; now, shrugging his shoulders, he looks up to Heaven. He seems mad, or in a state of sur-excitation, like that of which he has just spoken. Schmidt, lighted by a little lamp whose pallid light in its last agonies throws off sparks, half undressed, with his extreme thinness of body and distorted visage, bears no resemblance to the being who was discoursing half an hour ago. Schmidt, in speaking, was like one of those birds who mount up as though they would touch the sky, and in his strange bed-room resembles the same bird which before had dazzled the sight, caught and imprisoned in an iron cage, where nothing can be seen but a miserable piece of corruptible flesh. While our readers have made this reflection, the Gallo-German has taken a small vial, directed himself to the door which communicates with the room in which are his guests, his hand is placed upon it, now he is going to open it, he has opened it, with one foot raised he is looking at the Baron, who sleeps profoundly, the veins of the neck are swelling, the *os hyoides* rises and falls, he compresses his accelerated breath, now he has taken a step, the hand that holds the bottle trembles, ... he bites his lip, returns into his own apartment, places the bottle on the shelf, clasps his hands looks up to Heaven, and weeps—the lamp goes out.

CHAPTER IV.

Towards the close of the evening preceding the night in which we find ourselves, there were assembled at an inn in the outskirts of Nogent de la Seine, where the Baron de Vieux and the Count Kant had been guests, many persons surrounding the coachman, who had returned at about five o'clock, and asking him over and over again what had become of the two rash nobles, who, despising advice, had ventured to penetrate the ruins of the Paraclete, where the wizard lived. Among the company were the two laborers whom we saw in the morning, and a man who in the midst of that noise of voices, exclamations, gestures, foolish words, listened without opening his lips. There is nothing in the world more slanderous, babbling, credulous, superstitious and ignorant, than the society of small country towns. In them, every man's life is known to his neighbor, from the least thing to the greatest; and as there are no journals, news augments in volume, according to the heads through which it passes, and those of villagers are generally as dense and voluminous as their ignorance, so that when the news arrives, as the Spaniards would say, *at the last monkey of the village*, it has grown from a grain of mustard-seed into an enormous pumpkin, whose magnitude exceeds that of the egg of Marras, in the old story. Every one of those blockheads forged a tale about the magician that lived in the Paraclete. Many had seen him at night flying through the air, with horns and tail of fire; and our readers will see that he would go pretty hot in such a guise! Others, with a thousand precautions, and well-

provided with arms, had got a glimpse of him, and seen . . . . such horrors! They had seen him fight with a naked tall woman, who must have been the witch wife of the great prince of the *Malandrines Follones*, although these bumpkins knew nothing of the story of the Hidalgo of La Mancha, and to that they attributed the groanings and howlings that were often heard, and which they said resembled the sound of a bugle-horn. At this point the countrymen, whose laughter of the morning had been cut short by the raven, looked at one another, and raised their heads to see if the bird were passing; but finding they were under a roof, with a good bottle of beer before them, they puffed out their cheeks, and in the midst of their ha! ha! ha! ha! the most learned of the chub-faced said:

— Morbleu! Julien, you must be possessed with the devil, not to have guessed that this wizard had a lassie to teach, like the old founder.

— And neighbor says he was fighting with a naked old woman . . . . . ha! ha! ha! ha! . . . . *Voilà une école!*

— Bony and skinny! . . . . Ha! ha! ha! ha!

They laughed so much and so loudly, that they attracted the attention of their companions, who, though enraptured at hearing of the levities of the wizard with the old woman, begged of Julien to explain the cause of their immoderate laughter. He told them, and they began again . . . . . Ha! ha! ha! ha!

As the end which every writer ought to propose to himself, is to correct the vices of others, not omitting his own, because thus he will get more profit from his writings, our readers will excuse us if we make a little digression upon this laughter of the husbandmen and villagers; that is to say, that what people take for wit is generally something improper; and nothing will make the vulgar, whether Spanish, French, Italian, or of any other nation, laugh more heartily, and we venture to say more, even the educated also, than the use of certain *equivoques*, certain unchaste phrases, certain indecorous reticences, and certain gross gestures. This proves that society is wanting in that

delicacy which true culture exacts. Well would it be if this abuse in conversation were corrected; because children hear, if they do not understand, and they remember when they grow older. National character is perpetuated by habit, and the every-day scenes of life, to say nothing of climate and other circumstances which education can neutralize.

Returning to those who were in the inn, we may say that they passed a couple of hours slandering Schmidt; for when the sage falls into the hands of the ignorant, *they put on him the schoolmaster's frock;* relating stupidities of wizards and witches, and stringing together horrors that had occurred, or were to occur, in ruins and ancient castles. Nothing entertains the ignorant better than tales of wonder, however improbable they may be. Hence sprung the Novel. To pass the long winter evenings it is customary, even now-a-days, among laborers in the country, to relate tales of prodigies, of enchantments, of chivalry, of dark heroes, of magic or fables, and these degrees exhibit the civilization of the times, as well as of the nations. Before the middle ages it was enchantment; in the middle age, the knight-errant and heroes of fabulous cruelty; then the marvellous-poetic; and finally, we owe to the English the Moral Tale. I am not ignorant that there had been an Æsop, a Homer, Greek and Roman Ages of Gold, Oriental Tales, Arabic, Chinese and Egyptian, and of other countries; but we confine ourselves to modern society. Bonald says that *literature is the expression of the civilization of the nations;* and this luminous principle ought to make us weep as we think of what the literature of our age has become in the classes called illustrious, in the middle class, and among the ignorant. France, where for our happiness we have lived the greater part of our life, presents three classes more strongly marked than any other nation could exhibit. The higher has its pens flowing with praises of the aristocracy and its fabulous greatness; the middle class finds enlightened writers who trace it the path of virtue, and present to it vice in its tr

colors, though under a certain veil of delicacy; and the people can unfortunately count great geniuses who devote themselves to teaching wickedness, corruption, and nauseating scenes, prostituting their nobleness of soul.

The French *country* presents another picture different from that of the people of the cities. The countryman of that nation is stuperstitious; believes in apparitions, in vampyres, in spectres, in phantasms, in spirits from Purgatory, and in all that fanaticism has invented. This is easily accounted for; it is the effect of religious education; for although the French were to be offended by it, which, however, we are sure cannot happen, since we know the good sense and general enlightenment of the middle class, yet we could not omit saying that its agricultural people are, in our conception, the most backward in Europe, notwithstanding they are the most hospitable, perhaps, of all the continent; but their virtues lose their merit in the contemplation of their defects. Detraction and levity are the two poles of this machine, whose zodiac is superstition. For this reason our readers need not wonder if those who occupy the scene before us, believe Schmidt to be a he-goat, a wizard, an enchanter, a diabolical kinsman of Satan.

It was about nine o'clock when they began to depart, and the parlor of the public house, inn, or hotel, which was all three in one, became more silent. In a corner were two men playing at draughts; in another sat the man who had been silent all the evening; he was an agent of police. Within the bar or counter was a girl with an enormous cap, that would have completely overtopped the shako of a royal Austrian grenadier, stretched up to his full height. From time to time she cast her eyes upon the silent man, and they smiled. The draught-players gave over, and went out disputing whether a certain piece had not slipped a square; whether another was duly crowned or not; whether one party had not neglected to take a certain piece, or whether another was properly huffed, or taken unjustly or in mistake. Then the agent of police approached the girl,

and after whispering to her some words which made her blush, she asked him, to pass off her confusion, whether he had heard the conversation about the phantasm of the Paraclete. The man who was dumb with men, but a great talker with girls, answered:

— Tush! what do they know? But come, Stephanie, never mind that; answer me what I just now asked you.

The girl shuffled about on her seat, and almost set fire with her hot blushes to her immense cap. The mistress of the house came to her relief, wishing to close the bar-room which communicated with the hotel, since it was very possible that the sorcerer and the souls of the two nobles might come seeking to sleep there, and her husband was not at home; but the policeman promised to watch all night, and assured her she might go to sleep secured against any soul from the other world coming into her house; reserving to himself, no doubt, the right to remain there, because he was of this world, to which also the girl belonged.

The golden cup of the sun bathes with light the summits of the mountains and the ruined walls of the monastery of Abelard; the lizards thrust their eyes, black, swollen, and with that immobility which characterizes them through the crevices of their nests; some venture to run along the heaps of withered leaves; the raven of the ruins has gone out towards Nogent de la Seine; while Schmidt has already been walking for an hour within the caverns. His two friends are sleeping placidly, not in aristocratic beds, but upon some skins which appear to them softer than their beds of down and damask. The mysterious man is on the side of the ruins opposite to the apartment which they occupy, at a distance great enough, as we may imagine if we consider the extent which the ruins of a monastery like that which is the scene of our narration would occupy. Here there is respired another air, it is another zone, the aspect is more smiling, the objects which meet the eye are more attractive.

there is more trace of civilization, a certain coquetry is observable in the furniture of the apartments, which although contiguous, do not communicate with each other. The Franco-German has just entered one on the left, where a young man of nineteen years of age comes forward to greet him with manifestations of great love.

Permit us to give a description of his person. He is of tall stature, of more than five feet in height, of herculean form, expanded chest, broad shoulders, powerful and nervous arms, of sympathetic aspect, expressive countenance, large full blue eyes, delicate lips, unburdened brow which manifests great imagination; his features respire a profound ingenuousness, in them are read exalted passions, and as it were, an expression of reserve inherited from his conception; his saffron-colored hair he wears drawn back and divided into three compartments; his head has several scars on the pericranium, which are concealed by the thickness of his *chevelure;* when he smiles the down of puberty, which is a down almost white, makes graceful undulations, proof of exquisite sensibility; his dress is simple, a blouse girt in with a glazed sword-belt, and the shirt collar turned back reaching to the shoulders, and exposing to view the naked throat and neck, which have the marks of large sutures, signs of ancient wounds. At the sight of Schmidt he approaches him smiling, as though drawn by the loadstone of filial love. After their mutual salutations, the sage, as though taking pleasure in the work of his hands, passes them over the young man's head, and caresses him as the Arab does his horse, the soldier his victorious lance, the coquette the net of her dress that has taken captive a hundred hearts in the mazes of a German waltz. After the physician has with actions so fatherly manifested to the young man his fond affection, he says:

— My son, I have for some years told you that a day must come when I should stand in need of you; it has come.

— I am ready for all that my kind father by adoption requires of me.

The large blue eyes of the young man are fired with enthusiasm at the thought of being able to execute, as yet, he knows not what; those of Schmidt no smaller, and of the same color, respire satisfaction.

— Well, I will presently tell you what I wish you to do. Have you seen your companion this morning?

— No, doctor, I have but just completed my ablutions.

— Very well; until a few minutes to seven you may study, and analyze in the chemical laboratory what you began yesterday. Salute her for me. Adieu!

Schmidt turns away, putting his hand upon his head, and goes out: the youth inclines himself as though to receive a breath of intelligence from the brawny hand of him who was doubtless his professor.

While this was happening, the Count and the Baron had awoke; a refulgent ray of the sun, which lighted up the chamber, serving as their valet de chambre in announcing to them the hour. Seldom in their lives had they experienced the satisfaction imparted by the fresh breeze of morning, the aromas of the fields and the glowing sun, with such ineffable pleasure as on this day. Schmidt heard them talking, and entered to salute them. The nobles immediately entered into an animated conversation upon the wonders they had experienced; but they found the sage meditative, downcast, and absorbed. They were not surprised to see him thus, because nothing is more natural in the brightest genius than these involuntary transitions. Controlled by this paralyzation of the senses, he mechanically invited them to leave the place, and was apparently conducting them to the scene of the preceding evening's transactions, when the same mental absorption gave rise to an incident which deserves the attention of the reader, and which extraordinarily astonished the two nobles, occasioning in the sage one of those smiles that were in him preludes of grand revelations. As we were saying, he went along like an automa-

ton, making the nobles tread again those dismal galleries, when without thinking of what he was doing, he opened a door, and heard Kant and de Vieux exclaim with surprise and fear:

— What is this, Schmidt?

— What horror is this, Doctor?

That which occasioned these exclamations, was the sight of a young woman of from twenty-three to twenty-five years of age, who lay stretched on a kind of bed, enveloped in some dreadful apparatus of a peculiar construction. Her bosom heaved with agitation, and around her bed were seen patches of blood which the tremendous knife of the terrible Doctor had some time before made run on the ground. At the exclamations of the strangers the sage recollected himself, and a smile passing over his face, which was very soon changed to a frown, he said to them:

— All cannot be told, and still less seen; it has been an imprudence on my part, have the goodness to pass out again by this door.

And without more ado he turned round to go out. His imperious voice cut short the nobles, who followed him like little lambs. Over the countenance of Schmidt passed and repassed a hundred passions, emotions, gestures. It was half past five in the morning, the sky augured a hot day and a motionless atmosphere, the head of the sage was a volcano in movement; on reaching the door he turned back, looked sternly at the two companions, and said to them:

— Why mysteries where there ought to be none? Let us go to the bed-side of this poor creature, and before her I will explain to you what causes you so much horror.

They approached. The patient raised her eyes full of gratitude at the sound of Schmidt's voice saying to her:

— My daughter, have your pains been any less to-night?

She was about to reply, when turning her eyes towards the companions of her beneficent restorer to life and health, she raised her hands, with the left she covered her eyes, and with

the right she pointed to the Baron, who stood like a criminal caught unawares, and with a desolating cry, she said:

— That is the wretch, Doctor, that noble, that tiger that is the Baron de Vieux

The patient fainted. Schmidt looked at the Baron with eyes that flashed lightning. Kant drew back seized with amazement, and de Vieux recovering himself, burst into a laugh, saying:

— Gentlemen, this is the mad girl of my country-house on the banks of the Seine, the daughter of one of my tenants, who, through I know not what aberration of her disorder, has these three years hated me with deadly hate. And how has she passed into your hands, Doctor?

While the audacious nobleman was speaking, Schmidt was attending to his victim, restoring her to consciousness, which done, he replied, choking with indignation:

— M. de Vieux, this unfortunate girl is not mad, she is as sane as you are libertine, she is one of your victims; I have taken her under my care to cure her of a disease she owed, as I believe, to you: retire, for you are insulting one whom, to satisfy your ferocious appetites, you have nearly murdered; whom you have poisoned, whose brains you have shattered.

Trembling with rage he seized the bugle, made the vaults resound with its lugubrious notes, told the patient to apply to her nostrils a smelling-bottle he took out of his pocket, and seizing the Baron with his powerful hand, went out by the door opposite to that by which he had entered, and which communicated with the dissecting-room, adding:

— Out here we will say adieu! and I will give you one word of advice.

The Baron smiled, freed himself from the iron hand that so tightly held his arm, and assuming the imperious air which characterizes the uneducated nobility, expressed in his countenance the contempt which the obscure Galen inspired in him, and the indignation which was boiling in his breast.

De Vieux was one of those stains upon the French nobility which are not wanting, either, in the elevated classes of other nations, for whom their fantastic birth seems to possess a superhuman merit, to which all ought to humble themselves submissive and subservient. The virtue of the daughters of the people was for him a toy which the nobleman might play with, like a flower which we pull to pieces in the fingers, or dandle at our nostrils till it fades, and then throw away, as a useless vestige of the momentary pleasure given us; the maidens, the wives of the proletarian class had been born to obey the nobleman, to become the prey of his unbridled lust, his omnipotent immorality: God said to Samuel when he presented the petition of the people of Israel, who would have a king: despising not Samuel, but God: "This will be the manner of the king that shall reign over you: He will take your sons and appoint them for himself, for his chariots, and his horsemen, and to ear his ground, and to reap his harvest, and to make his instruments of war. And he will take your daughters to be confectionaries, and cooks, and bakers." And the Baron, like many of his sort, assumed the right, which they call divine, as absolute law, to tread under foot those beautiful flowers, the daughters of the people, which perfume the world with sweet-smelling virtues. The Baron knew no other morality than his thirst for pleasures, nor any other God, as St Paul says, than his belly.

While they were passing in silence through the subterranean galleries, he said to himself:—By what right has this scarecrow plebeian insulted me, a noble, in the four quarters of my escutcheon? Because I have amused myself with an ignorant country girl who believed me her slave, like the shepherd girls of Florian the rustic swains? Now I will just give a lesson to this foolish man, who fancies himself superior to those whom God has placed in the world to whip with iron rods the reptiles that crawl over their cradle of mud. This middle class, which in the revolutions of political affairs now usurps the name of enlightened, wishes to seize from our doors the arms of the

prowess of our ancestors. It is our own fault. Miserable man! skeleton inhabitant of tombs, who has inspired you to insult the descendant of the valiant de Vieux?

Thus discoursed the French nobleman. Kant, who knew how far the cynical effrontery of his friend would go, and the horror that Schmidt had for the nobility, prepared himself to tranquillize this tempest with the breath of friendship. Schmidt was livid with the rage that devoured him. They arrived at the designated place, and the sage disappeared, giving them time to make some reflections.

He did not keep them waiting long. At the moment when, with hurried step he entered, the Baron was, as it were, possessed, vomiting abuse upon Schmidt.

— Enough, M. de Vieux, enough. I knew you, some time ago,—said Schmidt, with convulsive laughter—though I have never had the misfortune to see you before; but remember that HE WHO TAKES THE SWORD SHALL PERISH BY THE SWORD; and the sons of the people will know how to take reprisals on the daughters of the great in name.

The Baron, his tongue cleaving to the roof of his mouth with rage, began to heap insults on the *savant;* but the latter looked at Kant and said:

— My friend, take this miserable man away; for the blood of the people is red as fire which consumes, and *theirs* is blue, like the flame which only singes. Quick!—cried he with voice of thunder—quick! out from hence!

His countenance was so terrible that Kant seized the arm of de Vieux, and, half pushing him, took him towards the sloping passage; but de Vieux, before closing the door, cried to Schmidt:

— Miserable man! I will make you die on the guillotine, you shall not even enjoy the pleasure of the gallows.

The noblemen went out, and Schmidt ran to the western part of the ruins, contiguous to the entrance of the caves, where on the wall which fronted the lane to Nogent, straddling across

the back of an ogive covered with shrub-ivy, was the youth of nineteen, whom we saw the doctor visit half an hour before. The latter ascended the pile of ruins, took the hand of the youth, and placing his own upon his shoulder to enter the thick foliage, pointed out to him the mouth of the cavern, and said:

— Look well at the taller of the two who are about to come out; with that marvellous memory which you possess, imprint his image deeply upon your mind, so that you may be able to recognize him wherever he may be found: hereafter I will tell you why.

In that moment Kant and de Vieux passed out in front, talking very warmly. Schmidt pointed with his finger to the Baron, his arm trembling; the boy fixed upon him his greedy eyes—the raven croaking passed over the travellers' heads, and came to place himself upon the shoulder of the sage;—the ruined wall on which they were, began to fall with their weight, and made them drop down;—the boy looked at Schmidt and said to him:

— Never, beloved Doctor, shall the countenance of this man be effaced from my mind.

CHAPTER V.

The soul of man does assuredly enjoy the semi-divine faculty of being present successively in all places. Ours is at this moment in the torrid zone, and sees one of those tropical rains which sweep even to the foundations of the earth, and recall the fearful *cataclysm* of Noah. Ash-colored clouds cross the sky, seeming to speak to each other in their swift career, and with the re-echoing thunder, utter the rage with which they are bursting. The beautiful velvet sky is covered with vaporous spectres, which, by an optical delusion assimilate themselves to terrible monsters, which roar, and on opening their mouths vomit flame. Every peal threatens to crack the world's axis; the rain, or rather the impetuous immeasurable torrent which is poured out, makes one believe no foundations will be left to the abodes of men: the streets are rapid rivers, the roads branches of the sea, the pastures portentous lakes; the buds, the branches of the trees, bend low, as though seeking pity. The rattling of the rain upon the roofs makes us raise our heads to see if its fury is throwing off the tiles and the roofs; and it drowns the dweller in miserable huts. An hour after the thunder has ceased, the water imitates drops of dew, weeping for the outrages which, ceding to the violence of the clouds, it has committed; the sky spreads out its satin mantle; the sun, at the close of the evening, shines sadly at not being able to wipe away the tears of its beloved earth; the streets are clean,

as though there were a police in South America; the features of the inhabitants are smiling. Like this is the wrath of the sage against men; like this appears the spacious forehead and majestic countenance of Schmidt. There are yet passing the last traces of the dark clouds of his indignation; but they bear the colors of the rainbow.

It is eleven o'clock in the morning; the inhabitants of the Paraclete have breakfasted, and the sage Schmidt is lying in the shade of the contiguous grove, permitting the affectionate and intelligent raven to clean his long beard. On a little mound formed by the ruins of the edifice, and bristling with tangled shrubs, are two young people, with one of whom we are already acquainted; the other is a girl of fifteen, with a fine noble figure, German countenance, blond as the rays of the sun upon the snow, with large, full, azure eyes, with a seductive look, which tells what lies concealed within her alabaster virgin breast. Her hands are playing with the saffron-colored head of the youth; and such is the whiteness of her skin, that each finger resembles a piece of turned ivory, and the hands cotton flocks. Her hands are not small like those of the aristocrats, they are of more than middle size, and with long fingers; but they have a certain I know not what, which, while it sends the youth to sleep, would make the most pious Theatin quiver with emotion. Many times the playful breeze makes her tresses wave, and arouse him who is half asleep, stealthily kissing them, and seizing them with his lips, as though they were filaments of silk. What she is thinking while playing with the thick strong hair of Hector, as her companion is called, no one can penetrate; for to do that we must needs preserve the innocence of fifteen years, which beyond that age is no more, and before that age we do not reflect.

What he suffers stretched upon the grass, with his head placed on her knees, may be imagined by one who, with a soul of fire, has loved at nineteen years of age, knowing only one woman, and that woman an extraordinary being educated in the

school of Schmidt. Near him is a book, near her another; but both shut. He is lying on one side with one leg under the other, with the right leg stretched out trembling, and the foot resting on a stone; suddenly he raises himself up, looks at the girl with an expression of delight, and smiling, says to her:

— My Rosamunda, now I am going to read you a chapter on the history of the hearts of men: I will sit up as you are doing, you lie down on my knees and listen, and afterwards tell me what you think, and we can discuss it.

Rosamunda draws together the skirts of her morning gown, stands up, clasps the dress between her knees, stoops to cover herself well down to the ankle, rests one hand upon the ground, stretches herself, and lays her ringlet-flowing head on the left knee of Hector. Her countenance, raised towards him, has an air so candidly passionate, that her eyes appear two fountains of pleasure as they look intently upon the youth. He begins to read, but at every fourth word looks aside, and four eyes meet which rival, and not in color alone, the heavens above them. Both smile.

— Come, go on.

— But don't look at me.

— Now that is your fault; you hold the book on one side, and the words come flying from the corner of your eye.

— It will be better not to read. . . . . .

— And why not?

— I don't know what is the matter with my chest, I feel tired.

— Are you not well?

— Yes; but let me play with your curls, and tell me what you were thinking when I began to read?

— I was looking at your mouth; you have very thin lips, and our doctor says it is the sign of . . . . .

— Of nothing; because he also says that the machine of the body has a motive power without forms, which knows how, which can, which ought to impose them upon matter according to its own nature.

— Very good.

— What beautiful hair you have, sweet Rosamunda!

The breeze freshens and blows open the morning gown, exposing to view the white and chiselled leg of the beauteous girl as far as the spot where her sex are accustomed to place the garter. Thus far travel the eyes of Hector when they become dim; he turns pale, softly pushes his sweet companion from him, starts to his feet, and says to her:

— Now, my Rosamunda, I will return; I have forgotten something the doctor ordered me to do.

The sudden movement astonishes her. At the moment of Hector's rising, a voice is heard at some distance from the spot where they are, and the words—

— Well done! bravo! the intellectual man conquers!

It is Schmidt, who glories to see Hector, in whose countenance he has read the most ardent passion, fleeing from the side of the sympathetic woman, because he fears to be dominated by his body. At the sound of their adopted father's voice, which repeats "well done! bravo!" both of the young people, who till that moment have been ignorant he is so near, run up to him and place their heads upon his breast. The doctor caresses them, and says:

— You were thinking, no doubt, that the world had come to an end, that the ruins of the Paraclete were its remains, and that you were the only inhabitants of the universe. Love one another, but look up at the heavens, there is an eye which covers all their circumference, which searches with its lightning flashes the folds of the heart, which has open before its sight the hearts of mortals, the bowels of the earth, and the sandy bosom of the sea. Now you were going to the gymnastic exercises, were you not?

— No, Doctor; Hector only was going to do something which you bid him—said she, candidly.

— Then go, and perform some gymnastic exercises in my presence.

All go out towards a bramble thicket, and as though by enchantment, they disappear from the surface. We must now say who these young people are, so far as relates to their existence in the Paraclete, because the beginning of their lives is unknown even to their adoptive father.

It is nine years that Hector has lived with Schmidt, and eight, more or less, since Rosamunda knew him as her benefactor. Both passed through a rude school in the early part of their residence with the sage; but they have forgotten it by force of kindness on his part. They travelled with him, passing for his children, through part of Italy, Germany, Switzerland, and France; and now, for one year past, they have lived in the Paraclete. Their bodies have undergone a regeneration, and the intellectual part has been created by the Gallo-German in his own fashion. All the passions have their seat in their souls in an eminent degree of exaltation, playing in all their bodies in a wonderful manner; the blood of one circulates in the heart of the other, and the life of him in her, they are two individualities singularized; they understand each other at a glance, they tremble as they look at each other, they feel the same emotions, almost think alike; it might be said Schmidt had formed an Eve from Hector, and an Adam from Rosamunda. For so tender an age they are prodigies of intelligence: natural and abstract sciences, arts, mysterious knowledge, every thing in the intellectual sphere rolls in their heads with the same concert and variety as the globes in space. They feel the pricks of the flesh, which seem to them electric sparks that vanish and spiritualize themselves on separating from the tube, or the chain, or the rod which puts them into contact with the machine of the body. Schmidt has succeeded in balancing two forces so contrary, has caused them to feel, but control, to enjoy, but command; to see in the midst of darkness, but fly with the spirit, and not permit the body to be dragged along the heavy marly earth. What it costs others ten years to learn, they know in ten months; because their organs have been polished, perfected,

made capable of learning with a hundred times more facility than those of the rest of mankind, who have to acquire knowledge by force of persevering exertion. What advantages has not this marvellous man drawn from his attempts? It is true he has sacrificed many victims to science; but how many millions is he not about to save? And, as he said to the noblemen, it was not for himself, but for entire humanity. Two beings like his pupils must promise much. But has he educated them for good, or for evil? What end has he had in these strange ideas? He has suffered much, as his exclamations and eccentricities reveal. Will he keep all the life of these two wonders to himself, burying his works without obtaining the amelioration of the human race, or is he going to send them out into the world to be a scourge to society, and revenge the outrages he has received from it? We make these and a hundred other such questions, and every body will do the same, but we find at present no means of getting at any clue to the kind of labyrinth in which Schmidt places us as to the future.

We take this opportunity of making one remark. If the people do bastardize their noble sentiments, it is the nobles of the earth who show them the way. But let us look at Hector and Rosamunda, before they commence their exercises in the acrobatic gymnasium.

To say that these two young people, educated with so much liberty, with so much science, with such development, conserve the innocence of children at an age so advanced, would be to draw down ridicule upon them; thence we must confess, that Schmidt instead of educating has spoiled their natures. No! the sage has conciliated the body and the mind, and if in the future they continue as they now are, the Franco-German will sleep out the dream of eternity undisturbed by agonizing nightmares; and these will prove that while the bistoury in inexperienced hands gives death, in wise fingers it gives life; that while science in the ignorant kills, in the intelligent it is a fountain of delights; that while the good heart in the uncultivated is

foolishness, in the truly enlightened it becomes exquisite sensibility.

In the eastern part of the ruins is the site of the porch, the cloisters, the large halls of the monastery, which still exist, though a pile of ruins, all living, as Aristotle says, and all dead. The cloistered court, which doubtless served for the conferences of the founder with his numerous disciples, has still many columns standing, and one who visited it at this moment, would see that much work has been done in clearing the ground of grass, covering it with sandy earth, and forming an amphitheatre of stones, bricks, rubbish, and the crumbling materials of the edifice; the area of which presents the appearance of a gymnasium in miniature of the times of the Thebans, as though indeed they had just abandoned it. Schmidt, Hector, Rosamunda, and José, have converted the spacious court into an arena, which, while as rustic as simple nature, invites to the wrestle, the race, acrobatic and gymnastic exercises; and in fact, there are estrapades, trapeziums, parallels, cords, poles, ladders, bars of iron, weights enormous for a man of society, and very heavy even for a laborer. On one side, under cover, are hanging some pantaloons of Scotch plaid, a Greek cap, and a corset with a broad belt. Between a ruined ogive enters the sympathetic Rosamunda, takes down the dress, and retires, but not so as to hinder our seeing her toilet. She gives us no time to see how she puts on the broad pantaloon, we can only observe that she girds her turned leg with the strings that adjust it round the ankle; that she passes her fingers rapidly over the hem, and forms a hundred plaits; then with heavenly smile although she is alone, she puts one arm through the shoulder-strap of the corset, and before this can be adjusted, a movement of her bosom is distinguishable through the fabric of her chemise, so agitated that if Hector were present, he would tremble with emotion. Now the strings are passed round, the corset is fairly on, she binds her delicious waist. The favorite odalisk of Ali Tebelen, did not present to the eyes of the cynical Mus-

sulman forms more seductive than this beautiful girl displays as she ties her rich blond chevelure with a ribbon, and crowns herself with the Greek cap, which she fastens with two green cords around her noble temples. One who was watching her would say that Rosamunda had just crowned herself as one of the daughters of the Spartans in the Olympic Games. She sits down upon a stone seat, takes off her shoes, to encase her feet in boots of yellow buckskin, and before the strings of these are fully laced, we can observe that if her foot is not small; it has a certain I know not what charm, which bedims the eyes. Now she is entirely equipped; she gives some thumps on the ground with her feet, which glide along with marvellous lightness; then she pushes down the pantaloon, that her waist might be at perfect liberty, strikes out her arms as though to find their flexibility, appears to defy Hector, and with forms of Apollo, tacitly challenges a Hercules; but she trusts in her greater agility. She gives two claps of the hands, and fixes her inebriated eyes of blue on the side opposite to that where she is standing. During all this time there is one observing her; it is not Hector, it is Schmidt; and at every action, at every movement, at every bend which Rosamunda gives to her delicious body, the sage smiles. It may seem strange that Schmidt, seeing the trouble of Hector while they were playing on the mound, should send them to the gymnasium; but he has powerful reasons for conquering man by giving him more development.

He who wishes youth to reach manly age with a certain degree of morality, physical, so to speak, must in certain moments tire, exercise, molest, agitate, govern the body, and this is the only, or most efficacious means of avoiding effeminacy. Schmidt knows that the attention concentrates itself in the execution of gymnastic movements; Schmidt knows that the body is then in another hemisphere; that the animal life changes the object of its forces, and he seeks to teach with facts, without by-words further awakening the man, and to leave

yet some time longer unroused in the woman the dream of her maturer power. Although he has told them to exercise themselves in his presence, he does not wish to be seen, and will remain in his hiding-place till they have finished; for afterward he wishes to speak with Hector; and from the arching of his eyebrows, when he announced it to the young man, it may be judged that what he is going to tell him is something terrible. The graceful Rosamunda a second time claps her hands; nor does so in vain; from the further end, as coming from a cavern, Hector appears, with no further alteration in his dress than an outer flannel shirt, adjusted to his athletic waist by a band of yellow leather. The exercises commence; the flexibility of the woman masters the man; his colossal strength overcomes her; the lightness of the sylph charms, the limpidity of the youth astonishes. Auriol would not find the diversion tedious; but we will content ourselves with saying, that every surpassing thing presented by the Circus of Franconi in Paris, of Guerra in Vienna, of Paul in Madrid, all is executed with incomparable perfection. The Gymnasium of Amoros, which although a Spaniard he has established in Paris, has turned out brilliant youths, athletic men, girls pre-eminent in strength and flexibility, has corrected a thousand corporeal, and perhaps spiritual defects, has done great good to humanity: but Hector and Rosamunda have nothing to envy the disciples of the Count of Soteldo.

She is swinging with voluptuous negligence in the estrapade, and her companion, stretched upon the ground, covered with perspiration, is contemplating her sheepishly; for she has a peculiar beauty, that without belonging either to the Greek, or Italian, the ideal, or the Flemish school, or having any strongly marked type, recalls all of them, while what assuredly makes the blood of Hector boil, is the softness of her flesh; it is a mass of kneaded dough, with the apparent consistency of Carrara marble; it is satin, with armor of steel; it is . . . . Hector knows not what it is; but he knows its extraordinary power over him.

The countenance of Hector has an expression so melancholy, that in one of the undulations made by Rosamunda, with that freedom which would remind our readers of the graceful Roman rope-dancer, *Marietta*, she says to him :

— Hector, what is the matter? Your countenance makes me sad. What are you thinking about?

He to whom the delicious girl has spoken, remains absorbed in his ideas, and it is not till a few moments have passed, that, as though waking up out of an inadvertent dream, he replies:

— What were you saying, Rosamunda?

— What are you thinking about? Why is your countenance so sad?

Instead of replying, a tear comes into his eyes, which being seen by her, she springs suddenly into the arena, leaving no trace of her footstep, and sits down anxiously beside the youth, asking him a hundred questions at a time; but that which predominates in this whirlwind of passion, is:

— What is the matter with you? tell me: you know that I never displease you, and that I obtain from the doctor every thing that you want?

— Oh, my dearest, the doctor is in a fearful mood: the doctor is suffering, the doctor wishes to speak to me alone. This is the first time I have seen him thus.

And he takes the hand of Rosamunda as though to mitigate with its suavity the asperity of his pain.

— What! can any ill happen to us? Is he not our only father? Does he not love us as his children? Who knows what he wants to say to you?

— Yes . . . . . it is true . . . . . but he has since . . . . . when he told us we should love each other and . . . . .

— And what! Does he not wish we should love each other? What then saddens you?

— It is true . . . . but . . . .

— But what?

— But his transformed countenance, united to what he said

to me this morning before six o'clock, makes me fear for him and for myself . . . . . not for myself but for you.

— And what can you fear for him and for me?

— I do not know, Rosamunda, I do not know; but I feel a cloud lowering over my heart. I love you so much! Oh! it will be impossible for me to leave you . . . . .

— What! leave us! . . . .

— It may be so; but without him Hector cannot live, Hector has a soul, he is its aliment, in him I find that with which to fill the immense void of my ambition for knowledge; he has been to me a father, in his eyes I read the mysteries of the universe; I enter into his soul, rejoice in calling myself his disciple, love him as I should love my father if I had one, as I should my mother, which must needs be a love very tender, almost as much as I love you . . . . and you; oh, my Rosamunda, I adore you—and taking the head of the girl in his powerful hands, continued—if I have to separate myself from you for him, I shall die, but thinking of you!

He looks at her awhile with motionless and fiery eyes; neither of them utters a syllable; he is the electric fluid of first love, she, the personified admiration of one who knows not yet that terrible passion, unconsciously yielding to its powerful influence, is now overcome. Something crosses Hector's mind, for he disappears, the wall does not yet conceal his head, he turns to look at his companion who, with tears in her eyes, is contemplating him without daring to call him back. She remains alone, the left knee placed on the ground, the right half inclined, the elbow of her right arm placed upon it, her burning head in her hand, the left resting on her lip, her eyes open and motionless, the oppression of her breast says: "the love of her innocence has awakened, and exists in the world of matter."

A slight tap on the left shoulder recalls her to the reality of existence: it is Schmidt, who, with moved countenance, says:

— Come to my arms, my daughter, come! do not weep! your father, as you call me, would not have you weep; you shall see how much I love you.

— And Hector?

— The same as yourself; you are my children of adoption.

Rosamunda feels that the blood has too much tinged her countenance as she said "and Hector?" and knows no other means of cooling the ardor she feels in her head than falling upon the bosom of Schmidt. He looks up to Heaven, places his hand upon her, and says:

— Go, be calm; we will presently see each other again.

It is five o'clock in the evening. Schmidt, who has, without the young people being aware of it, witnessed the scene in the gymnasium, has not seen them since, because there are revolving within him a world of combinations, of ideas, of opinions, of consequences, to disentangle which, some hours are required even by that omnipotent head. They assemble for dinner; but the appearance of a man who is known to the inhabitants of the ruins and also to our readers, interrupts the meal at its commencement.

The man who has just whistled is the agent of police, who last night guarded the Tavern-Hotel, to prevent the entrance of the sorcerer and the souls of the two nobles. This policeman is, by exception to the rule, a good sort of a fellow, as we commonly say, and is in the confidence of the German sage, for he conveys the corpses which his correspondents at Paris and other points send to the physician, at night supplies whatever he wants, and accompanies him in his excursions, for all which he is well paid, without any responsibility, so that he has come at last quite to like Schmidt. Notwithstanding all this confidence, he has penetrated only as far as to the laboratory of the sage, and except José, has seen no one there. The German does not wish that the agent of police should have much familiarity even with him; because this kind of gentry exercising so low and

treacherous an office, are seldom loyal in their habits. Their distinctive character is dissimulation, reserve, pretence, and that cunning air which denotes one who has always an *arrière pensée.* The host of the ruins, to whom the Préfet of Nogent has granted this melancholy domain, goes out to hear what he has no doubt must be something of importance, for the purveyor of his dwelling presents himself at an unaccustomed hour.

— What is the matter?—says Schmidt, seeing he makes mysterious gestures—what is the matter?

Here he relates what has passed in the village the preceding day, and the surprise the two nobles have caused this morning on their return from the Paraclete, and sinking his voice, adds:

— I am assured that the Baron de Vieux has accused you before the authorities, and notwithstanding M. le Préfet knows your profession, it appears that the circumstances stated by the nobleman make the case look rather serious, and perhaps they will take judicial proceedings, and make a visit to the ruins. If you have any thing to hide, you will have time.

— Thanks, I have nothing but bones and crania; let them come, and perhaps it will not be so well for the Baron de Vieux. Thank you.

— I have fulfilled my commission.

— Many thanks . . . .

Before Schmidt can reply, the policeman has disappeared.

CHAPTER VI.

Although Schmidt told Hector that he wished to speak to him to-night, he does not carry out his intention on account of the information of the agent who left him with the words in his mouth; and from this moment there begins for the physician a torment which he only is capable of resisting.

Certainly one who considers the condition of this world will be irresistibly impelled to smile bitterly. To see a man like Schmidt, whose immense knowledge, whose desire to serve the world, are alike unbounded, weeping in an excess of desperation, is a strange spectacle, but for the misfortune of society too often repeated. There was a time when this man was happy; he loved a wife, he had a daughter, he aided the poor generously, gave them the benefit of his knowledge without any other return than the tears of gratitude which he drew from all the suffering classes of society. The love of science, the desire of leaving to his children a celebrated name, this holy ambition of an intelligent man, who desires that those who receive existence from him should not pass away like ephemeral plants, the taste for penetrating into the mysteries of nature, caused him to travel for the space of three years: when he returned full of joy at meeting his wife and daughter, when he was going to lay at their feet the inexhaustible treasures of science, when he was going to interlace Science, Love, and Religion, he found that a wretch, a traitor, a felon, a soul of Satan, had involved his honor in ignominy, the virtue of his wife in shame, her soul in

crime, his poor little daughter in degradation; for she when she grew up would think of what she had seen in her mother, and either follow in her unclean steps, or suffer eternal sorrow for having been born of such a mother. From that moment, as we shall presently see, Schmidt converted all his virtues and talents into poisonous doctrines, and to distract himself from his pain, determined to know whether man sinned from weakness or from wickedness, because his constitution impelled him to it or because his soul was a daughter of cursing, and thus to excuse in part the perfidy of his unfaithful wife and that of all men. And who was the cause of the perdition of Schmidt? He who had been that of his wife.

It will appear strange to some that the sage has so great forbearance, which already seems degenerating into foolishness; we might indeed well say that if we knew all that had passed, but this remains yet to be discovered to us. Oh! woman in general is incomprehensible, she is the most anomalous being on earth, she is the daughter of her fancies and dies dragging many into the tomb. Wilhelmina Schmidt died without her husband having ever been able to gather even the first syllable of the name of her infamous seducer. Nevertheless he has heard her name repeated by the Baron de Vieux, has heard him draw her portrait, has had him on the gallows in his hands .... but might he not be mistaken?

This single trait of rectitude will be sufficient to captivate the sympathies of all who ever know Schmidt. This night, in the darkness of the vaults, he is going to examine certain things which will possibly throw much light on the question as to the perpetrator of the adultery.

All are sleeping but he, who is seated beside an iron box, which served him as a medicine-chest, a safe, and a secret depository. His countenance bears the impress of despair; he is pale, as, with a lamp in his hand, which, from the convulsive trembling which agitates his arm, gives but a flickering light, he touches a spring, making the lid which covers the secret de-

pository fly back. It is open. Schmidt puts the light on the ground, opens his eyes wide, as though afraid, wipes away the sweat that is bathing his forehead, and exclaims:

— It is fifteen years that these papers have lain here; I had determined never to read them, that I might not see my ignominy; they are the papers I found in the dressing-case of Wilhelmina when she died; they must needs enlighten me in the darkness in which I find myself, and woe to the seducer! I had forgotten it all, for my frenzy in that moment made me mad; but I loved my wife, as the moth loves the light, as steel the loadstone, as weights the centre. Poor creature that I am! When I am going to put out my hand and take them, I burn; when I attempt to read, my eyes are bedimmed; when courage is demanded I weep.

The sage again wipes away two big tears that run down his stiff, thick beard. He continues:

— It is very hard to disturb the ashes of her I loved with frenzy. I have not done it, out of respect to her memory; but has he not come with cynical effrontery to expose the shame of the wife before the eyes of the outraged husband? May it not be said that this is a stroke of Providence? And if she died under my hands, why not he? There is nothing hidden that shall not be revealed. Now I shall bring to light that which for so many years has been buried in my heart, in this box, and in the tomb.

He takes a packet of papers, draws out a small bundle from among others, sets the lamp on the corner of the box, opens a paper which yet preserves the perfume—he cannot distinguish in this moment whether of his wife or of her vile corrupter—his hands trembling and his color changing at every word that he reads, he at last discovers unquestionable signs of the malefactor, though of his name the victim was ignorant, and as though astounded, he exclaims:

— It is he!

He reads two or three pages, with his face puckered: at

the fourth he hurriedly flings the papers into the secret depository, shuts the lid, locks the chest with double key, and begins to pace like a lion from one side to the other, from the chemical laboratory to the dissecting room. One who looked at him through a crevice would say, that what he has just read must have been the very instrument of the crime; that it is the fire of infidelity which consumes that man. He stamps upon the floor, and mutters between his teeth:

— Barbarian that I am! the poor creature was the victim of a malefactor, and afterwards spoke not, died without a word. I was her murderer; her sublimity irritated me; her greatness of soul made me kill her and my innocent daughter. Oh! oh! oh!—and bursting into a flood of tears, he violently strikes his broad forehead with his hand--Oh! oh! . . . . . Man knows not how to appreciate an innocent woman. Poor little one! Poor Wilhelmina of my heart,—kneeling before the skeleton of his wife—martyr of a malefactor, well you said to me as you rolled down the precipice, that you were innocent. How did your eyes affect me in the last looks of death which you fixed upon me . . . . . Oh! I am a savage, he . . . infamous! He surprised you, completed his crime without the intervention of your will. You found yourself in treacherous hands; you feared lest you should lose the fruit of that crime, and chose rather to die than that your offspring should perish. Oh! Wilhelmina, pardon Schmidt: pardon the assassin of your body; you shall be avenged; you shall see from heaven,—martyr to maternal love,—you shall see that the inhuman Schmidt is atoning, and will atone for his crime even to death. Oh! great of the earth, thus do you dishonor the daughters of the people! Thus do you slay them! Thus do you make the poor unhappy! Wilhelmina, it is fifteen years; it is fifteen hills of pain since I lost you; and now, now, love burns in my breast, love which has never ceased to burn for you, even while I believed you unfaithful. Oh! I imprint a hundred kisses upon your skull, press to my heart the breast where beat yours. I

love you, I love you, more than on the night of our nuptials. And my little daughter! Oh! the jealous man is a wild beast —pardons nothing. She was the daughter of my loins, and in those terrible moments of agony, I even believed she was another's. Ye great, ye rich, ye men of science, who abuse your gifts, your gold, your ascendency! the thunderbolts of Heaven confound you. . . . . .

There is a pause; it seems as though a sudden ray illumines the mind of Schmidt; he remembers something; something comes to lay low the rage of that man. He draws back, separating himself from the suspended skeleton, passes his hand across his brow, opens his eyes as though in frenzy, the muscles of his face all contract, giving him a diabolical appearance; he gazes at the skeleton of Wilhelmina, which yet oscillates, and in a sepulchral voice says:

— I gather the fruit of that which I have sown. I was first in sin, they have paid me in my own coin, just judgment of Providence. I did not remember it till this moment.

What has this extraordinary man remembered? Let him pass the rest of the night in the arms of his tormenting recollections.

As the disk of the sun casts off his crystal mantle in the east, the sage more yellow than the golden tints of the sky, directs himself to the apartment of the youth. As soon as they are together, he makes him sit down, and begins thus:

— Son, this is a solemn day; I am going to confess to you what I know of you, and to show you who it is whom I told you to observe so attentively.

The youth looks at him, and scrutinizes the countenance of his putative father. Unwittingly he draws close to him, and taking his hand hopes to learn who he is. The physician inclines his head to his breast, as though seeking to collect his ideas and emotions, then looks at the young man, and continues:

— I have educated you with the independence of science. You must not be surprised that I speak to you with the freedom of intelligence. Here, where you see me of forbidding presence, with worn-out apparel, with a wild aspect, with a countenance like that of a convict, I am not what I seem. I expected to have been happy; I expected to have embraced my children; I expected to have enjoyed the caresses of my wife: but since the year '21, I have retired from the world, and in order to forget myself, and to think no more of the wickedness of those who call themselves our fellow-creatures, I plunged into those investigations of which you have been witness, and for nine years you have been under my direction, and for eight years, Rosamunda also. During this time, have you had any complaint to make against the poor, obscure Schmidt? Declare it, and I will make you reparation; declare it, and I will ask your pardon, son of misfortune, and the more unhappy that he who has stood in the place of a father to you, is the being the most ill-treated by society! declare it, and you shall see me at your feet, imploring mercy.

The face of the sage is so sad, that, together with his discourse, it deeply affects the young man who is beside him, and who, falling on his shoulder, says to him through his tears:

— What have I done, father, what have I done, that you should make me weep, chiding me as though I had been ungrateful?

— I do not chide you, son of my soul, I do not chide you, I only wish to let you know how you came into my hands, that you may see what this world is, and that you may conceive an eternal hatred to sin. Sit down.

Here the youth draws closer to him, and taking the hands of Schmidt into his own, gazes absorbed upon the face of his father by adoption, hoping to learn that which could never come into his own mind.

— Let us return to the year '21. I had but just returned from Germany, my native land, when I was obliged to go to the

mountains of Switzerland, which would to God I had never visited! Thence I returned to Paris, where my name was almost unknown. I made a thousand experiments in Phrenology, Physiology, and other sciences, part of my works being crowned with success. I travelled in Spain, in England, where I formed an acquaintance with a great English physician, Sir W. Murray, to whom I owe much of the knowledge I have acquired, and returned with José to France; and in order to have all kinds of *models*, I gave up the lower animals, and began to traffic in human beings.

— The young man looks at him.—

— Don't be astonished so soon. A negro had come with me from Guadaloupe, a French possession in the lesser Antilles; this was my first subject: he died, he could not support the rigorous treatment I had to use with him; then some girls, whom I bought of certain women who follow this business: they also died. Then, while the negro, a girl, and my old *Souffleur* were still living, I had the happiness to possess a Spanish lad, who was about as old as you are now, but I lost him, not because he died, but for another cause. I was yet mourning for him, when passing one evening through the environs of Paris, I saw you, Hector, my son. You looked a miserable object at ten years old. Your fine Herculean form, your interesting countenance, your head, showed that your parents were not laborers, but citizens, educated, intelligent. It was the month of April, 1828, that I approached you, as you will remember, and asked you who was your father, and where your mother was?

Hector, with a melancholy countenance, makes an affirmative sign.

— You told me you had none, and this was to me like the finding of a lost treasure. I spoke to the woman with whom you lived, and, forgive me, my son, for a thousand francs you came into my power, under pretext that I would educate you. You know what happened afterwards. But that you may see the wickedness of this world, that miserable woman had been

your nurse, and according to what she insinuated to me, your parents were people of the city; but after the first three years of your nursing were paid for, no one came to claim you, and you were an insupportable burden to her. Ah! well! up to this point here is your history: from your entrance into my house you will but too well remember your education; and although it was painful at first, I believe you will not now regret having passed through that school. Don't interrupt me.

Notwithstanding this injunction, Hector embraces Schmidt, and his face is moistened with the tears of them both.

— Sit down, we are going to speak of my poor Rosamunda. For about six months you were alone with me; because Soufflleur died, as you will remember, from the consequences of a fall, and applying to one of those women who steal poor little girls, to transport them to France, to England, and other places, where they serve,—oh, horror!—as food to most loathsome fires, I engaged her to procure me a girl, that from her appearance and constitution would have some homogeneity with your present companion; and happily for this poor creature, then seven years old, she told me she had got one of very tender years, but whose aspect promised to become of my desired type. In a miserable place she pointed out Rosamunda to me, and seeing she was what I was seeking,—it makes me shudder to think of what that Satanic woman must have thought!—she made me many praises of her innocence, begged me to observe that she was much advanced for her age, of well-developed forms, of compliant character, mild, timid to a certain degree, but capable of learning whatever one might want to teach her. She added, that I could not purchase her for less than two thousand francs, because she loved her as her own child, and in the future she would be of great advantage and comfort to her. I saw what was the object of that monster in the shape of a woman, whose hypocritical wickedness surpassed my previous belief, and I gave her what she demanded. Rosamunda entered my house crying, as without doubt you have not forgotten

This is the history of the poor girl with whom you live. The beginnings of both have very much resemblance. I have educated you both alike. You know what hitherto you have been ignorant of. It is all with which it is in my power to make you acquainted. Never tell her who she is . . . . Because, from whence came you at first? How came you into the power of these women? Who were your parents? These are questions never put to this class of persons by those who apply to them, nor would they, although they could do so, answer them, even to one who by money obtains these unhappy creatures, who are, perhaps, daughters of mystery, of debility, of corruption, of the unbridled lust of the nobles, the rich, the libertine. Do not be amazed, my son, at what I tell you; listen, and you will see how much reason I have to draw aside the veil, and exhibit to one that which will perhaps make him detest the world, and even him who brought him into it; and how reasonable it is to hide from the innocent sight of the other, that of which the representation would put to flight the innocence of simplicity. If you had been brought up in another manner, as is usual in the bosom of families—if you had not read in history, in contemporary newspapers, greater horrors, I should, perhaps, have to repent of having told you this; but you know how much of what men have done, and what you do not know I must needs teach you, because in a short time hence we shall separate, perhaps for an eternity.

Hector is going to say something to Schmidt, but the latter makes a sign, which in him is imperative, and passing his lank fingers through his thick beard continues:

—I had wished not to have you separated from my side till you were twenty-five years old, and so to have perfected my work; but circumstances, that word which serves as a puppet to men and these times, compel me to cut the period short. You are about to commence the battle of life. My son, this is said in few words, but it involves a world of ideas. Do you know to what you, having your companion to protect, are about

to be exposed in this whirlwind, which drags along hills much larger and heavier than your head? Men have two poles and an axis—interest and pleasures which revolve round selfishness. In order to reach these two points, which are like those of the earth unknown, they use every stratagem that can be invented by the most creative, the most fervid, the most diabolical imagination, and they succeed, or make victims in another way. I have told you how you came into my hands, and you have seen the end I proposed by your acquisition; any other than myself would have proposed to himself double ends, double poles, until the axis would have discovered itself. Rosamunda is not one of those beauties that recall the Venus de Medicis, or the Eve of Fuseli, or the Diana, or the Madonnas of Raphael, or the ladies of the court of Louis XIV. or Henri IV., or the Regency, or the Court of the Medicis, or those of the Pontificates of Alexander VI. and Leo X.; but she unites traits of many of those beauties; she has much fire of soul, and a body which seems to rob the Greek school of its forms, the ideal of its contour, the Italian of its grace, the Spanish of its force of coloring, the Flemish of its naturalness; and this same heterogeneousness will set men on fire, will madden them, and make them lay for her innocence countless snares. And whom has she to protect her against that which will happen to her: because you have to present yourself with her in public, turning to account the education it has cost me so much to bestow upon you both, whom has she to protect her? Only you, Hector, only you; for whatever talent a woman has, if she is without a male protector, she is like the ivy which trails along the ground, but never rises victorious, unless united to the robust oak which defies the hurricane.

Hector involuntarily presses the hand of Schmidt to his breast; Schmidt looks at him and inwardly rejoices.

— You have seen in our travels to what those poor men and women are exposed who have to make an exhibition of beauty, talent, skill, and whatever else can flatter the caprices of those

who have money. Think you not that dancers, singers, actors and actresses, funambulists, professors, are exposed at every step of their career? My son, all those who serve the public in these capacities, whatever reserve they may maintain, however virtuous they may be, have to pass through combats so rude, that singular is he who escapes unhurt. Think not it is for the want of bravery, the greater this is the more violent are the attacks of this foaming and turgid sea called the wealthy, the nobility, men of fashion, and the worst of all are the titled and aged rich. At this moment I could quote to you a catalogue of victims; but suffice it so say, that if you love her, as I discover in your features you do, you Hector must be a column that lifts its head above the cities that you tread, and she Rosamunda the statue placed upon that pedestal so firmly based. Do not trust to the testimony of your conscience, do not repose too soundly under the shadow of your independence, do not make a parade of your valor: I have seen a beautiful girl slain at the door of the theatre for having the spirit to despise the drivelling homages of a rich old noble; I have seen intrigues formed to blacken the fame of a celebrated actress, and succeed in making her pass in the eyes of the world for what she was not; I have seen a prodigy of declamation hissed through a conspiracy of nobles, who have found in her the defect of being too virtuous, and they will drive her, in desperation, to seek some one to protect her even at the cost of her virtue; I have seen one who merited a throne of ovations die of hunger to preserve her dignity, and become the scoff of the *canaille* of a hospital; I have seen . . . . but why multiply examples? I will conclude with one which is worth a hundred. Malibran Garcia, that incomparable Spaniard, for the Spaniards possess incomparable things, that lyric tragedian, wonder of our days, has been stigmatized as a drinker, for no other reason than her grand enthusiasm, and the pride which chose not to stoop to the degradation demanded by certain rich men. So do not blind yourself, my son, with the dense cloud of flatteries which they will

heap upon her in your presence; woman is so frail, praise and adulation pervert the most virtuous; in the midst of the ovations of a people remember that that adulation, if legitimate, is smoke, which the slightest contrary wind will dissipate; if, as very often happens, it is bought by those who plot your perdition, spreading a bed of flowers in the mouth of a volcano, the thorny branches of which may serve as fuel to burn you, it is a flame that announces the devouring fire which is about to be the end of the victim's career. If you wish to escape dangers so great, never separate yourself from her even in thought: In union is strength. Love each other with eternal love, never abandon each other whatever may be your position, be one the oak of the other, and she the vesture of luxuriant vegetation around him; remember your poor father of adoption, and follow my counsels. A day will come, my son, in which you will see that the obscure Schmidt did not deceive you, a day will come, perhaps, in which you will know who it was that gave you existence, and you will perhaps prefer giving to me the tender name of father to naming your legitimate one. The same may happen to her. Who knows whether those who gave you being live in great palaces? Your persons bespeak a birth different from that which the situation in which I found you would indicate. Well! the moment has not yet arrived for bidding you adieu; go therefore, Hector, go and enjoy the innocent tranquillity of these ruins, since you will perhaps in a short time find yourself tossed in the whirlwind of the cities. And return at the close of the evening, for I have to talk to you of other subjects.

Assuredly Schmidt must have been deeply affected, for instead of the young man leaving him, it is he who hurriedly leaves the place where they have been. Hector's moistened eyes follow him till he is out of sight, and when the last sound of his retreating footsteps has fallen on his ears, Hector goes out in search of Rosamunda. After a few steps he finds her; his countenance is changed, she asks him a hundred questions, and he replies:

— Fear not, fear not, we shall never be separated. My fears were unfounded. He has just told me that we are going to leave the Paraclete together, and that I shall have to take care of you . . . .. to take care of you, Rosamunda.

— Indeed? And the doctor, where does he remain?

— I do not know: he says José will see us in Paris.

— So we shall not be separated?

— No, sweet Rosamunda, no.

They clasp each other, as wishing to symbolize in acts the ivy and the oak, as foreseeing the hurricane, as preparing for the struggle to which the world challenges them. These two young people have acquired, besides knowledge, the character which the sage has wished by their education to give them, so that in their great emotions, in their extreme agitations of spirit, they are silent, as the heavens, when they veil themselves ere rushing down upon the field, remain for some minutes in atmospheric inaction. Locked in each other's arms they reflect much in an instant, and then as if by consent burst forth:

— Wilt thou ever love me?

And reply:

— Until death.

They look steadily upon each other, and with melancholy smile give each other a kiss. Even if Hector desired to say something to Rosamunda of that which he has just heard from the lips of Schmidt, her having been put under his care is sufficient to make him preserve the most profound silence. How could he have the heart to sadden, with things so horrible, one who is overflowing with innocent joys?

At six o'clock in the evening, Hector is in the chamber of the country girl, victim of the Baron de Vieux. Interesting above all things must be the conversation by which a rustic village girl can keep him hanging on her lips. Let us approach and listen. The sick one, who finds herself, thanks to the fathomless scientific profundity of the German, much relieved, continues, and says to the young man:

— Three years of the same misery, my head sometimes set me on fire, at others a kind of giddiness took away my reason; on some days I seemed to be an angel, I was so light-hearted, joyful, disposed to enjoy every thing; the fields appeared to me a paradise, the people amiability itself, while on others I could see no one; I hated mankind, the sky appeared to me black, the earth as sad as a grave-yard, I longed to die, but to die tearing myself to pieces. At last, as I told you, they at home took me to be possessed, my poor parents wept, all the neighbors ran away from me, M. le Curé said prayers over me, I myself believed that the devil had got me into his power, and at last I fled from home, and went wandering about the fields as though mad till the doctor took me under his protection, and four days ago when he came in with the doctor, I again believed that his presence was the cause of my torments, his memory a hell to my soul, his eyes two fire-brands that scorched my pupils.

— But tell me, did this nobleman never magnetize you?

— What is it to magnetize?

— It is an operation performed by the look and with the hands until it makes a person sleep.

— No, sir; but one time, as you say it is necessary I should tell you all that passed, and being now almost well, I will relate to you what happened to me. Three years ago, or a little less, the Baron de Vieux came to the country-seat he has on the banks of the Seine, about twelve leagues from Paris, and seven from this place, to pass the summer. My Lady, who is very beautiful, did not stay more than a few days because solitude annoyed her, and she returned to Paris or some other estate, I don't know exactly which, and my Lord, who had seen me many times, remained, alleging as he said to the family before my Lady, that he wished to push forward the repairs of the house, because it had been the favorite seat of his deceased aunt, Madame Donnedieu, who had left it to him on her death. Oh! from that moment dates my unhappiness. My father, who

is an honest farmer, sent me to the castle at the request of the Baron, who said he could not get on with the old servants; and after some days, in which abusing the confidence of a country girl, he had blinded my eyes, he told me he wanted to speak to me, and in short he possessed himself of my heart, and with jests and endearments made me in the silence of night breathe a liquor from a bottle, which he said would produce wonders in me, and he went through the operation himself first to give me confidence; I drew in a breath, and for a while lost my senses, and afterwards remained in a state of delight so extraordinary, that it occasioned my ruin. This was repeated a great many times in the space of four months, during all of which I continued in a nervous excitation which drove me to desperation. At the end of this time he returned to Paris, assuring me that he would send for me to be ladies' maid to the Baroness. I had not seen him again till now, although the effect of those four months increased, and all took me for mad, for I condemned myself to a silence, which is worse than death; for who would have believed that the poor daughter of my Lord's tenant loved him, and was, as she pretended, loved by him in return? At best she would have passed for a vile creature, and he never made me believe myself that.

Here the poor girl cannot help weeping. Hector passes his hand over his forehead, foaming with the indignation excited in him by the narration of the nobleman's wickedness, then, as though coming out of a distressing dream, he comforts the sorrowing girl, and says to her:

— And you have told the doctor this incident in your malady?

— No, sir.

— Then it is necessary that you should tell him immediately, for this absorption must have been of sulphuric ether, and perhaps with so much repetition it has injured your cerebral system. Oh! what monsters are these nobles! I will go and tell him to come and speak with you.

— No, sir, no, it is better you should tell him. I could not repeat what I have just related to you.

— Then I will go and tell him myself, that he may employ some remedy for the ravages of this wicked invention of an infamous age. And such are the nobles! Well does the doctor say they are monsters! I will go now.

Hector goes in search of Schmidt. The latter meets him and says:

— My son, I was going to look for you, for it is necessary I should speak with you; but what is the matter?

Hector relates to his adopted father what he has just heard, to which the sage replies:

— I knew it before she told you of it, I have succeeded in lessening the ravages made by the sulphuric ether in her brains; but she cannot live many years, the principal vessels have been injured. Here you see what the rich and the nobles are, they know no other world than their appetites; pleasure and interest revolve on the axis of their selfishness. It is concerning this monster that I am going to speak to you. Let us retire into the most remote apartment, for, my son, what I have to reveal to you this night four only know; this wretch, his victim, myself, God; this day you also will know it.

The place chosen for the secret conference is the cavern where stands the gallows: they go thither with minds strangely preoccupied.

Before they arrive let us look at another. Woman is more perspicacious than man; woman, by so much as her constitution is more delicate than that of her companion, has more sensibility than he; the imagination of woman is more fervid than that of man in proportion as reason in her works through noble, disinterested, grand instincts, the selfishness of interest entering into none of her actions: her egotism is that of passion. Rosamunda is not accustomed to secrecy, this is the first time that Schmidt and Hector have used it towards her. Her origin is wrapped in mystery, the preludes of her departure from the Paraclete

also, Schmidt desires that her companion should know secrets which doubtless touch her very nearly, her sole support is Hector; he will not tell her more: this is a want of confidence which deeply wounds her heart; now he is going to know what never will come to her ears. This cannot be. Alone in her apartment she discourses in this or a similar manner, makes a thousand guesses, then unmakes them, now it seems to her she has hit upon it, now she is bewildered in conjectures, she discerns a horizon, now it recedes, confounding itself in space as she runs towards it.

Rosamunda has the body of a woman, and the soul of a man. The one makes her astute, the other audacious. She rises from the spot where she is seated and begins to walk in the labyrinth of the vaults, whose obscurity bears a resemblance to the chaos within her head.

At the same time Schmidt and Hector arrive at the scene of the *mysterious agonies*. Solemn is the sight, imposing the apparatus; seriousness is impressed on the countenance of the German, anxiety on that of the youth. They sit down on a bench: artificial light is not needed, for from above, emitted by the moon, come silver rays which illumine this roofless inclosure with an opaque light, casting upon the ground fantastic and strange appearances. The ropes swing to and fro in the wind, their shadows representing sometimes serpents, and sometimes convulsive movements of members of the human body. The physician is thinking, his forehead resting on his hand and his elbow on his knee; the youth has never been afraid, but on this occasion he feels a disagreeable sensation in his heart. They hear a strange sound, both notice it, it must have been a branch agitated by the breeze, or a ferret that has come to hunt in the ruins, or the raven that was retiring; whatever it was, all now certainly remains in silence till this is broken by the aged man, who, placing his hand on the shoulder of the youth, says:

— Son, imagine that a youth of ardent passions, of vast imagination, with heart of fire, has succeeded in uniting his ex-

istence to a woman enchanting, virtuous, sweet as Rosamunda; think that they have a daughter, fruit of their loves, of that unwhispered bond, of that deep mystery which wise nature bequeathes to perfect and virtuous love; take it that this young man adores his wife, is enchanted with his little daughter; suppose that he has a journey to make, think of the sorrow he will feel at leaving pledges so beloved; conceive that he passes some years away from home; picture him to yourself as he returns like a blindly enamored lover, like a tenderly fond father, seeking to surprise his idolized wife, and smother with kisses the angelic little face of his daughter sleeping at the bedside of her mother, protected only by God, her guardian angel, and her to whom she owes her being. This man longs to taste the pleasures of a surprise, wishes to gaze unseen upon the throbbing bosom of his beloved, and in the midst of his delight will go on tiptoe so as not to wake his little daughter, and thus stifling his joy, will not let a breath escape but by fitful and delicious gasps. This man enters his house late at night by a way known to him because it is his house; this man arrives at the bedchamber of his wife and daughter; this man hears the deep breathing of their sleep; this man fears to startle them by suddenly opening the door; this man, by force of repressing the pleasure in which his soul is rejoicing, feels his temples throbbing more quickly, his breast heaving, his ears filled with a rumbling noise; this man loves, he is blind with love; this man trembles at the thought of being able to impress a kiss upon her innocent forehead; this man can resist no longer the emotion which agitates him; this man hears the little cry of his daughter who has turned in her cradle; this man believes he hears his wife calling him in her dreams; this man opens the door; this man takes out a lantern; this man draws his hand over the conjugal bed, pronouncing with phrenetic love the name which during the torments of absence, in the deliriums of his heated imagination he has worshipped; this man fancies he respires the soft breath of his wife; this man looks, believing she

is on the other side; this man had set the lantern on the floor jealous that its rays should witness that embrace, that kiss; this man does not find his wife. . . . . His temples are burning, his heart is leaping from his breast, his ears tingle with a sound like the ticking of a clock, his hands tremble, his sight is bedimmed, the bile tints his countenance with the hue of death. Through his mind passes a river of fire which burns his brains. He seeks the lantern, casts its light around the chamber, sees his unhappy little daughter, looks at her with horror, follows a staircase, barefooted ascends its steps, goes along a corridor, thence to a greenhouse; so convulsive is the movement of his nerves that the light flickers when he tries to fix it upon an object he wishes to illuminate; he perceives a white figure, it is his wife, she is asleep. He puts this question to himself, Here? in the middle of the night, in this disorder, the window open, her handkerchief yet wet with tears on the arm of the chair? . . . . . The fire of jealousy burns in his soul, the smoke of its burning beclouds his reason, his outraged honor seeks vengeance, he utters a cry of desperation, rushes towards her; she awakes, pushes aside her luxuriant ringlets, looks at him with horror, and exclaims as though dreaming, "Pardon, pardon." This man looks for weapons to make an end of her; this man has none but a heart full of fire; this man puts his hands upon the throat of that unhappy one to strangle her, to draw from her the secret, to make her confess a hated imaginary name; but not being able to obtain full justice that way, speaks not, turns aside, and hastens away. The following day he blinds the servants, those venal beings, with gold, they reveal to him things true and things false, relate to him mysterious tales, drive him mad. He believes them in the fit of insanity which consumes him; he reflects not; he asks his wife nothing. A day has passed, he takes a carriage, it is the only means he has conceived of; he speaks not, he leaves the country, ascends the Alps, goes alone with his infamous wife and little daughter, arrives at the piled-up heights of eternal snow; the carriage is his, he is his own coachman,

he is in a solitary spot: this is the place: there is a precipice at his feet, there are crystal masses overhead, the sky is murky, he turns to his wife, puts to her this question: "Who dishonored my name? answer, or die, precipitated into this abyss which rolls down before your eyes, devoured by the bloodthirsty wolf and the sinewy bear." The wife makes no answer. The outraged man reiterates his question; profound silence; the very silence infuriates him, the man forgets his daughter, the man is phrenetic, the man drives the carriage to the brink of the abyss, the man, become a demon of rage, cries: "Do you tell his name?" The woman replies: "I do not know it." The man cracks his whip, and sees horses, carriage, wife and daughter roll over those eternal rocks, while a scream from the little daughter, and a cry "I am innocent" from the wife, ascends and falls upon his ears.—A noise is heard— The man remains absorbed like the image of despair on the borders of eternity. . . . . I am he!

— Horrible! Doctor, horrible!

— And who wrought these horrors? I? I? . . . No, Hector, no! The Baron de Vieux, who dishonored my wife, surprising her asleep in the gallery of my house, during one of my scientific journies. This day I have read the secret; this paper tells it; this paper, which the unhappy one wrote the morning following my arrival, one week before she found herself with her innocent little daughter, closely clasped in her bosom, rolled down a precipice by my blind fury. Tell me, Hector, tell me, if this woman had been Rosamunda, what would you do? What will you do now? I never saw him till five days ago; even then I did not know him; I did not know who he was: his mouth, and some papers which I had always respected, have made it manifest to me. Hector, Schmidt desires vengeance in the same kind upon that wretch. Schmidt cannot— Schmidt is old. Hector, his adopted son, ought to take up this cause as his own. Will you know him wherever you may see him?

— Yes, my beloved and unhappy friend.

An embrace of Schmidt closes that scene.

Along the crest of the ruined wall, is creeping a figure which has heard the whole of this discourse, and which now disappears, like the shadow killed by the light.

CHAPTER VII.

How few of those who are at the head of the nations have deserved a grateful remembrance from the governed or their descendants! Consult history. Like Washington, perhaps not a dozen can be found. How few mighty of the earth have left their names consigned to posterity in grateful pages! Examine the world's annals. And yet why do the masses profess for these beings called noble and powerful, a traditional respect? Why, in spite of all their unclean acts, are the ignorant, and people who are not ignorant, dazzled? Why? Because they have not permitted men of talent to write with freedom; because they have hindered the free exercise of the soul of man; some with political tyrannies, others with religious despotism; the former buying talent to celebrate them, the latter persecuting the few works which, proceeding perhaps from foreign presses, seek to destroy the delusions of the deluded. But the march of Mankind is like that of Time, which ever goes onward augmentingly, and the days of oppression, of religious and political fanaticism, and of blood, must give place to the morning light of truth. The Reformation in Germany, the French Revolution of 1793, had of necessity to be, and they were, those clouds which at early dawn are fearful phantasms, which to shine with a safe light, have to pass through rivers of murky red, which we will call of blood; but in the end they opened gradually, and the writings of the sons of both colossal clouds have in part dissipated the darkness, have caused the light to shine, have disinterred history, have accused the tyrants, have made manifest what were the great, what were the priests, what

were the tribunals which they established, what objects they had, what horrors they perpetrated in the obscurity of dungeons, how many victims they immolated, not to religion, of whose holy name they made a handle, not to the dignity with which they surrounded themselves, but to their appetites, to their caprices, to their Satanic ambitions. It is useless to kick against the pricks. You may blind yet for a short time, but not very long will be the space conceded you by the Dignity of Man, which is already tired of seeing itself so humiliated, by men who have no right to exalt themselves over it but that of caprice, that of ignorance, that of baseness. The sole prerogatives which are destined to remain upon the earth, are those bequeathed to man by his only Legislator, in the Gospel, virtue, honor, wisdom, and constancy in acting according to His Divine word. But so much are the people irritated, that, partly goaded by their wrongs, partly steeled by demagogues, partly impelled by the ignorance in which they have been brought up, partly maddened by the future which threatens them, they listen not to those who counsel them patience, and rush with that ferocious impetus which characterizes demoralized masses, into crime, robbery, assassination, profanation, horrors, as we are shown at every step by cotemporaneous history; and although the governors think to stifle this hatred to the nobles by spilling torrents of the people's blood, they succeed only in concentrating the fire, and making it more voracious for the day in which an explosion shall take place. This is not the way to draw men. Rigor makes hypocrites, traitors, and executioners. Begin by chastising the infinite wickedness of the great at their own and at others' firesides, destroying now the virtue, now the honor, now the life, now the interests of others. This lesson, given with thorough energy, will let the people see that justice is fulfilling its mission, and they will bless the hand that administers it; they will find security at their hearths, rejoice in individual liberty, and they will fear no longer lest the noble should enter their workshops under pretence of some chattel,

and rob them of wife or daughter, either corrupting her or making her unhappy. All who know the kind of life generally led by those who call themselves the high aristocracy, must needs confess, that to their harems tribute is paid by the industrious of every class, the gardener, the chambermaid, the shoemaker, the dressmaker, the laundress, every unhappy being who has to live by their luxury, by their money, must lay tears, shame, or death, on the altars of their omnipotent impunity. It is not the nobility alone, the immoral rich act as badly, or worse. It is true that some of the wealthy do not belong to this degraded and infamous race. We know men noble in soul, and rich in heart, who, instead of calling down maledictions on their heads as the others do from all who know them, crown their heads with immortal laurels, not woven by adulation, but the silence of the grateful, the love of those whom they have protected, the cry of the children who implore Heaven to rain with bounteous hands upon the souls of the noble in spirit and the rich in heart, felicity, abundance, well-being, glory, holy joys. What consolation must those few privileged beings obtain before the tribunal of Divine Justice! Hundreds and thousands of tongues will proclaim upon the earth when as yet their souls have not arrived at the footstool of God, "I was hungry, and ye gave me to eat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me to drink; naked, and ye clothed me." "That which ye have done to the least of these my little ones, ye have done it unto me;" and God, hearing this chorus of grateful voices around his throne, will say to the now arriving soul, "Reign with me; worthy art thou to share my glory, since on earth thou didst imitate my Providence." How delightful would it be to be able to say of all what we say of one! . . . . . But, unhappily, many are rich, and few in heart; many are noble, and rare the noble in soul. Why, Justice of the earth, dost thou not pass the level over the heads of men? Why dost thou not weigh with an equal balance, since thou dost represent thyself with one in thy hand? Doth the poor man commit a fault? thy inexorable

sword falleth upon him? Doth the great, the rich, the flatterer, the taker of bribes sin? then come in considerations of name, of circumstances, of family, of generations passed, present, and future, of influence, of ascendency. Wretches! Imitate the justice of God, which makes no distinction of persons. Make your judgments, which ought to be a counterpart of his, conform to the right, to the good, to the grand. Will you not do so? Then expect that the people, if they cannot rise *en masse*, because you compress them with your bayonets, will rise in detail, and take vengeance in their own way. Do you not keep them sunk in ignorance? Then expect the fruits of your school, which are bitter and cruel. Do you not overwhelm the sage? Then know that he, exasperated, is rich in resources to satisfy what is due to his rank as a Rational Being.

Schmidt has passed two days in revealing what his soul has been suffering these fifteen years, through the baseness of the nobles of the world; and now to enroot in the hearts of his disciples an eternal hatred to the whole class, he induces José to relate to them in his presence, the causes which led to his execution. It is night, the most appropriate time for producing portentous results upon the imagination. The four are assembled, together with the poor, dishonored country girl, in the dissecting-saloon. Schmidt makes the saddened Hector and Rosamunda sit down close beside him, the country girl lies on one side, stretched upon some furs, and José Feliú takes his place opposite the doctor. After they are thus arranged, the German says to Feliú:

— José, my son, I have many times desired to know the cause of your sentence to death; and if I have had the felicity of being able to do you a benefit, I hope you will this night recount it to us; for we have all, some more, some less, suffered great wrongs on the part of society.

— Doctor, I will do it with much pleasure; but it seems to me better to read that which I have by me in writing; because in such a web of misfortunes, some interesting incidents might,

perhaps, in the heat of narration escape me. I will go and fetch the book.

— Yes, my son, so much the better. Does it not seem to you that what he is going to read will be at once useful and interesting?

— Assuredly, Doctor.

— Yes, father.

Schmidt passes his hand over the head of Rosamunda, who has just given him the glorious title of Father.

— And you, how do you feel?

— Much better, Doctor, if it were not for the continual faintings which trouble me, I should be entirely recovered.

— There is no remedy for this nervous relaxation but time, and a nutritious vegetable diet.

Here José interrupts them, carrying in one hand a thick volume, and in the other a four-wicked lamp, and says:

— I hope that if my narrative fatigues you, you will tell me, and then I will read only the most important pages.

— Do not imagine that, my son; the misfortunes of others tire only the rich, who know not what it is to suffer; we poor plebeians take the deepest interest in the sufferings of our fellow-beings. Come, begin; we are burning with desire to know your misfortunes from their very origin.

José sets the lamp upon a block, places another block beside it, seats himself, raises his body as much as his deformity permits, and with animation in his eyes, assumes a distinguished air, which seems to be that of his youth, and begins:

STORY OF A CONDEMNED.

It was in 1826. The grand city of Hamilcar Barca, capital of the rich principality, seat of the counts of its name, and of the monarchs of Arragon, had lost its ancient splendor, and that colossus of prosperity, that emporium of riches, that scene of pleasures, that centre of festivities, that industrious metropolis, looked at Monjuic as a tyrant that lorded it over the

sad Barcelona, on whose heights waved the noble banner of Castile, as though in mockery. This insignia of heroes, of freemen, of profound, sages of generous souls, of captains of prowess, was clouded by the smoke of cannons, which instead of saluting its magnificent colors, blackened them with the blood of noble Castilians, of magnanimous Catalonians, of generous Spaniards. Even the sky which covers countries governed by despots, loses its enchantments. That of my country was sad, in the midst of its loveliness, like the countenance of a beautiful woman dejected at the loss of her children. The sea groaned as it dashed its swelling waves against the foot of Monjuic; the Llobregat, emptying itself into the sea close beside the impregnable giant, tinted the waters of the Mediterranean with blood. The inhabitants of the industrious and liberal manufacturing metropolis of the principality, and even of all Spain, went sad and fearful along its narrow streets. The father feared the son, the son the father; the brother feared the brother, the husband the wife; the Catalonian feared the Castilian, the noble son of Castile the industrious descendant of the Raymonds and Berengarias; the master feared the servant, the latter even the passer by in the street. Who can have so fearfully transformed the Catalonians? Who can have put to flight the confidence of Barcelona's inhabitants? Who can have made them look up, on rising from their beds, at the citadel, Atarazanas, Monjuic, to see if from Spanish gallows Spaniards are hanging? Who can have made them turn pale as they hear the rumbling echo of the cannon losing itself over the expanse of the sea, as the announcement of the convolutions made by an unhappy father, under the legs of the executioner?* Who can have sealed their mouths with terror, so that no chorus is heard in the workshops of these inhabitants, such lovers of music! Who can have converted this liberal city into a monastery of Jesuits, in which they are all playing the spy with the rosary in their hands? Can there be in the 19th century monsters like those of the Rome of the Emperors, who spread terror among the citizens for mere amusement? Who ruled the destinies of this people? CÁRLOS ESPAÑA!! Fearful name, phantasm of despotism, a Nero become hangman, Attila of Catalonia, a wretch who made more tears flow in our age, than any other whomsoever, even in the ages called dark; with the fires of the Inquisition burning in the public squares—favorite spectacle of Philip II.—CARLOS ESPAÑA!! Reproach to humanity, Spanish and no Spaniard, tiger with foreign countenance, hypocrite, venal. Why have they given this monster the epithet of *España*, degrading in so atrocious a manner the name of the nation?

* The Spanish mode of hanging is for the hangman to fix himself by his knees upon the shoulders of the victim, and in this position to give a spring into the air, which causes all his own weight, as well as that of the victim, to unite with the impetus thus given in the strangulation of the latter.

What can the enlightened of our own and foreign nations say, seeing at the head of the richest Spanish province, a superstitious, hypocritical miscreant, who makes a holiday of shedding blood; even using fraudulent pretences in order to spill it? What say those who yet weep the loss of their most beloved objects caused by him? What will future generations say, when they read his atrocities? What demon was gnawing at the heart of this despot to awaken in him such rage and thirst for blood? Now, in 1836, he is yet immolating Catalonians; but I leave public opinion to condemn him, and God to hurl him into the lake of his own blood, and pass on to relate what happened to me this very month, in the year 1826.

— José, permit me to interrupt you; you must have received a very good education; your language bespeaks no vulgar mind.

— That is not in my narrative, Doctor; but I will only say that I am the son of an honest carpenter, who sacrificed his life to procure for me the career of an advocate, which I followed for two years, till the fall of the Constitution, when I was prohibited its pursuit; then seeing myself, with my wife and two children in poverty, I took a carpenter's shop, not despising the business of my father. My wife was daughter of the brave Captain Vidal, who was shot by one equal to, if not more atrocious than Cárlos España, and who was called Elio; and although the poor little thing was not accustomed to so much poverty, she helped me by her industry to sustain our obligations. I will go on then.

I lived in a miserable house near the end of the street *del Conde del Asalto*, and worked as a carpenter to support my family. In the year '21 I had been a national guard *de la ley*, that is to say, by forced service; but at the end of the same year I read, I reflected, I turned over the pages of some books, educated myself a little more, and finished by becoming a volunteer and most strenuous defender of my integrity and dignity as a man. This epoch terminated as prematurely as it did unfortunately, and I set myself, as I have just said, in my workshop, and not being able in any other way to throw off the chagrin with which I was overwhelmed by the new government which had condemned me to die of hunger, I set to work day and night, associating with no one but my two little ones and my beloved Luisa, who

was as beautiful in soul as she was fascinating in person. I believed no one remembered me, for three years had transpired, and now I was only known as Pepe the carpenter. Sometimes I went out very early in the morning to buy wood, at others to seek work, which was scarce enough in those times for us poor liberals who were favored with the nick-name of *negros*, and indeed we were treated worse than those of Guinea in a slave-ship. One night I was seated opposite my dear Luisa, with my daughter on my knees, caressing her soft cheeks. I felt, I knew not why, pain, suspicion, doubt, anxiety, and tenderness, as I looked upon my lovely wife."

Here he breaks off, and dropping the paper on his knees, says:

— You must know that I adored my wife.

He picks the paper up again, and with some emotion continues:

"Luisa's countenance was very sad, her lips moved as though she were just bursting into tears, her eyes moistened, she kept up the *click-click-click* of a multitude of box-wood bobbins which were moved by her delicate fingers with incredible swiftness, weaving lace, an art in which the girls of Catalonia excel. She was so absorbed in her thoughts she did not notice that I was there. On the planing-bench my son lay sleeping, as we sleep at five years old, when the mind knows no other agitations than those occasioned by pleasure or pain, sole motive-powers of that age. The shavings on the bench made him an easy bed, and a heap of them a soft pillow. For a while neither of us spoke; we heard only the sound of the bobbins, and I watched the countenance of Luisa, the sadness of which gave me exceeding pain. I thought to myself, can it be the misery in which we live that is the cause of her sadness? for although no word ever came from her lips that could mortify me, I saw nevertheless, that my poor little wife worked too hard. Moved at seeing her so good, I ventured to address her.

— Dear Luisa, what is the matter? Can you guess what I think it is?

She went on weaving and replied:

— How do you suppose I can tell what you are thinking?

— Look, my darling, why is your face thus puckered, why are you weeping? Is it a burden to you to have united your lot to that of a poor unfortunate being? Can you not become accustomed to poverty? Forgive me, my Luisa, forgive me, but I never dreamt that I should have to make you work to maintain your children.

My wife threw down the lace-pillow, came to me, wound her arms round my neck, and bursting into tears, said:

—Son of my bosom, my Pepe, don't be unjust to your poor Luisa, the misery of the father of my children is glory for me; my mother also, after my poor father was shot, mixed tears with the bread she kneaded. No, Pepe, no, do not be so cruel . . . . .

—Then what is the matter, daughter of my soul, what is the matter?

—Oh! Pepe, it is something terrible, dreadful!

—Speak, I am dying with anxiety.

She shook off her tears, took up my little daughter who was lying half asleep on my knees, and said to me:

—Let me put our children to bed, and I will tell you what is afflicting me.

Ten minutes afterwards she was at my side. She sat down on my knees, laid her heavenly face against mine, and pressing my cheek with her forehead, bathed it in tears. I thought she was going to announce to me that we had another child, that she was conscious of the life of a being that was a part of our own life, and I began caressing her, heaping up kisses upon her and uttering some few words which revealed my thought.

—No, Pepe, it is not that, that would be a motive for joy; it is not that. Listen. I believe my virtue is known to you; I believe your little wife knows how to love you with all her poor soul, so that you cannot suspect I have given any occasion for what you are about to hear.

My heart, which, with her first tears, and at the idea of having another child, had dilated like a sponge filled with perfumed water, shrank as though an iron hand had squeezed out of it the very last drop of gladness, and with a suffocating dryness in the throat, I gazed upon her and would fain have died, for one who loves as I did cannot live if he gets a glimpse of what I began to perceive.

—You must know,—she continued—that some weeks ago, I observed a tall man, with French countenance, red moustache, with his hat pulled down to his eyebrows, and with a shuffling gait, passing by here very early in the morning nearly every day. You will say, that for a matter which did not concern me, I took too much notice; but presently you will see how it was. The day before yesterday I was sweeping in front of the door about five o'clock in the morning, when you had gone out to buy this wood; the little ones were asleep, and he came up to me and wanted to stroke my cheek. I lifted up my broom to give the impudent fellow a blow; but he very calmly and smiling said to me: "Poor *Noya*,* such a pretty little thing, and sweeping?" That is nothing to you, I replied, so have the goodness to go about your business and don't be ill-mannered. "This Cárlos España," continued the man, "is a cruel fellow, ordering such charming little creatures

* Meaning in the Catalonian dialect—girl.

to sweep the streets twice a day." Go along with you and your Cárlos España, I replied, and turned to go into the house, when he added: "You must be a liberal, that frown cannot be other than one of the year '20. Well, Cárlos España is a knave; you are right, Noya, but hope to Heaven that the police have not heard us." And he went away. After him came two ill-looking men. This is the cause of my sadness. Who can tell who that man may be? You know already what happened to poor Engracia, the turner's daughter, for a less cause.

My wife buried her divine face between my neck and whiskers as though to hide her fear. Receiving the breath of Luisa in my bosom, and covering her cherubic head with ardent kisses, I saw passing before my heated imagination the tyrant of Catalonia; the portrait was perfect; jealousy depicted before my eyes things which up to that time had no existence. I was foaming with rage, my breathing was thickened; if Luisa had let me go out I should have committed some folly. That night I double locked the doors and clasped my wife tightly in my arms, fearing lest they should steal her from my side. My dreams were fearful. I saw my children crying for their mother; I saw Luisa transported to one of the villas of Engracia* in the hands of that mussulman; I saw myself in desperation, buried alive, looking up at the moon as though I could see in that satellite what she with moistened eyes imprinted on it. These dreams were the preludes of the atrocious reality.

On the following day I said to Luisa: "Daughter of my heart, do not sweep any more, from this day forward I will do it myself; it is nothing more than gathering up the shavings, and thus we shall escape that man." This was, in fact, done, and not a few were the times that I saw that *Fantasmon* pass by. Oh! if we two had been alone he should have died, and who knows what would have happened to us; but my children? the poor little innocent creatures? those fragments of our very hearts? and the youth of my charming wife? and the consolations her divine lips afforded me? and the reflection that gold acquires no impurity even in a slough of mud? and the caresses of my little ones? The rage of jealousy when a wife is innocent, when she is truly adored, when she has given no ground for the first dawn of suspicion, is converted into froth incapable of wiping out stains. Oh! to see the death of the sentiments caused by these wretches, to hear their fiendish condemnations, to see a hell of sufferings inflicted solely for caprice, is, we must confess, a veritable dying by inches. Time, oh! time is a great teacher.

* A charming village near Barcelona, containing many splendid mansions of the Barcelona merchants.

Two months had passed; she no longer remembered the audacious man, and I had almost forgotten him. It was night; it was raining; my children were asleep; we were just going to bed, when several violent raps were heard on the door. My Luisa began to tremble. I remained in suspense; the knocks were repeated, and a voice said:

— José Feliú, open the door, I am Lloveras, Captain of the bomb-keteh.

This name was very dear to me, for Lloveras was a Liberal, and I had not seen him for three years. I was indebted to him for many benefits, and what will not a grateful man do for a benefactor? Luisa and I believed he was in danger, and at a bound I was at the door. Luisa followed me, and also my little ones, who had woke up. I opened the wicket, and four armed men entered my house, showed me an order of the General, which I read by the light of their lantern, and having tied my arms, they proceeded to do the same to Luisa. If they had applied a burning brand to my pupils, I should not have made a more convulsive spring, and freeing myself from the cords which bound me, and not being able to get at any weapon with which to fell the *esbirro* to the ground, I seized his arm with my teeth, nor did I leave my hold till a piece of his flesh was brought away between them. My children screamed and clung to their mother's skirts. I was raving, so that two men could not hold me. My wife fainted; they dragged us away, put us into some coaches after the fashion of those of the Inquisition, and we were transported to the dungeons of the citadel, without knowing for what cause or for what end. I could not say farewell to Luisa, nor would they even suffer me to impress a kiss on the dear little heads of my children.

José begins to weep, with the paper in his hand; Schmidt shakes his moustachios to roll off the tears which stand upon them. Hector clings with an air of dread to Rosamunda, who is weeping, the country girl sighs deeply, José half raises his twisted neck, and exclaims:

— And this was the beginning! Oh! night a thousand times blacker than death!

— José, my son, can you go on?

— I am about to continue. Does my narrative fatigue you?

— No, José, no; we weep with you—they all exclaim—we weep with you. Poor little ones! Unhappy José! Unfortunate Luisa!

— I will go on.

Fifteen nights passed—for in that dark dungeon no day dawns—of my sufferings during which I can give you no idea. I knew nothing of my wife; I heard not a word of my children, I got no hint of why I was there; for though I guessed it, I nevertheless tried hard to deceive myself. Death is better than believing oneself robbed of honor. I had read much of what occurred in the dungeons of the Inquisition, but vast as it was, it bore no comparison with the moral martyrdom I was suffering. On repeated occasions, the demon of suicide flattered my soul, presenting to me its very immortal spirituality, as an inducement to the consummation of the crime. I felt blown into my ears these, or similar words: "If that monster should use tortures to secure a triumph over the virtue of your innocent wife, how could you, imprisoned in the double dungeon of your body and these rocks, know any thing about it? How could you hinder the triumph of vice over virtue? Look! all may be happening in this moment: imagine that the pain of the rack is about to be employed, and that the denuded body of your Luisa is stretching little by little, the joints give way, the bones crack, and he with fiendish voice, with inflamed eyes, with the convulsions of refined vice, cries to her, 'Confess, confess what I have ordered you.'" Then my brains trembled, and I was about to dash them upon the hard stone. This odious image passed away, and I saw Luisa anew, with her beautiful black hair tied to a rope, with no clothing but a sheet, suspended by her hair from a pulley, compelled thus to try to rest the tips of her feet upon the ground, which for pavement had blocks of wood full of sharp spikes, which tore her delicate feet, making them drop blood, and tearing away pieces of flesh; struggling in the agonies of suffocation; oscillating with the efforts she made to touch the ground; drawing up her feet from the points of the spikes, and nearly choked, nearly naked, with her convulsive struggles seeking mercy, the tyrant saying to her, "Say yes to what I told you." Then, again, I longed to burst open my skull and leave this body, which hindered my soul from seeing what was taking place, believing that my soul would confound the monster with a breath, although it were from hell. These, and other more horrible ideas wore me out, and left me powerless, till at last I sat down upon the ground, and wept, in a state of frightful stupefaction.

One day, when I had suffered a thousand deaths at every breath, I heard footsteps. It was not the hour for bringing me dinner, so that I took hope, and thought at least to be brought before the tribunal, and see my precious Luisa, even though afterwards they shot me. The heavy bolt creaked more slowly than usual. I heard the padlock loosened from the door, which grated on its hinges. I saw, as it were the twilight of a cloudy winter

morning, through the iron cross-bars of the door, that I touched in that moment, the voice of a woman said to me:—Prisoner, I have brought you the ration of bread which was forgotten this morning.—The steps of a sentinel were heard—whispering, she added,—within there is a piece of paper from Luisa, read it while I go up the stairs.—Whether I blessed that woman, that messenger of Heaven, it is unnecessary even to consider. I opened the loaf, and by the scanty light, which for me was the brightness of a May sun, I read, written with charcoal in Luisa's hand, as follows: . . . "will come . . . . at 11 . . . . poor L. . . . ." The first door creaked, and I uttered a groan which moved my very soul.

There are some critical moments of life, in which the excitation of the soul is so tremendous, that we even leave the earth on which we dwell, and act from instinct, or by some power, I know not what, that governs us. I know that I devoured the paper, masticated it, crushed it in pieces, ground it, reduced it to saliva, swallowed it, not for fear they should seize it, but because it had touched the hands of my wife, and perhaps she had hidden it in her bosom, and perhaps had kissed it, and perhaps had moistened it with her tears.

—Poor José, exclaims Schmidt, poor José!

There yet remained some remnants of the beloved paper between my teeth, when the accursed words, with all their letters, assaulted my memory, ". . . will come . . . at 11 . . . . poor L . . . ." At 11, I exclaimed in desperation, at 11! This must be by night . . . . Horror! And where can you be, my poor Luisa? Oh! if but the kind woman had at least told me that! Oh! if she returns, if she returns, I will ask her; yes, she will tell me . . . . Oh! if it were near me, I could at least hear if she cried out; if they tortured her, and I were not already suffering physically, I could sympathize with her in soul; I would cry out like a fiend, like Lucifer, as no words can express, to frighten the monster, if he have any fear of the things of the other world, or by making Luisa hear my voice, give courage to her. Oh! yes, she will know my voice as the female palm-tree feels the kisses of her companion wafted to her from across the desert; she will hear my voice, as the dying father hears the groans of his children before sinking into eternity.

When we are expecting some happiness, the moments pass like the waters of a deep and rapid river, without our taking notice of their silent flow; they seem to us to be ever the same. When it is some impending calamity that threatens us, every second is a year in an Inquisitorial dungeon. I know not how to describe the passing of that time which had to elapse ere

it would be, according to my idea, eleven o'clock at night. In those deep glooms which the cruel genius of man has invented, to hide from his equals the beautiful daylight; flying in the face of what God said, that the sun was created to give light to the evil and to the good; although one is in eternal night, the day is distinguishable through the eternal silence that reigns in it. Placed in one of these pits, you seem to be buried, to be travelling the road to eternity, to hear but the echo of the voice of men on the earth, that confused murmur which is perceived at three or four leagues distance from the great cities in the solitude of the fields; and at night all remains in immobility, so that the report of the footsteps of one walking overhead, though the vault be of extreme thickness, makes a *poom*.... *poom*.... as solemn as it is melancholy. My dungeon was, as I have said, separated from the corridor by a flight of steps, which led down to my den, and two doors with gratings, to the lower of which my desperation suggested that I should apply my ear, gathering it up with both hands to unite closer attention and greater body of sound, and I remained thus for two or three hours, loth even to breathe. Man, when in the expectancy of desperation, does not so much as think; he is beside himself; all his powers are concentrated in that organ which is about to give life or death to his heart. I was exceedingly weak; for the miserable mess they called dinner, had not been brought me that evening; but on that very account, I believe, I had my senses, and particularly my hearing, more spiritualized. Something was approaching, for I heard a sound like rain; the image presented to my fancy by this sound was so atrocious, that there began to ring in my ears, sounds of *pum, pum, pum, pum*, so agitated and violent, that I could hear nought else. How miserable is man! The bolts of the door creaked; the light of a lantern fell upon me; I fancied I saw my adored Luisa, with my little ones clinging to her hands; I fancied I saw the kind-hearted woman of the beloved paper; I fancied I saw the jailer; I fancied I saw the executioner, who was going to prepare for 4 o'clock in the morning; I fancied I saw the judges—all this in the twinkling of an eye, I fancied I saw—scarcely a second could have passed, for I heard a voice which said to me:

— Criminal, here is the first magistrate.

All my senses had ceased to perform their office, and were united in that of hearing. I answered nothing. He repeated again, putting the lantern to the grating:

— Criminal, here is the first magistrate.

Then I saw some saffron-colored whiskers, which converted me into all eyes. It was CÁRLOS ESPAÑA!

José Feliú lets his arms fall, and as a prelude of some great

emotion, sighs deeply. Schmidt and the hearers respect his sorrowing silence, and prepare to hear the sequel with, if it were possible, still greater attention. José gives a very expressive movement of his shoulders, and trimming the wicks of the lamp continues:

On seeing him I was suddenly seized with a convulsive tremor of intense rage; but what I felt was so profound that its explosion, seeking to burst forth at one stroke, found no vent, and my overwhelming emotion itself sealed my lips. Then the proud despot raised his voice, and brandishing his wand of office, said:

— Villain! dare you thus insult God's vicegerent upon the earth? one who holds your life or death in his hands? Answer, respond to my authority.

When I heard the holy name of God pronounced by this monster, I looked through the black walls of the dungeons up to Heaven, to see if a thunderbolt of Divine indignation would not come and set us free, Luisa, my little ones, and myself, from that beast of prey; and in frenzy I replied:

— Thus, being unable to tear out their hearts, I answer the cowards who insult the Dignity of Man.

And I spat in his face.

— Here I will pass over three or four pages which are devoid of interest, and will come to the matter in hand.

— Why do you say they have no interest, José? Go on, do not omit any thing.

— I assure you, Doctor, they are entirely uninteresting.

And he turns over one or two leaves.

— Listen.

I know not whether it was one o'clock or eleven o'clock at night; it is certain I must have passed a long space of time ere I recovered my reason, for when I spat upon him I became mad with rage, and what I said to him, the efforts that I made, the convulsion of my body, were more than sufficient to kill a lion.

One time when my soul was master of my disconcerted senses I observed that the outer door seemed to be open, and I was confirmed in this idea by hearing sounds more clearly, and feeling wind enter. Oh! every mouthful

of the Mediterranean breezes was a kiss sent me by Luisa! Clinging with both hands to the iron grating, and my face placed close to it, riveted to the cross, a column of fire proceeded from my mouth which, I believed, thus judge those who love and are unhappy, would reach far enough to caress the beautiful *chevelure* of my idolized wife and the curly little heads of my beloved children. A strange sound which now arose made me shudder, turn my head aside to hear better, close my eyes tightly, press against the iron, which grew hot within my hands, suspend my breath. The noise was as of voices, it grew with every respiration, it seemed like a man and a woman; did I know those voices? For answer, I heard screams and feet running. All was dark; the person who was running came towards me screaming, the sound stopped at the first door of my dungeon, I heard myself called by name—Pepe!!!

It was Luisa.

—Come, Luisa—I exclaimed with enamored voice.

She who had just called me fell rolling down those stairs, and her body struck against the door through which I was looking. The door separated us. The door separated us! . . . . I said to her:

—I am here, I am here!

She followed my voice in the darkness of that hell, I thrust out the tips of my fingers, touched her cold hand, our lips united, I asked her for my children, she answered me:

—They are in the *Casa de Misericordia* . . . .—and gave a heart-rending cry, the echo of which was quenched in the voice of the monster, who appeared at that moment at the upper door with the lantern in his hand. I made a last effort, tore my flesh in forcing my hand through the grating as far as the wrist, seized the arm of my wife; by the light of the lantern I saw that she was wrapped in a blanket, her breast all uncovered; I shuddered, my heart quaked; he sent down a bailiff to force Luisa away from me, she began to cry out with frenzy, I held her by the arm as though we were one flesh; he came down with the lantern. Coward! even within a dungeon he was afraid of me! Luisa screamed:

—I will not go; let them kill me, Pepe, let them kill me, he wants he wants . . . . . he wants to mock at my nakedness.

The savage beast! he put his hand on her mouth; the bailiff struck me violently with the heavy key across my knuckles which forced me, whether I would or no, to leave my hold of Luisa, they lifted her up, dragging her between them, naked, without the blanket; I saw that man, no! that fiend! rolling his lustful eyes over the treasure of my heart, and the remnant of my strength fled. I remained hanging by one hand, which, as you may see even now, is all mangled. Oh! oh! oh! even yet, deprived of sense, I

heard Luisa saying, "I will die first. Adieu, Pepe, adieu," and she gave herself a blow against the wall, from the results of which, as I learned the next day, she died.

— I cannot . . . . go on, ... I cannot

José goes out weeping to his own room, to pour forth sighs and groans in the caverns of the Paraclete, and curse the great till he could take vengeance on them for their iniquities.

The tableau presented by those who have thus far heard his narration, would furnish a subject for the pencil of Vernet, nor be among the worst that have sprung from his hand. Schmidt remains dejected, his eyes fixed on the ground; Rosamunda weeps, clinging with the right hand to the doctor's knee, with the left in the hands of Hector, whose countenance is filled with indignation and dread; the country girl, Martha, pulls out her handkerchief and sighs; the lamp flickers, and all are silent. The doctor is the first to make an exclamation:

— How unhappy is the people through the want of that equilibrium in the rational faculties which creates social harmony.

Rosamunda says:

— Poor Luisa! Poor little children! Unhappy José!

Martha, the country girl, sighs:

— Happy Luisa, that had the heart to dash out her brains!

Hector looks at Schmidt and inquires with curiosity:

— Doctor, and how were you able to obtain the body of the poor José?

— My children, I owe it to chance. Understand that when I arrived at Barcelona, I heard some talk of a French captain of grenadiers who, in 1823, in that same city, had lost his reason, being in the garrison of the citadel, and persisting in it that he was the chief of the place. As his insanity, while they left him there, had no furious symptoms, and had many as soon as he was taken away, the French Chargé d'Affaires obtained permission from the Spanish authorities of the Court to keep the demented man in the place under certain restrictions. As soon as I set foot in the consulate, the representative of France

told me that M. Constantin, captain of the 39th of the line, had become lunatic; his name recalled to me a person whom I knew, and I sought permission to visit him; he turned out in fact to be the person I thought, and I obtained leave to attend him in the double capacity of a physician and a friend, since this relation also subsisted between us. At that time José was in the dungeons, as was also his wife; and Cárlos España, who, from sympathy of blood, loved the French, if that wretch deserves to have the word love used in relation to him, intrusted to me the care of Luisa, which I never told José; she died, for her wounds were mortal; and afterwards I easily obtained the grant of José's corpse, to be delivered to me some minutes after the execution, for the purpose of study. How I restored him to life you know, so that it only now remains for us to remember that we, all who are here, are victims of those who are called the great of the earth. Heaven grant, my children, that you should not some day have to relate, if they give you time for it, how these blood-thirsty tigers have martyrized your souls! The night is advanced, and it is time we retired. Space yet remains to us to make comments on the scenes José has read to us, and draw from them a great instruction for the future. Now, my children, go to bed; cherish your honor and dignity above all that is in the earth, and never permit the nobleman without education, or the stupid rich, or the heartless mandarin, to tread your honor, your lineage as Rational Beings, your nobility of soul, under his unclean feet. Men and women ought to fly from dangers; but if it is not given them, by their position, to separate themselves from intercourse with these nefarious people, they ought to die, but never prostitute their semi-divine dignity. Retire to rest.

CHAPTER VIII.

It is difficult in our day to find narratives in which heroes do not appear as extraordinary as they are fantastic. It seems as though the events of the day, with their prodigious magnitude, their unexpected developments, their surprising scenes, and the progress of the natural sciences with their semi-miracles, operated in a singular manner upon writers, who, lost in so much wonder, and anxious not to display their own littleness, create fantastic beings with astonishing colorings and superhuman powers. The object they propose to themselves is to disguise their own smallness beside the colossal events presented by actual society; for who is not astounded at the transformations and improvements the world has undergone these last fifty years? Who, in looking at the march of things, will venture to say what will be its end? Look here at France in 1848. To read what passed the 24th of February, when she went to bed monarchical, and awoke republican, is enough to annihilate the most profound politician; and the same cause makes the heads of the writers go astray, and from so much that is marvellous in fact, they rush to enchantments, knight-errantries, literary, political, and moral exaggerations, and go back to the barbarous style, which, during the 16th century, prevailed in Spain and Italy. And if in literature they degenerate, the same happens in politics; for exaggerations are always bad. We ought to be well assured that every thing which steps beyond human possibility can only dazzle for a moment, and that then reason will say, with cold indifference, "idle tales, all idle tales;" and from such things man learns nothing. Why do the works

of the ancient Greeks and Romans, the productions of the Golden Ages of Spain, England, France, Italy, and Germany, never grow old? Why are they read again and again, with ever-growing pleasure, ever discovering beauties, instruction, and wonders, which appear new? Why do those of our day pique the curiosity at first, and yet never get taken up to be read a second time? Because the former copy nature, study her secrets, sometimes surprising her, at others gaining glimpses of what she jealously hides from them, and on all occasions make manifest to us that her great book has inimitable pages, which will cause men pleasure till the end of their existence. And we moderns, thinking to surpass nature, go beyond her sphere, and become visionaries. This is a defect which, as children of our age, we may perchance contract; but as our school is antique, and our taste is for nature, we shall take all the means in our power to correct it, whenever the imagination wanders, and the hand runs without being borne along by the understanding. We beg pardon for having to speak of ourselves, poor beginners, who sufficiently know our own littleness not to pretend to teach any one. But when we write we do not believe no one will read us, and we say all that we feel, as we are always accustomed to do, without fearing lest there may be some who will laugh at our weaknesses; and as one of these was just now to place on the scene preternatural and magical personages, so we wish our fault to be known, and, in the presence of others, hold it up before our face. We are now going to amend, by continuing our story through the agency of men of flesh and blood, acting in this world of clay, and not in imaginary spheres.

While those of the Paraclete were spending the days as we have seen, the Baron de Vieux was in Paris, and, for mere amusement, went to visit the Chief Magistrate of the Police. The influence of the de Vieux at the court of Louis Philippe was not slight, in consideration of important services which had been rendered in Argel, and even in Paris, by an uncle of this nobleman, whom the king himself held in distinguished

esteem; and de Vieux, who was the pet of his uncle, a General, and his heir, was moreover a person of intimate relations with the palace, through the family of the Baroness, his spouse, who belonged to the first families of the *Boulevard St. Germain.* The machinations of Fieschi and others, which had taken place recently, had awakened greater mistrust in the Citizen King, or rather in his ministers; for Louis Philippe,—no matter what may be said by French republicans, or monarchists, not one of whom is a good judge in this matter, until the passions have ceased, and history, with mature reflection, passes sentence; for Louis Philippe feared not the attempts of the French people against his life, so much as those who encircled him. The ministers of the king of the French were watching in their stirrups, and foresaw that the people would not much relish the favoritism that hurled from the throne the best of monarchs; and consequently every sign of popular vengeance against the great set them upon thorns. The perfumed de Vieux had been attached to the embassy in London, secretary to that of Vienna, which was no bad school of *espionnage*, and had filled other diplomatic posts, which gave him a character of more than common importance, and which commanded respect. With these antecedents he presented himself to the Grand Préfet.

— What novelty brings the noble Baron de Vieux to these halls, honoring me with his esteemed presence?

— M. le Préfet, I have just come from my estates at Sergines, which I inherited a short time since, on the decease of my aunt, and the repairs of which I wished to urge forward, for the good lady had abandoned them on account of her age, and in an excursion to Nogent de la Seine, I perceived that the police did not execute its commission as circumstances require, as the dangers around us demand, as the increase of ultra-liberal ideas exacts; and I take the liberty of manifesting my fears to the first magistrate in these matters. I would have seen his majesty in person, but I wished that the glory of the discovery should fall on one of my best friends, the zealous Préfet of Paris.

Both made that favorite motion of courtiers, used by them when they mutually flatter and deceive each other.

— And what may be the matter in question, noble Baron?

— A machine a hundred times more infernal than that of the regicide Fieschi.

— How so?

— It is necessary I should explain to my noble friend, M. le Préfet, what, by one of those chances we men call Providence, I have seen. Towards the southwest of Nogent are the ruins of the Paraclete . . . .

— Ah! yes, if the noble Baron de Vieux will permit me to interrupt him, I believe, and I do not deceive myself, that there lives there an old original, a German, a physician, and a visionary.

— Precisely, a German, a physician, very learned, and . . . revolutionary.

— The information I have is not of that nature, M. le Baron, and I am surprised . . . .

— It is not strange, for his ability is diabolical. I will explain myself. M. le Préfet knows, without doubt, the illustrious Count de Kant, my friend.

The magistrate inclined his person ceremoniously.

— He and I being at Nogent, they told us, that is, we heard the people talk of the sorcerer of the ruins; and the peculiarity of living there, joined to the antiquarian interest of the memory of Abelard, made us decide to pay a visit to the spot, to see if the people with their stupidity were again giving importance to a mere whimsicality. To be brief, we arrived, and after being received by an assassin, who wore a picture representing the Spanish gallows, from which he said the German had delivered him, Schmidt, which is his name, came to meet us. At the first glance Kant recognized in him a shoemaker, or some coachman or lackey of his; and as our ascendency over the plebeians, emanating from divinity, will never be unrecognized, the said sorcerer acceded to all the demands of his former master.

From what I heard from his own lips, from what I saw in those caverns, this man is another philosopher of Geneva, another lackey Rousseau, another Upsetter of the people. According to appearances, he holds nocturnal assemblies, and M. le Préfet will conceive the facility with which the malefactors can assemble, travelling from Paris and more distant points by the Seine. Here there are machines of unknown purpose and small bulk. There are men working, to judge from the noise of the subterranean workshops, besides women, prostitutes; and, in fine, it is a cave of *Montesinos*, with the modern civilization and wickedness. Passing by a vault, Kant saw and pointed out to me a gallows, and the effigies of a king, a noble, and a priest. M. le Préfet can see that this is no laboratory of a physician, that what I have described indicates not the least connection with such an occupation. I might have known more, but indignation overcame me, and in one of those movements which our souls experience, I used some harsh expressions towards him, to which he replied in the following words: "He who takes the sword shall perish by the sword, and the great of the earth have done much to us to make the people retaliate upon them." These were his last words, and they admit of no explanation. It is nothing strange, then, that to drive off the rough country people, he presents himself to them as a sorcerer, as a son of Satan, so as to keep the road clear for his initiated. What I can insure is, that hence will spring a revolution, and chiefs like Robespierre and Marat.

After this relation, of the truth of which our readers can judge, they conferred together upon the subject, and the Préfet congratulated himself on being the saviour of the French aristocracy, thanks to the zeal of the noble de Vieux, which doubtless he would have turned to account some other way, if the magistrate had hesitated about his part in the matter. They separated, and the Préfet dared not neglect the institution of inquiries, because the Baron was to be feared as a friend and was terrible as an enemy.

On the night following the relation of José Feliú, the dwellers in the vaults of the Paraclete were assembled, discussing the artless but interesting narrative of the Catalonian's sorrows, and begging him to continue the reading of it. It was ten o'clock at night. The solitude of ruins, even though they may contain some living inhabitants, has always that majestic void which assimilates them to the other world. Just as Feliú was about to accede to their reiterated request, a whistle was heard which resounded through the vaults like a thing not unknown, but of strange omen. Schmidt hastened towards the entrance of the caverns followed by the faithful dog, by José, and by Hector. It was the agent of police, purveyor to the German, and the sous-préfet of Nogent, who had been for some years the friend of the sage. Schmidt suffered an inward struggle which was hidden from observation by the darkness of the ravine in which they were; but he attended first to what was most important. Under the excuse of fetching a light he caused Hector to retire, and made the two women leave the place where they were and betake themselves each to her own apartment, while José returned with the lantern. The dog growled, but at the voice of his master was heard to drop down on the floor. Feliú speedily returned, and by the aid of the light the guests in silence followed the doctor, the magistrate commanding the agent of police to remain and guard the entrance while he conversed with Schmidt. M. de la Guise, as the magistrate was named, had never set his foot within the strange house of his old friend, and on entering the dissecting saloon he could not fail to be impressed by the sad and singular apparatus which was presented to his eyes. So soon as the one had regained his tranquillity, and the other resumed his accustomed air, the latter said:

— M. de la Guise, what accident occasions me the honor of a visit from you? For Schmidt to see a friend in his misfortunes is prelude of felicity.

— My dear M. Schmidt, this is in fact not a visit of friend-

ship, it is rather the performance of a duty, which, however, involves nothing disagreeable, because I am firmly persuaded that it is occasioned by some wickedness or ignorance; but this evening I have first to be a friend and then a magistrate.

— M. de la Guise, I believe you will excuse me if I interrupt you, I know who it is that must have originated this step, which will cause you some annoyance; but the person who has deceived the authorities is sufficiently known to me for me to expect this and much more from his villainy. M. le Baron de Vieux has surprised and deceived you in the most iniquitous manner.

— M. Schmidt, my friend, I have not been surprised; perhaps the Grand Préfet of Paris may have been, by the personage you mention.

— Then the order comes from Paris?

— From the *Préfecture générale de Police.*

— My friend, for what concerns myself and what surrounds me, I am tranquil; but I cannot do less than deplore the want there is in France and in the world of a veritable police. If the object of police is to preserve good order, and make it respected among the people according to the established laws, without neglecting the public morals, then now I say that the Grand Préfet ought to begin by correcting M. de Vieux and an infinite number of his class. These, my friend, are they who teach the people immorality, fraud, corruption, and then complain of those they call plebeians. No revolution would have to be feared, no political outbreak, if instead of being what they are, they were mirrors of virtue. What do they want? That the husband should see himself outraged, and keep silence because it was a noble who played with his honor? That the father should see the beautiful white lily of his daughter's innocence struck down, and because the hurricane which brought low the tender shoot was an immoral great or wealthy man, put a gag in his mouth? That the industrious artisan should see his time and labor lost, because a great lord will not pay him,

and bite his tongue? That men should see them, these stolid lords, dividing among themselves the destinies, the wealth, the money of the nation, placed in its coffers by the plebeians with drops of sweat more numerous than the centimes those coffers contain, and believe themselves born but to serve them whose sole right is that derived from calling themselves great? What do these seigneurs want? That the sage, the middle class who live by their brains, should beg a smile from their stupid excellencies, who cannot comprehend what the sage has thought and written, and be silent, suffocating their highest prerogative, that of reason? What would they? That the world should remain stationary, and believe that they came down from the Milky Way, and that the plebeians sprung from the gutters? M. de la Guise, France has had, and now has, nobles who deserve that name; many are immortal, all the nations have had such; but the generality are hateful for their stupidity, for their pride, for their immoralities. And let them not complain of revolutions, for their conduct foments them, their arrogance incites them, their ambition makes them break forth. And if I speak thus of the rich and nobles in general, it is because I know them. My friend, in these ruins, which I owe to your friendship, I was quiet, and if I plunged into the bowels of the earth, there would these monsters come to torture me. Oh! for sixteen years I had suffered by their iniquities, and the sciences, study, death to the world of men would have been a palliative, if my sufferings could find any; and even here in these caverns, buried alive, has this monster come, this demon of destruction, who has killed my illusions, who has lacerated my heart, who has overturned my powers. . . . Oh! if you knew what I suffer through him!

Look at this skeleton, it is that of my poor wife; he was her assassin; this other is that of my daughter, he was the cause of this little angel's death. . . . . Oh!—Schmidt clenched his fist—oh! and even buried alive, turned to a wild beast, even buried alive, you come to disturb my ashes?

The exaltation of the sage, his tears, and the skeletons of

his wife and daughter, made a very deep impression on the enlightened sous-préfet, and after seeking to console him by a few words of friendship, he asked him:

— And who is the Count de Kant? did you know him before?

— Kant? yes, Monsieur, he is the friend of my infancy and childhood; Kant is my college companion, Kant is a gentleman, Kant can tell what this wretch has seen here. M. de la Guise, if being born with escutcheons on the door of one's house is any thing in the eyes of the Justice of this earth, when I was born I found those of honesty at the door of the house of the husbandmen that were my parents, and afterwards, seeing the people suffer so much, I gloried in my class, because the higher is from its conduct so unworthy of my sympathies; and I am a plebeian, I am one of the people; I love this poor class which suffers, weeps, breaks its heart, and dies in the degradation to which the ignorant great and rich, have condemned it.

— Well, M. Schmidt, do not grow warm; I have always believed that the accusation deposited against you was the effect of anger or ignorance. I have fulfilled my mission of friendship, now I have to speak as a magistrate. In three days I shall come to make a visitation to the vaults with the apparatus of justice; if perchance you have any thing that . . . . .

— Thanks, my friend, thanks; my machines are the bones of men which I study, my instruments human vitals, that I endeavor to make myself acquainted with; my secrets those of science; my mysteries those which God has consigned to men to be the theme of their interminable disputes, incapable as they are of penetrating such arcana.

— Then, my friend, in three days your innocence will shine forth like the rays of the sun at noonday, the hour at which I shall come to make patent your heroism in having buried yourself in these ruins.

The noble-hearted magistrate has no sooner gone than the countenance of Schmidt changes, and instead of sleeping he reflects. Let us pass on at once to the following morning.

CHAPTER IX.

THERE are some mornings in the height of summer, when it seems as though God were walking forth reviewing his creation, and rejoicing a second time in beholding so marvellous a work. The sun shines as if he were taking delight in showing that age but adds to his splendor, and he repeatedly caresses each object upon the face of the earth, kissing with lips of love that which with his ardors he vivifies. The wind is fresh and mild, and seems to be the same being which God formed, and set upon the back of a cherubim to fly through space. The flowers will not permit themselves to have been created for the pomp of the fields and the embalming of the atmosphere in vain; they exhale their perfumes, so that the morning breeze, playing with them, forms aromatic clouds around the globe, making it repeat to the Maker that all which came from his hands is good. The birds chirping, twittering, and making harmonious modulations, sing hymns of praise to Him who ploughs through space upon a cloud. The silence of nature in these hours is the homage of admiration infused by the presence of Him who animated all by an omnipotent breath. The streams murmur softly, the cascades with leaps of joy, the rivers with placid flow, the seas with dimpled and tranquil waves. The countless leaves of the forest whisper their loves; wild beasts retire, fearing the Goodness which looks at them with irate countenance; the birds are frisking in the bowery trees; the innocent beasts in the fat meadows. Man, if in these hours he treads his earth, feels his lungs expand, longs to respire with double throat, has more life in his life, is filled with joy, and perchance blesses the

infinite power of Him who made him lord of such marvels. It is one of these mornings, and the ruins of the Paraclete, although they are but fragments and vestiges of what they have been, are resonant with life. The saxifrages, the ivies, the parietarias, the twining and climbing plants of all kinds, as though ashamed of being in ruins, stretch out their shoots crowned with dew, spread open their leaves, and dispute among themselves for the covering of these ruins with their luxurious clothing; the sparrows, the swallows, the martens from the banks of the Seine, frisk about those cages which nature has given them to free them from the snares of men, and wagging their little tails, now cocked up, now turned down, they express with their chirruping the enjoyment they experience. Schmidt's dog stretches out his fore-paws, inclines his body forward, pricks up his ears, fixes his eyes, and pounces barking upon a lizard, which seeing itself attacked, runs off, insinuates itself into its nest, and, in token of its mockery of the hunter, thrusts out its eyes and little snout through the hole, wagging its unquiet tongue. Every thing respires joy, so that the raven of the Paraclete, not wishing to disturb by its sinister presence this scene of pleasure, condemns itself to run down into the lowest spots, making plunges, as though in chase of unclean animals, which are unworthy of a place in the luxurious chain this morning displays. Where is Schmidt? What are his beloved disciples doing? What are they, José, and Martha, thinking of the visit of the preceding night? Do they know what has occurred? Do they weep, or are they pouring out raging foam? Let us not respect its mysterious immobility; the Paraclete is a heap of ruins which has a thousand skylights; let us imitate the sun, who, wherever he can find a crevice, penetrates with his light and illumines the darkness. We do well to imitate the sun, who at this moment is gilding the entrance to the subterranean places. We have found Schmidt, who has just spoken with much mystery to the agent of police. The latter has gone again. The sage no longer moves with grave step; his

walk is accelerated; he seems to be a young man of thirty years; José and he meet, and the first says:

— They are informed.

— Have they already directed their steps to the spot?

— Yes, Doctor?

— Then follow me, son José.

Before they arrive, let us hear what Rosamunda says to Hector:

— What can it be? Can you imagine what was the subject of last night's interview?

— No, my Rosamunda, no; but as he has already called us, we shall know soon. How beautiful you have arisen this morning!

The girl blushes and casts down her eyes.

— Now you are more enchanting; color gives your cheek a celestial glow.

She turns a deeper color.

— I never saw you so lovely!

— It is the morning that makes it seem so to you.

And Rosamunda, being no longer master of her actions, throws herself into the arms of Hector, perhaps to make the blushes of her love fly with the palpitations of his heart.

In fact, Rosamunda has this morning a certain I-know-not-what, which we might translate, if she were not sixteen, and if our readers had not already divined that she is in the morning dawn of her age of beauty. Clasping each other's hands, they are going to sit down, when they hear the steps of two persons. It is Schmidt and José. Hector sighs, Rosamunda draws on each side of her enchanting face a mass of blond ringlets.

The sage enters. His countenance bears the marks of sadness and of desperation, mixed with hope and a future. With tranquil voice he says to them:

— Now, my children of adoption, the hour is come. Prepare your baggage; you will not be without the means of living for some time. I am poor, but not so much so but that my

former savings have left me insured against want. José will aid you. Now I am going out, and shall not return till the close of the evening. Have every thing in readiness for your journey. Before we separate I will give you the counsels that your youth, your career, and your condition require.

Rosamunda falls a-weeping, Hector drops his head, and the sage, that he may not exhibit proof that he is a man, retires turning his face towards them, and letting fall a tear.

Near Sergines where de Vieux has part of his estates, there is a laborer's cottage of miserable aspect. In the entrance, under the shade of a luxurious vine, at mid-day, an old husbandman is seated, smoking a clay pipe. His sad countenance, the wandering of his eyes, the distraction which seems habitual to him, make us stop to contemplate him for some moments. Within the hut a girl of seventeen is singing, and doing the work belonging to her sex and condition. Every strain of the girl makes the old man pour forth a mouthful of smoke, and a sigh. On one of the repetitions of the refrain of the ditty, the wind brings to the ears of the ancient these words:

"*Jure-le moi sur ta mère au tombeau . . . . .*"

and they have hardly expired in the air when he shakes his head, puts his little finger into the expiring pipe, empties the ashes, sucks once or twice, and says:

— Mary, Mary!

— Father

— Bring me the tobacco-pouch.

— Where is it, father?

— By the rack.

The girl disappears and returns instantly, with a small leathern bag in her hand.

— Here it is, father.

— Give it me, Mary, give it me. This is one of those days when your sister used to get up laughing, be all day singing the same as you were singing just now, and go to bed laughing

heartier than ever. Poor Martha! she was the very picture of your mother!

Mary, whose appearance is ordinary, has an exquisite and eminent sensibility, and has hardly heard the name of her sister, when she inclines her head, and drops a couple of tears. The old man continues:

— Where can the poor thing be? Who would have thought Martha would become possessed? Do you remember how glad she was to go and be the maid of my lady the Baroness? I had been reckoning up my hopes for my old age, thinking she would keep this good place

— But, father, why do you always say that Martha is possessed? Does she not rather seem to be mad?

— No, my daughter, don't think it; your sisterly love blinds you, but my fatherly love sees things more clearly. In the beginning of her sickness, that is to say, when M. le Baron left her in the castle, because it was not possible to take her to Paris in that state, she appeared so; but afterwards, oh! afterwards, the Curé of Sergines undeceived me, showing me how the exorcisms made her furious. Many times my lord, the Baron, has told me of the rage Martha had against him, such rage that one cannot believe it could come from any where but the old enemy.

— So good as my lord is! Do you remember a fortnight ago when he was here, he gave me while you were in the field two louis-d'or?

— Yes, my daughter, he has always been generous to me and my children.

— I'll bet you don't know what he said to me.

— What did he say to you?

— Why, ... he patted my chin, and said, "Now don't go and hate me, Mary, like Martha does."

— That was as much as to say, that these are the sort of injuries he does to his tenants, and particularly to Martha, whom he loved as much as my lady his aunt.

The countryman fills his pipe, and begins to puff. The smoke which issues does not let him see the color that had come into the cheek of his daughter Mary as she said, "Why, ... he patted my chin . . . ."

From the place where they are the river is visible, and directly after the steamboat has passed they see coming towards them a tall man, with a great red beard, poorly dressed. Five minutes after he comes up to the door and asks:

— Are you M. Jules Bonhomme?

— Your servant, what can I do for you?

— Have you not a daughter called Martha, who some time ago in one of her fits of madness disappeared from home?

The old man looks at his questioner, then at his daughter Mary, and says:

— For my misfortune, sir, I am the father of that poor girl, whom I weep for every moment, and I had just now named her to her sister, my daughter Mary, that you see beside me.

— Well, M. Bonhomme, if you will permit me to speak a few words with you, you will do me a great favor.

— Say on.

— I would be glad to be by ourselves.

— Mary, daughter, go while I talk a bit with this gentleman, and pluck peas in the garden.

The girl goes, thinking who on earth so odd a man as this can be.

— Now we are alone.

— Thank you, Monsieur Bonhomme; you do not know me, nor do I know you except by hearing: you are poor, I also: you are father, I also: you help the earth to yield her fruits, I men that they should not die before their time; so that between us two there is much resemblance, as far indeed as to be alike unhappy.

— You are very right. And what do you want of me?

— First sit down, then answer a few very simple questions that I am going to ask, and in the end we will see if I can give you any consolation in your sorrows.

The countryman takes off his hat, the brim of which being very broad, as is the fashion of the country people in some departments of France, is bent into a variety of shapes, puts his pipe into the pocket of his jacket, rests his elbows on his knees, lifts up his head, and with open mouth and eyes sets himself down to listen to the stranger.

— Tell me, Monsieur Bonhomme, who loves his wife and children most; a duke, a prince, a king, or a laborer, a shoemaker, a hodman? Who loves them most, M. le Baron de Vieux or you?

—Who loves his wife and children most? I dare say my friend and master, the Baron de Vieux, loves his very much; but . . . . . but I love mine more, for . . . . . they have cost me many tears.

— Well, we think alike: answer another question. If you had a son and he were at the castle, and he deceived the daughter of M. le Baron, what would they do to him?

— They would put him in prison and then . . . . then they would guillotine him.

— They would do exactly that. And if a noble or a rich man came and deceived Mary, that girl who just left us, and you knew it, what would you do with the noble or the rich man?

— What would I do? Parbleu! . . . . what could I do? I should kill him . . . . . no, no . . . . .—and the laborer reflects—I could do nothing, sir, because I am poor: I should content myself with weeping, for I am old.

— Then that is precisely what has happened to Martha.

— Eh! what?

— Poor Martha, your daughter, who is more beloved by you than is that of the Baron de Vieux by her father, the unhappy Martha, through your being poor and old, has been a victim to the wickedness of the Baron de Vieux.

— Don't speak so loud; don't speak so loud: how can this be?

— You do not believe it?

— Why . . . . perhaps . . . . but how can it be so?

— Listen, tell me what you would do if you were forty years old, and rich, to one who should do to your daughter what I am going to describe. Just suppose, then, that she is a poor innocent, that she has been dazzled with promises, that she has been deceived with gold, that she has been led to think it all in play, that she has been taken for ladies' maid to the Baroness, that she is made to drink a poison which bereaves her of reason and enables them to do with her in that state whatever is suggested to the vile seducer by brutal caprice; that they get tired of her, that her reason is overturned, that she sees herself abandoned, that her father curses her, that her family flies from her, that people point their fingers at her, that they believe her possessed with a devil; that they take her to church to exorcise her, that from fear she holds her tongue, that she cannot kill her vile corruptor, but that she has the heart to hate him: would you immolate this unhappy being, sacrificed to the bestiality of the nobleman, and being her father thrust her from your house; and would you respect the nobleman and serve him, and bring up the other daughter that he might without doubt do other things as bad to her, with no other reason than that you are poor and he noble and rich? This is just what happened to poor Martha. What say you?

The countryman sobbing, exclaims:

— And my poor Martha has suffered all this? and my dear daughter has been treated so? and I am poor? and I am old? and I can say nothing? Where is my poor Martha? Has she killed herself? . . . . Sir! . . . . Sir! . . . .—Bonhomme kneels down, seizes the hands of Schmidt, and with broken accent continues—Where is my poor daughter? Oh! if it was certain what you say . . . .—he rises up—although I am old, I would plunge a knife . . . .—he looks round—no, nowhere, because I am poor, I am poor

— Don't weep, my friend, Martha lives, Martha is quite well, Martha will come to-morrow.

— To-morrow? . . . Give me your hands, sir . . . . or angel, give me your hands, and where is she?

— In the house of a friend of yours, in my house.

— Mary! Mary!—Bonhomme seems mad with joy, and continues—Martha is alive, Martha is not possessed, Martha will come to-morrow.

— Hush! keep silence! All this has been done by a physician; but revenge for the outrage is the work of a father.

The countryman inclines his head, reflects, and says:

— It's of no use, I cannot avenge the outrages inflicted on my daughters by the *seigneurs* and the rich; I am poor, and if he sends me away from this place, they and I will perish, begging from door to door, for I am old, and if they do not die they will come to worse, driven to it by hunger. Sir, the poor man always suffers even in having children, and the rich man always enjoys.

— Well; Martha will come home to-morrow, you must do what she tells you, and that you may not be dependent on this savage, take two thousand francs in louis-d'or; Martha will tell you where you must go.

The *chaf* of the purse on the bench gives Bonhomme no time either to throw himself at the feet of the stranger, or to think of what has happened to him; when he turns to look at his benefactor and say to him, "Heaven bless . . . . ." the sage is not to be seen in the lane which fronts the cottage.

Those who live in cities, surrounded with pleasures, do not know or think what the poor suffer, especially those of the country, through the villany of those who own the lands cultivated by the unhappy husbandmen. Even the miserable population of the cities is ignorant of what happens to the husbandmen, for the corrupted population of the large and of the middle-sized towns have an idea of what vice is, of what money is worth, what it is to sell and buy honor and virtue; perchance they themselves are the abominable instruments of this fearful

traffic, horror of the actual world, stain upon the rulers, reproach of all humanity; but those of the country, oh! these innocents, who know only that they have to belabor the earth to fill the purses of others,—these innocents, who believe that a *Seigneur* is a God, and when he arrives to take from them the last sheaf of corn which they with their sweat have reaped, make him a hundred bows, scrape their feet, put on their Sunday clothes, think it a holiday,—these innocents, who have no other letters than the clods they crumble with the plough, no other leaves to enlighten them than those of the trees, no other science than that of bearing the burden and heat of the day, no other book than the sky, which they look at at the rising and setting sun, to read whether its rays are about to ripen or burn up the harvest, or whether the rain is about to bedew their fruits with pearls, or they are to be parched up; nor other religion than to ask God to suffer them to make their sheaves to lay gold, sweat, fatigue, labor, at the feet of their lords,—these poor creatures are heroes. Oh! what hapless beings are the innocent husbandmen! And can the rich and the noble have the heart to enter your houses to rob you of honor, tranquillity, peace, and innocence? Yes, it is here that they lash themselves into the greatest fury; here that they come to pluck roses and lilies; here that they come to carry away fruits and leave thorns; here that they come to lay waste the luxury of the country that possesses more moral flowers than there are colors in the meadows! Oh! what hapless beings are the innocent husbandmen! And do the rich and the great mock at your unsophisticated simplicity? Why do they not remember in treading your thresholds, that your sons defend with arms in their hands their fantastic nobility and their treasures? Why do not they remember that your daughters and wives feed the insects which enable those of the nobles to clothe themselves with rich silks? Why do they not consider that you purvey for their markets, that you deck out their tables, that you perfume their saloons, that you make their cups reek with exqui-

site nectars, that you spin the thread converted also by the people into fine clothing, that their skin may be delicately defended? Why do they not consider that you deprive yourselves of the best of every thing to offer it to them? that you select your most exquisite productions wherewith to do them homage? Oh! how unhappy are the poor husbandmen! And why do you, great and rich, mock at their innocence? Why do you trample on their innocent daughters? Why do you not respect the moral freshness of their wives? Why? Because you are accustomed to this for many centuries? And do you not know that *he who takes the sword shall perish by the sword?* Do you believe that this dependence will last for ever? Do you imagine that the religion of Christ, of the carpenter's son, will not illuminate them, and notwithstanding the fascination your clergy exercises over them, that it will not make them know that we are all brethren, and that their origin is as noble as yours? Do you flatter yourselves that these arms which defend your riches and palaces can never be converted into instruments of popular glory, of equality, of independence? Do you think that the sons of the husbandman Noah will not very soon know that they are descendants of his three sons, who were equal to their father, and that only vice unlevels this equality? Why, will not your vices unlevel it, and the saying of the Gospel be verified, that those who are last shall be first, and that the first shall be last? Ye noble and rich! priests and *savans!* think well on what you are doing, afflict not with wickednesses those who maintain your luxury, those who fill your coffers with gold. Behold! the blind will change his darkness into light the moment there is any one to open his eyes. Oh! how worthy of compassion are the poor innocent husbandmen! In the intense heats of August they thresh out their corn all day long; in the frosts of winter they chop their wood; in the rains of spring they prune the trees; in seed time they sow, in the winds of autumn they reap and fill your stores with richest fruits; and when they return to

their houses dragging the rake, or with the spade on their shoulders, drenched with rain or shivering with cold, the poor enjoy no other felicity than looking on their wives, talking of their work, caressing their offspring, on whom they calculate for the future, admiring the ruddy cheeks of their daughters, who have been working like themselves, and will work all their lives, and after a frugal supper, in which perhaps they thank and praise the landlord of their farms, who has condescended to visit them to carry off all the sweat of the toiler, they go to bed, they sleep, for they are flesh and blood, and are fatigued with their labor; and perhaps the visit of the lord has robbed them of the peace of their bed, of the aroma of virtue which was respired at their firesides, and of the hopes they had conceived of their daughters. Oh! ye noble and rich, be not cruel. Why embitter these unhappy innocents? Why glory in desolating them, in humiliating them, in lacerating their generous hearts? Lo! with the money you pay you shall be paid! Look well to it! The country of the 19th century is not that of the middle ages; know that the fires of domestic peace may be converted into the flames of war! Read, read, and you will see that since 1793, the world has undergone a revolution, and the aristocrats are crest-fallen; and in 1850, the rich already begin to dread the socialist demagogues. Do not exacerbate the poor; respect them, love them, and you will see how little these evil socialist seeds will germinate, for how will the people rise against those who treat them as children? How will they injure those who heap them with benefits? Of what can the demagogues make a handle to sow enmity between the country and the cities, between the workshops and the palaces or mansions of the powerful, if you are objects of gratitude? Ye noble and rich! look to your own interests, and convert your haughty manners, your vaporing pride, your thirst of gold and pleasures, into benignity towards the poor and plebeian, into mansuetude, into magnanimous disinterestedness, into just and pure enjoyments. Consider that it is better to be humane towards the

people, for they are more grateful than the opulent, and you need not fear the apostles of robbery, who cover themselves with the veil of compassion towards the masses, while their only object is to take what belongs to you. Consider that the turn of the people may come to act upon the lessons you have taught them. He who takes the sword shall perish by the sword. Look, ye great and rich! the people in 1851 make a question not only of eating and drinking, they wish to be enfranchised, and afterwards to form themselves into an independent estate, and then, alas for the rich! it will be for them as it is now for the titled. Behold! the clergy no longer possess any thing; see! titles, and first fruits, and seignoralties are all over; see! individual property has made much increase with the revolutions; see! there occur no more devises of land to the monasteries; see! every one of the sons of the people begins to say: — This, which appertained to the count, the marquis, or the clergy, is mine. Consider that property, however little, makes men independent; that ignorance is beginning to disappear, that more than will serve your turn can be taught the people in very few years. Be then charitable, kind, brothers to all men, that, in the time of revolt, you may be reckoned as such.

In this manner, or some other very similar, Schmidt discourses, reascending the Seine.

It is 6 o'clock in the evening, and the inhabitants of the Paraclete are uneasy at not seeing their protector return, for he had gone out before 5 o'clock in the morning. To form an approximative idea of the state of mind in which the two young people, José and Martha, find themselves, it will be sufficient to put ourselves in their places, in the midst of all the circumstances which surround them. At this hour they have all assembled in the eastern part of the ruins, their gaze fixed on the path which leads from the river beyond Nogent to the Paraclete. How different are their countenances! The utterance of

each one's soul is legible through the anxiety depicted on their features. José is waiting, simply waiting; Martha is anxious to know something that touches her soul; Hector fears lest he may have lost his protector; the interesting Rosamunda is agitated with emotions as many as the waves formed by her blond ringlets, agitated by the gentle evening zephyrs; and after searching the horizon, she sets her celestial eyes on the heavens, as though trusting only in them. All are wrapped in the expectation of seeing the arrival of him who is, so to speak, the life of those anxious ones. Breaking the silence which they have for some time preserved, Hector says:

— José, do you not know where the doctor has gone?

This question reminds the listeners where they are, and three deep respirations are heard. José takes his eyes from the path, and turning them towards the youth, replies:

— Who can know that? He is so pensive . . . .

One of the four knows more or less whither Schmidt has gone, or imagines so, and on hearing José, Martha says:

— Perhaps he will not be long.

— Why do you say so, Martha?

— Because . . . . because the night is already coming on.

— And if any misfortune should have happened to him, or the melancholy which possesses him should have . . . .

Rosamunda till now has not opened her lips; but the reticence of Hector, united to the word misfortune, makes her burst out into a

— No, no; nothing can happen to him, he is too good for God to leave him unprotected.

The eyes of the sentimental French girl have fixed themselves on those of Hector, as though seeking to discover whether she has deceived herself. All sink again into silence. The sun oscillates between the mountains of the west, and nature clothes herself in that pensive raiment lent her by the approach of darkness, whose influence is shared by our heart whenever upon rising ground we are surprised by night. This

is the most august of the hours. Well says Ugo Foscolo, that the close of evening, seen from flowery eminences, is a fruitful subject for the artist's pencil, and it might be added, that it is no less so for the pen of the moralist ; for the soul deprived of the beauties of the exterior world, wraps herself in a melancholy nonchalance, which reveals the jealousy with which she is inspired, at not being able to enjoy the mysteries of the globe in those hours in which it is overspread by the breath of sleep. Those of the Paraclete feel this melancholy pushed to its highest degree, by the somewhat strange absence of their common father ; but all give a start of surprise, the features of all become animated, a thousand emotions traverse their countenances, when, blended with the last chirp of the birds, and the sound of the bells on the cattle, they hear a whistle; it is Schmidt, who has just made use of it to announce to them his presence in the entrance to the ruins. Some minutes after he sees himself surrounded by them, and rejoices in the pleasure which those only know, who, imitating Providence, receive the homage of grateful affection from those who love them, and look up to them as to a second God upon the earth. The countenance of Schmidt is at this moment like those hours of certain days in spring, in which the sun shines for a moment with resplendent majesty, and is then obscured by the clouds which cross the sky, and leave but pallid rays upon the earth. The manifestations of his adopted children make his forehead dilate, while their position causes his forehead to become arched. He takes Martha aside, and says in her ear :

— At 12 oclock at night, my daughter, you will go down to seek your father and sister, and then I will tell you what line of conduct you ought to follow.

Then he asks if all is ready. Upon their making an affirmative sign, he intimates that it is the hour for dinner, and that afterwards he has to speak with them of matters of deep interest. Nothing which can reveal his emotion is discovered at the table, it is only to be seen that the soul of the sage is in one of

those solemn crises in which the intensity of its action engages the highest powers, giving him a meditative air. The frugal meal finished, they repair to the chemical laboratory, where the four wait for Schmidt, who has disappeared for some minutes.

The souls of some privileged beings are altogether differently constituted from those of the vulgar. The physician who figures here had been educated in his youth by religious persons; his profession had further confirmed him in the faith of an Omnipotent God. With the scalpel in his hands he had witnessed the wondrous works of the incomprehensible Maker, and bowed his head at the sight of his own littleness. To be penetrated with the infinite wisdom of God, it will be sufficient for man to look at the animal creation. Spinoza, Voltaire, and Rousseau, were atheists from ostentatious pride, not from intimate conviction. There are few men, who, with sincerity, disavow the power of the Supreme Maker. Men in general see themselves so little, that they must perforce render tribute to an Extraordinary Being, unknown in Himself, but manifest in his marvellous operations. If any one is more than others in duty bound to worship God, the prerogative belongs to the physician. The ignorant are atheists because ignorance is the monster of monsters. Schmidt has all his life recognised the hand of God in all that he has examined; and whenever his science has lost itself in that labyrinth of wonders, the body and soul of man, he has uttered exclamations which were a veritable hymn of praise to the Fabricator of Nature. The goodness, the wisdom, the arrangement, the inexplicable harmony of the parts, the beauty of the whole, his own impotence in penetrating so great mysteries, have been luminous pages, reminding the sage that the wisdom of the world is foolishness in the eyes of God; and thence it has happened that Schmidt sees always this world-watchfulness of the Supreme Being in all created things.

After dinner he retires to reflect alone on what is taking place, and he begins to discourse in this wise:

— What prayer can I now utter more apt than—"Our Father?" To whom should I, a poor old man, have recourse in the conflict in which I find myself? Hector and Rosamunda are my children of adoption; in them had I reckoned the glory of my old age; they were to have closed the eyes of my poor body; it was a consolation after the loss of the wife and daughter of my body, to be able to expect on my death-bed the tenderness of the children of my spirit; but not even this pleasure, oh, God! nor this hope! "Thy will be done on earth even as in heaven." I am but an atom of thy existence, why should I wish to alienate myself from thy will? "It is hard to kick against the pricks." In heaven, on earth, in hell, in the recesses of the human heart, there art Thou as prime mover, and there is thy will done. To conform myself to it is but to confess my dependence on Thee. Thou hast foreseen all my steps, my sufferings, the atoms of my existence; without Thee nothing is done; why should I wish to fly from that which Thou hast marked out in the rotation of my days? Oh! to love and to adore is to conform oneself to the will of the being loved. Well, then, I love Thee, I adore Thee. "Thy will be done on earth as it is done in heaven." They will go away this night; I shall not see them again, who knows for how long? I shall lose from my sight the eyes of Rosamunda, which are the picture of those of Wilhelmina. I shall for ever lose the expressive face of Hector, that face which represents my youth; I shall lose it all. God of Mercy! Might of Mights! I am weak; but shine upon me, as the sun upon the plant laid low by the hurricane, and I shall lift up my head full of strength . . . . Oh! Thou demandest of me one thing . . . "Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors." I forgive my debtors; I forgive them, O Lord! They are molecules of Thy existence, which have gone astray; they are atoms like myself, which have not chosen to follow the impulse of Thy will; but in the end they will flow back to Thee, Immeasurable Ocean!—these little streams, turned out of their course on the steep de-

clivity of the mountains—and mingled in Thy waters, will swell with me the sea of Thy greatness. And what would become of me if I did not pardon them? On falling into the great arch of Eternity, I should go floating and insulated, without any one with whom to unite myself in blessing Thy greatness; and I could enjoy nothing, because I should not form part of Thy will, and consequently, the mere effort to be with Thee, and to be accompanied by others, would be a hell of agonies. I forgive them, and I will do thy will.

Before any other Idea can assault him he goes out in search of his beloved disciples; but how changed his countenance! Schmidt, in this act, is sublime as his ideas are grand. Schmidt forms part of the will of God, and is resplendent with the goodness respired by the countenance of Divinity, compassionate towards poor man.

As soon as he comes into their presence, the two young people throw themselves on his neck with tears in their eyes. Schmidt embraces them, and from the movement of their two heads it may be seen that the breast of the sage heaves and falls convulsively, his compressed sighs forming undulations. For a time all remains in silence, at the end of which, sitting down, he commences thus:

— Children of my mind and heart, the hour is come; you have to set out within a few instants, and we shall not see each other again, perhaps till eternity.

All weep.

— I wished that when my soul had to leave the body my eyes might feel the contact of your hands, and that my soul should hear the flood of tears you poured out for him who was bidding you adieu for so long a journey. This music which accompanies the dying in the solitude of death, will be wanting to me. I shall die alone—alone, without any one to dry up the dying tear;—the tears of all fall faster—but, my children, there is a Will superior to all the desires of men, and to which we ought to bend our reason.

— And what is that, Doctor?

— That of God, Hector.

The eyes of those who surround the sage fix themselves upon his, which have a sublime expression of melancholy grandeur.

— My children, we are all unhappy, but to all of us will come the day of joy. Before bidding each other adieu, it is my duty to give you one counsel in addition to the many I have inculcated on you during these last days, and it is, that in the course of life you should consider that you are on a journey, and that before arriving at its end, you will meet many obstacles. You will suffer the death of all your good tendencies inflicted on you by men and their crimes: you will pass under their judgments which must needs be of the worst, when David, on the prophet Gad proposing to him the three punishments, as you may read in the 2d Book of Samuel, chapter xxiv., said: "Let us fall now into the hand of the Lord, and let me not fall into the hand of man." You will suffer the hell of their tongues, of their envy, of their appetites, who, in order to succeed in their designs, will not omit any moral or even physical tortures upon which they can lay their hands, or which their heads can devise; but do not lose your vigor, take it for certain that in the midst of these horrors you can make yourselves one glory, that of conforming to the will of the Bounteous Maker, and following His law. Remember that neither those who persecute, nor those who are persecuted, will live to see a century; imagine them to be, as in fact they are, the molecules which people the air, and are visible only because the sun shines upon them, as men all exist only because God is diffused through them; respect in yourselves and in others this presence, eternal presence of the Divinity, and whatever injury may be done to you, forget it, forgive it; and love all your fellow-creatures as parts of a compound which benefit each other, that harmony may reign over all. Observe, my children, that man excited by the injustice of others may, in a moment of frenzy,

hate them; but if he reflects a moment, he will love them. Who could be more irritated against men than God? and yet He came down from heaven, He became man, He felt what men feel, and so loved them that He not only prayed for them, exculpated them, forgave, loved them, but gave even His life for beings so ungrateful. To forgive an enemy is grand, but to love him is sublime; this the God-Man alone could teach. All the philosophers have spoken of generosity; but of love for those who have injured us, Christ alone, who is chief over all the wise. Be just, fly from the paths of the wicked, do not approach them, but love them because they are parts of that whole whose head is God. And have you ever seen the foot hate the hand, or the hand the foot? It will, no doubt, appear strange to you all, for all of you are victims of the bad, that in this solemn moment I should tell you to forgive and love your enemies; but listen. When one considers what passes in the world he becomes enraged, he repents having had any thing to do with men, as God for their iniquities repented having made them: he finds himself weak in the presence of so many enemies to battle with; he sinks into despair on seeing the poor despised, persecuted, abandoned; he is filled with indignation in thinking that the sweat of the people, their wives, their daughters, their honor, their tranquillity, their dignity as rational beings, their liberty of thought, their affections, their existence, their present, their past, their future, all is in the hands of the noble and rich, who do at will what they please, their crimes remaining unpunished because they are powerful, rich, influential. The law is for them a puppet of India-rubber which they put into what form they like, dress as they please, color according to their fancy, and which as an ultimate consequence, they stretch and stretch, its returning blows falling on those who stand by looking at them. Oh! the unhappy people are exasperated at seeing their sons carried off from their arms to serve not their country, but the ambitious aims of the mandarins; the unhappy people groan heavily, seeing they have not

hands, hours, minutes, strength enough to meet the taxes heaped upon them; the unhappy people sink in despair, seeing that even the peace of their hearths is disturbed, that the pretty woman, that the graceful and virtuous girl, are the target of the magnates, who either corrupt or kill them; the unhappy people are maddened seeing themselves so abject, so despised, so little respected; the unhappy people are in agony, seeing that even the talents of their children are food for the wickedness of the vicious, whether in the theatres, in public assemblies, in private houses; the poor man, if he have any education, weeps bitterly, seeing infinite numbers of his companions imbruted for the want of it, and without religion, without education, without nobleness of soul, committing atrocities; and the masses in an access of fury, blaspheme, rage, seek to put every thing to fire and sword, and seeing their impotence, sit down in the chimney corner to weep over their misfortunes. Unhappy people! Why is there no one to tell you that religion in those moments is the best consolation, that it ennobles you, that your escutcheons are the cross of Christ, emblem of equality; that the will of God is that all men should be equal before the law, and that no one has any right to set himself up in things civil or political, over others; for equality in virtue, in talents, in riches, is impossible. Why do not these demagogues give you the consolation of true religion, not of that which men have invented to frighten you, to obscure your minds and drive you to despair? Would you know in what consists all the religion of Jesus Christ? Then I will tell it you in two words: "Thy will be done on earth, as it is done in heaven." He who in all the events of his life repeats these words and conforms himself to their meaning, is a veritable disciple of the Man-God. Why do they not present to your mind ideas of your dignity, that you may seek the rights that ought to be conceded you, not with tumults, with blood, with arms, with fire, with disorder, with pillage, with barbarism; but with reason, with calmness, with conviction of your own grandeur? Do you think the autocrat of the Rus-

sias, and all the despots of the world, would not tremble at hearing rise from the four corners of the earth a voice, issuing from the mouth of six hundred millions of men, saying, "Respect in us the brethren of God become man, and we will respect the authority which in His name we have deposited in your hands as His children and our brothers?" Oh, yes! this cry would sound in their ears like the peal of thunder at the beginning of the storm; and they would hasten to recognize that the symptoms of the tempest were imminent, so that they would hasten to send the rain of the holy liberty of the Gospel on the earth. But, my children, I have wandered from my starting point; it matters not much, my one object is to counsel you to treasure dearly your own dignity, to conform to the will of God, obey the divine law, submit to human laws based upon it, and liberty of thought, of religion, of men. Do not give way to the vile and wicked in any situation of life; if you are poor, ever look to Christ who was always so; if you suffer persecution for being strictly good, look at Christ, who says to you: "If they have persecuted me, they will also persecute you; the disciple is not greater than his Lord." If you live in penury, conform yourselves to His will, and do not forget that in the prayer which He taught us with His divine lips, He says: "Forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors." Oh! how great a consolation do I enjoy as I pronounce these words! Do you know that the life of man is an agony of death unless he forgives his enemies? Oh! my children, it is late, but with God that word exists not; I recognize that religion and conformity to His divine will, constitute felicity to man. In the midst of all sufferings, when you find consolation in nothing which surrounds you, remember what I am saying to you, turn your eyes to God and say to Him: "Thy will be done on earth, even as it is done in heaven;" and I can avouch you that your breasts will be filled with consolation. I forgive all who have caused me sorrow; I forgive him who deprives me of the consolation of dying in your arms; I forgive all that I may suffer in future, occasioned by men; and you,

do you forgive, Hector, forgive; José, forgive; Martha, forgive; Rosamunda, daughter of my soul, forgive; and look with your heavenly eyes on all who have done us ill, that God, seeing an angel asking pardon for them, may forgive them as we forgive our debtors. . . . .

— Whew! . . . Whew-w-w! . . . Whew-w-w-w! . . . . . Whew-w-w-w-w! . . . Whew-w-w-w-w-w-w! . . .

These prolonged whistles cut short the discourse of Schmidt; they are repeated, and he says:

— They have already come for you; José, go and speak with Henri, the agent of police.

He has hardly finished these words when they all burst into a flood of tears, and the two young people fall upon the neck of the aged sage, mingling their sobs and tears, and uttering broken words, which add to their feelings, and heighten the interest of this sublime picture. Martha can no longer bear her emotion, and entwines her arms round the delicious waist of Rosamunda, crying:

— And we shall never see him again!

There are certain occasions in which Nature, by a sympathetic act, unrecognized by men, shows that she condoles with their sorrows. This day had been warm and cloudy along the horizon, although the sun had shone with majestic pomp; but from nine o'clock at night, when the inhabitants of the Paraclete began to weep, the sky began also to bedew the earth with her tears. Standing up, the doctor draws his arm round the necks of the two young people, pressing them to his breast, bedewing the beautiful head of Rosamunda with his tears. A flash of lightning illumines them, so that they can see each other in that august moment. At the rebound of the thunder, Schmidt says:

— The very Heavens announce your departure, and weep over our separation.

Half an hour after, the five inhabitants of the ruins of the Paraclete sally forth from the mouth of the cavern, two only to

enter again. Schmidt, Hector, and the agent of police put three trunks on their shoulders; José leads the way; Rosamunda goes along clinging to the hand of the doctor, and Martha, tearful, closes the procession. A flash of lightning illuminates the path, which has been made slippery by the fine rain that is falling; the wind lashes all their faces, and resounds with hollow moan in the vaults, whistling along the summits of the surrounding mountains; the tempest is yet far off, so that the rebound of the thunder sounds like the echo of cannon over the wide expanse of the sea. All is solemn. By the sudden flashing of the sky might be seen the despondent countenance of the old man, his large beard besprinkled with tears and rain; that of Hector which is troubled, that of Rosamunda breathing sadness, that of Martha denoting mingled grief and hope, that of José, frowning darkly, that of the police agent, in which anxiety and cupidity sat side by side. They walk in silence, mingling their *chip chap* with that of the rain, and Schmidt presses in his hands of parchment those of Rosamunda, soft and cold. Now they are near the town, and the dogs of the neighboring farm-houses bark; the rain increases, the storm approaches, they quicken their pace, guided now by Henri, the agent of police. Now they hear the impetuous rushing of the river, whose waters are swollen by those of the mountains; now they perceive a little light in the midst, now all is darkness, now all glares like the mouth of a furnace. Schmidt wishes to speak, as is denoted by the rigid and convulsive pressure of Rosamunda's hand; but silence is necessary for his object, and on this occasion is at the same time a martyrdom. They arrive on the bank of the river, and while Henri talks aside with the boatman, the German sage, in the midst of their stifling sobs, gives them all his last counsels, which he calls his Will. The trunks are put into the boat, except that which Schmidt carries, which is Rosamunda's, and which he will not give up till they are embarked. When they are upon the vessel, he says in the ear of Rosamunda:

— In this portmanteau there are two hundred and fifty louis-d'or ; one hundred and fifty are the dowry given you by your father Schmidt, one hundred belong to Hector.

— M. le Docteur, the boat must put off—says the agent of police.

Here is the desolation ! The young people burst into tears, and Rosamunda kisses the hands of their adoptive father. A flash of lightning illuminates the scene, and exhibits the aged man in a flood of tears, imploring the benediction of Heaven upon his two children of mind and heart.

— Come—says the hoarse voice of the master boatman, —sha'n't we ever have done ?

Schmidt rushes into the river with José, and seeing the barge set loose, exclaims :

— Perhaps till eternity ! Perhaps till eternity ! . . . .

His sobs are mingled with the moanings of the wind.

CHAPTER X.

Solitude is eminently sad, say the generality of men. Yet all that is solitary does not inspire this void in the heart. What is there more agreeable to the soul than the solitude of woods, of gardens, of fields? With what enchantments are not those surrounded, who live in glens, environed by smiling hills? How delicious is the silence of the Virgin forests of America! how grand the aspect of its mountains! How full of majesty do not the Alps, with their immobility, seem to us, the Pyrenees, with their secular bristling crests, trodden only by the vulture, the eagle, and the gray bear! Who will describe the infinity of ideas which assault man when, retired from the world, he, in the desert, contemplates gay Nature; who at one time laughs, shaking with delight the leaves of the trees; at others weeps, the wind moaning through the tangled branches, and the brooks, waterfalls, and torrents murmuring sighs; at others grows angry, the furious hurricane agitating her long green hair; at others roars, the thunder repeating from cavity to cavity the echo of her voice; at others sleeps, with marvellous immobility; at others plays, the zephyr making the heart leap in the breast with bounds of delight; at others, persists in giving us inimitable concerts, whose singers, spreading their wings, drive us to desperation, melodious songs now receding, now approaching; at others, seeking to awaken in us the emotions of a gladiator in the arena of the amphitheatre, presents to us a wild beast, at the sight of which the whole body trembles; at others, as though mocking at us, repeats sounds which say nothing, but which make us fancy we know their meaning, recalling the accent, even the tone of voice of the beloved indi-

vidual who occupies our imagination at that moment; at others, fascinates us, making us believe ourselves on the margin of the sea, hearing the rippling of the waves; at others, seduces us with the sound of an instrument, while it is but the canes which shake, rocked by the wind; at others, flatters the senses with most delicious odors; at others, so enchants us, that, forsaking her, we rush with soul and eyes into the heavens, partly hidden from us by the luxuriant, tangling branches, and we intone a hymn which must surely rise up the softest of songs to the ears of the Maker. Oh! how sweet is solitude to one who suffers! Far from the tumult of the mansions of men, he adjudges them all to be good, forgets that they have made him unhappy. Coming to commune with nature so beneficent, he glorifies God with open mouth, and feels all the beauty which surrounds him. And if he is accompanied, if he sees beside him the heavenly face of a wife beloved; if he contemplates the little cheeks of dear children; if loves and caresses, virtue and religion, make his heart palpitate, how delicious is solitude! Oh, the mortal who finds himself thus, is not exasperated by the sight of triumphant vice and abashed virtue; the man who is thus happy does not sin, does not envy, does not lust for others' goods, is not ambitious for gold, knows not the torments which other men would inflict on him, if he lived among them; his glory is that of the fields, whose ornament is the apparel given by God; his music is to celebrate His wonders; his emotion is that of content; his life is a delicious dream, which passes in the gardens of the Creator, whence he will fly to the throne of the Deity, in company with the aromas of the flowers of the desert. Oh! solitude indescribably delicious! The poor, he who suffers, he who desires to taste a bliss, prelude to that of the future, ought to seek this enchanting solitude.

But is the desert always so delicious? Is not the tomb also a solitude? Are not Pompeii and Herculaneum also solitudes? Are not the ruins also a solitude? Is not orphanage

also a solitude? Is not the parting from our friends also a solitude? Oh! pale, sad solitude, in whose confused shadows the heart wanders enveloped in the night of all the affections. What solitude can compare with that of the home of the husband who has just seen the corpse of his wife pass out, and finds a void in the bed, witness of the mysteries of his heart; who finds a void in the chair where sat his beloved; who finds a void in the walls which repeated the echo of her dear voice; who finds a void in his heart, which seeks love and finds it not; who finds a void in his very existence whose half has abandoned him; who finds a void in the cry of his children, who call for their mother and are not answered; who finds a void in his very ears, when he repeats the name of his companion, and, believing she will answer, finds himself alone with silence? Oh! this solitude is more desolating than that of the tomb, two minutes after one has heard the first clod fall on the coffin which entombs the lost loved one. And are there no other similar solitudes? Oh, yes! the turmoil of the cities envelopes many solitudes. That of the unprotected, that of the destitute, that of one whose loved ones are far away, and others, which, if not so desolating as the loss of a wife, are, nevertheless, like the silence of the seas to the shipwrecked, who, already exhausted of his strength, fights against the furious element.

It is three o'clock in the morning, and in the vaults are heard groans which rive the soul. The steps of him who weeps resound in the solitude of the ruins, whose silence makes more observable the profound lamentation which is as the ticking of the clock of time. In the cavern devoted to the terribly-mysterious moments of the gallows, Schmidt is pacing, the tails of his long coat flapping, his eyes swollen with weeping, his beard moistened, his features wrinkled, his mouth slightly opened, his hands folded on his breast, not a word escaping his lips; at the foot of the fearful apparatus is José, his head drooping on his chest, where he stifles his sighs, seeing his liberator so afflicted.

The latter halts, ceases to groan, looks at the instrument of death, his countenance shines with the refulgence of desperation; he casts down his eyes, sees José, and shaking his head bursts into tears and says to him:

— José, my son, would it not be better to die than to be deprived of those we love like children?

Feliú makes a sign which is neither affirmative nor negative, and afterwards adds:

— No, good Doctor, it is not better, because thus we should give more freedom to those who delight in tormenting us?

— But José, does it not seem sad to you to be alone? She who with her eyes of celestial blue was my felicity, she who knew how to mitigate the rage of my breast, she who passed her hands down my beard and brought to my remembrance those of Wilhelmina, those of my little daughter, she who with her innocence filled us all with joy, now she is far away, José, now she is far away! And he! oh! he was my hope, my future, the crowning of my work; his head, his head! . . . . oh! he who remains suffers a hundred times more from solitude than he who journeys! And through whom do I see myself deprived of the children of my adoption? José, in putting this question, I lose conformity to the will of God; but no matter, I have so to act that he will not enjoy his triumph. Why should we suffer the malefactor ever to mock at the righteous? An idea, José, an idea . . . . .

Here the sage reflects for a while, and then adds:

— They are going to Paris, I set out to-morrow night, you must rejoin them; but before that we have many things to do. At present forty-eight hours remain to us according to what the sous-Préfet said to me: forty-eight hours are so many centuries; let us set out hence, and not suffer the Baron de Vieux to insult in our persons the Dignity of Humanity.

They go out, and we will leave them and go in search of Hector, the gentle Rosamunda, and Martha.

The bargeman had scarcely sheered off and the vessel begun to be carried along by the stream, when Hector felt a sensation of fear without knowing any cause for it, and, seated in a corner with his knees set wide apart, he formed a reclining place for the body of Rosamunda, whose head he clasped with both his hands. They were but just two leagues distance from Nogent when the police agent, Henri, leaped on shore and left them in the hands of the bargeman and two companions of his. The rain had ceased and the sky began to show its serene and beautiful countenance, as a pretty child after crying while its mother is washing its little face, exhibits its beauty to the best possible advantage. The calmness of the weather, the freshness of the hours of twilight, the silence of the vicinity they were passing, the emotions experienced, her age and position, made the enchanting girl say to the enamored youth:

— Hector, I am sleepy.

— Sleep, my Rosamunda, rest your head on my knee and sleep; I will wake you at the first approach of daylight.

— And are not you sleepy?

— I am not sleepy, but my head is dizzy.

— Then go . . to . sleep . . . also.

The head of Rosamunda drooped like the rose-sprout in the scorching heat of a tropical noon, and fell on the left thigh of her companion, who, without knowing what he said, added:

— I . . will . wake . . you . . . don't . . don't . concern . your . . .

And as he finished the "yourself," his head dropped, which movement half brought him to himself, making him repeat:

— Don't . . concern . . . . yourself.

Both are now sleeping, at three paces distance from the helmsman and from Martha, and the two other men who have till now been stretched on the deck, rise up and set themselves beside the captain, and in an undertone and in slang or *argot*, which is the favorite language of the mariners of the Seine,

sons of the suburbs of Paris, commence the following discourse, more with dumb motions at first than with words.

Muchetampot, who is the captain, touches the shoulder of *Flamangel* with his hand, and with his foot the leg of *Flaneur*, and then stretching out his forefinger points to the two young people, screwing up his lips and licking them several times.

Flaneur pulls out his clay pipe from his sheepskin jacket, fills it with tobacco, goes towards the lantern to light it, and with a gross gesture says:

— Good tobacco!

Flamangel rubs his hands, throws a kiss to Rosamunda, and says softly:

— *Eh bien! je passerais une nuit blanche* . . . .

Muchetampot puts his finger to his mouth, and the three bringing their faces close together, he says:

— According to appearances they are running away, and hence to Paris there are yet eight and twenty leagues good.

— Oh! they're running away!

— Him—Flaneur makes signs as though he were throwing something in the water—and her then . . . . . Louviers' Island or . . . .

— Hush! there's time enough; I will tell you presently what I have thought, for now the day is coming and . . . . then . . . . the night . . . .

— But, the Policeman . . . .

— Deuce take the policeman! You know Henri belongs to us.

— Morbleu! if I were Muchetampot I would not let this blondine off to-night, nor the brunette either.

— *Ma foi! que tu as un coup de gibelet pour* . . . . and you do not know whether the captain is . . . .

— Stop! in case we do perform something amusing, I propose—and Flamangel takes out his poignard, sticking it in the rudder—I propose that it be by lot.

— *Sacré bleu!* it shan't be by lot, Flamangel, it shan't be by lot, *par la queue du Diable!* it shan't be by lot! You know that I—and he puts his hand in his breast and takes out a dagger of about a hand-breadth's length, which vibrates like the tongue of a serpent—you know that I don't stick my blade into clumps of wood, but into hearts.

— What then—says Flaneur, showing a file with Damascene point, and so fine as to cut through steel without producing any sound—what then, Muchetampot, you want every thing for yourself? Heel of Mahomet! that time is gone by, now the lightest finger deals the cards: and the blondine shall be put up by lot, or if not . . . . *ma foi!* . . . . if not . . . . it shall be all up with him!

— And we are two against one, eh! Muchetampot, do you understand?

— Well, come now! just listen

— Look, they're moving.

— No matter, they don't understand *argot*.

— Who knows that?

— They're all still.

— No, it's better to hold our tongues.

Hector awakes at this moment, and asks the captain:

— Sir, where are we?

— A good way from Nogent; the current is pretty strong—then turning to his companions, he adds in a low voice—when we haul to for breakfast we can talk, and now let's pump them a bit, for they don't seem brother and sister, as the gendarme told me they were; they sit too close together, and take too much care of one another, eh? . . . .

— Do you want to sleep, Muchetampot?

— I'm not sleepy, you go if you want.

Neither of them is willing to sleep, for each distrusts his companion. This is the condition of the wicked: nevertheless they retire to one side nearly opposite the group formed by Hector, Rosamunda, and Martha, and the captain intones one

of those obscene songs which, from such constant use by the *canaille*, seem to them sacred songs or hymns to the saints

The delicious girl sleeps on the lap of the youth. Her countenance is so beautiful, her expression so gentle, that it would have inspired devotion in any but such as the three boatmen. Muchetampot finishes the refrain of his ditty with a peal of laughter, and demands of Hector:

— Young man, are you brother and sister?

— Yes, sir.

The helmsman winks at those who lie stretched on the right.

— Well, that seems strange, because you are too fond of one another to be the same blood.

Hector shrugs his shoulders in token of contempt for what has just been said to him.

— And where are you from?

— From Paris, whither we return.

— This little girl looks like a German, don't she, Flaneur?

— A sprightly lass! Young man, your sister is a pretty little wench.

At this phrase, which so wounds Hector, that he cannot entirely conceal his indignation, these vile beings exchange winks, and Flaneur continues:

— Comè, boys, don't say any thing about the blondine, for her brother don't like jests. See what a face he makes!

— 'Sblood and thunder! if I was travelling with my sister, and the folks called her a little duck and praised her up, I'd be as proud as a puff; but of course if it was my sweetheart, it would be another story.

— Bah! Flamangel, what do you put such notions into our heads for? don't you see that . . . .

— That what?

— That the young man's getting angry?

— Pooh! let him get angry. A pretty kettle of fish, if we can't say what we think!

— Messieurs, till now I have not said a word to you, and I

beg you out of respect to my sister and this young lady, not to continue your conversation, otherwise I shall land.

— The boy is right—says Muchetampot, with an air of command, after exchanging a glance with his companions—he is right, leave them alone; passengers must be respected, especially when there 's ladies in the case.

— Come, let it be as the captain says.

Rosamunda awakes, and seizing both Hector's hands, with her face turned towards him, says:

— My Hector, what can our father be doing?

— Speak German, for these people are very vile, and I don't wish that they should understand what we say.

— I was afraid of them from the moment we came on board, even before I had seen them.

— They disgusted me also; but from hence to Paris is not very far.

— We might land here when we breakfast and Martha leaves the boat; see with what looks they are regarding us.

— Take no notice of them, they are miserable creatures.

— Poor doctor! oh! Hector, how he wept.

— But I do not lose all hope of seeing him again, Rosamunda; he told me before leaving the Paraclete, that José would come within a short time to rejoin us, and would let us know what the doctor thought of doing.

— He told me also the same, and it is for that reason I do not fret so much; because being with you, and having the hope of seeing him again, I have no need to be so afflicted as if it were for ever.

— Certainly not.

— I warrant you do not know what he said to me by the bank of the river, amid his tears and embraces; I warrant you, my Hector, you do not know. He is so good, he is so kind, that I love him as much as I could my father, if I had one.

— What did he say to you?

— In this trunk that I am sitting on, there are two hundred

and fifty louis-d'or—here she drops her voice although speaking German—one hundred and fifty, according to him, are mine, and one hundred yours; but according to me, two hundred and fifty are yours.

— Excellent man! as to that, he told me I should not have to concern myself as to how I should pay my expenses for one year in Paris; and gave me two double louis for the journey.

— Don't you think Martha will come too?

— To Paris? She has said nothing to me—Martha cannot understand what they say in German—but I believe we shall see her again.

— So it seems to me.

— And now we ought to consider that we shall be arriving soon, and devise some means of becoming acquainted with those persons who can give us information about those things the doctor spoke to me of, because we cannot pass our lives in enjoyments without knowing what we have to undertake.

— Hector, these men frighten me; the expression of their eyes, as they look at me, makes me shudder.

— Let us move over to the other side, for the sun is about to rise.

They go towards the prow, sit down on the seats, put Rosamunda's portmanteau at their feet, and continue talking of the doctor, of Feliú, of Martha's being about to leave them, of the beauty of some spots along the river, of Rosamunda's being so beautiful, of what they feel finding themselves free, masters of their own actions, with money, talent, abilities, and at the gates of Paris. Hector, in the midst of the pleasure which enthrals his senses when he sits beside his enchanting Rosamunda, does not fail to experience some sudden bursts of vengeance, and in thought mingles the name of the Baron with those of his beloved and of Schmidt.

Thus they go on, ravished in each other's eyes, quite absent from what is around them; meanwhile the following conversation is carried on by the three bandits, who may well be most

fruitful in wickedness, seeing that they have studied in several of those various classes which the government keeps open gratis for the rabble of thieves and murderers, who, in those establishments of infernal instruction, complete their education. In the vile trio they arrive at this point: Flamangel says:

— No; I arrange the thing better, so that Muchetampot may have no responsibility, and we may all amuse ourselves. You, Muchetampot, you pretend to be their friend all to-day, and quarrel with me and Flaneur when we happen to say some merry word, and we will have a fight which shall end by your threatening to put us ashore: in four hours we shall arrive at the place where we are to put the pale one ashore, afterwards at night we will tie you up, but with a loose knot, so that you can get away and come after us: him let us throw into the water where there is a good strong current and the river makes a sharp bend, we overpower her, bandage her eyes, and manage her so as to hinder her making even a whisper; we draw alongside, jump ashore, do what we want, by lot, mind, and leave her. We two go to Paris and see one another again in the island; you return to the craft and let the people see how you've been served.

— Good! and where shall it be?

— Parbleu! the river runs pretty fast, and this night about twelve o'clock, we may be between Montereau and Melun, and there are some lonely sort of places there where the current, swollen as it is, will be just what will suit us.

— Come, then, begin after breakfast.

— We must not stop in any village.

— Not to be thought of.

— At the crib of mother Flaneuse?

— A good place.

— Agreed.

In half an hour they descry the buildings of Bray de la Seine where Hector wishes to land; but he is not permitted to do this, the captain saying he is obliged to make his usual

halts, and that in Bray they would be exposed to having their passports asked for by the gendarmes, and that according to what the agent of police had told him, they have none. The young man is convinced, and seeing the captain so pleasant, lays aside part of the distrust he experienced at the outset. And so at ten o'clock they arrive at a small house which, being buried in a wood, could only be known to the old navigators of the Seine, and there a decent breakfast is served up which Muchetampot wishes to pay for, and in fact contends about it for some time with Hector, who yields for this occasion, compromising by taking upon himself the dinner. It seems that the reprimand of the captain has quieted his disorderly comrades, who, as Muchetampot says to Hector and Rosamunda, are men unknown to him, and whom only the necessity of having some one to help him, has made him take with him, and here—he adds with the coolness of the villain—here on the rivers it is necessary to know with whom one journeys, for many misfortunes have happened: it is true, there is nothing to be afraid of, because at every step one meets with the public force; but it is better to go provided. The vessel is not over good, but you can have the cabin, and for one night one can manage any where.

—When shall we arrive in Paris?

—To-morrow evening. Oh, if the river were to increase, we should arrive before.

This halt has two objects; to breakfast, and to land the country girl, whose house is not far off. As the captain finishes his discourse with Hector, Rosamunda and the afflicted Martha, the latter sets about her journey. She does not possess any thing to demand a porter, or any care; her own person, a modest dress, and a little bundle, which from time to time she presses to her breast, are all she has to take with her.

The leave-takings of the poor have not the ostentation and noise of those of the rich; but in them the heart operates with all its grandeur. We would be very happy to make a de-

scription of this interesting scene, but we will limit ourselves to the relation of the last words exchanged by these generous souls.

Rosamunda and Martha embrace, in tears; Hector looks on in sadness. Between her sighs, the country girl says:

— Adieu, my friend, adieu; our separation has not to be for long; we shall see each other in Paris soon; don't cry, don't cry; M. le Docteur, and José, follow us. . . . .

— Yes, Martha, yes, we shall see each other in a short time.

— Come, don't weep; our separation is only for a few days.

— Oh, Hector!—replies the village girl with melancholy— Oh, Hector! they may be few; but who knows what may happen to us, and whether we shall meet again?

— It is true, Martha, it is true; Martha is right, Hector, Martha is right.

The youth is moved, but commands himself for the moment, and replies:

— Quit those bad auguries; we shall see each other again very soon; we shall rejoin the Doctor in Paris, after a while, and we shall be happy for ever. As to meeting one another, what is there but to write to my name at the post-office, where I shall go to get letters? Come, you need not distress yourselves.

While the poor young people are discoursing thus, the malefactors of the barge wink at them, make jests horribly significant, and finally the two absent themselves, directing their steps towards the river. The captain takes the two young people from Martha's arms, saying:

— Come, Messieurs, come, we are losing the best of the day; come aboard!

It would not be so easy to separate the friends; but the cry, "Come aboard," makes them burst out into a copious flood of tears, abandoning their determination to go by land, because, without a passport, how can they reach Paris?

What passes as the two go down to the bank of the river, and the other towards the thick of the wood, can be imagined by those who have loved with the affection of youth and of misfortune, and part without the certainty of ever meeting again. Hector and the maid of the ruins arrive at the barge melancholy, whither Flaneur and Flamangel have already preceded them, and they let themselves glide on with the stream.

Youth, however much may have been theoretically taught, are exposed at every breath to falling into the snares of the wicked. Hector and Rosamunda, those two sensible souls, those two noble hearts, believe the captain is their friend, without any more proof than his having rebuked the insolent manners of his two comrades. Oh! how deserving of compassion are the young, who imagine themselves capable, in the midst of their inexperience, of encountering the dangers of travel!

No matter, although we may be making a digression. Reflections which occur opportunely, are no insignificant ornaments of a story, they are embellishments which gracefully clothe it, and which the chronicler ought not to throw away when they present themselves to him. We must confess that travelling enlightens men; but we cannot do less than observe that the fathers, the husbands, the guardians who permit their children, wives, and wards, to take journeys alone, commit an imprudence, the fatal results of which are generally irremediable. The principal causes of the abuses committed by captains of vessels, by conductors of diligences, and by travelling companions, spring from the carelessness of society in not surrounding the traveller with its assured protection. Of all nations that we have visited, that which deserves the highest praise for individual security on the public ways, is the United States; after which, to judge from the little we have seen of it, comes England; but France, Spain, Italy, some parts of Germany, and all South America, are detestable for the father, husband, brother, and gentleman who may have the care of ladies. What pictures are not presented in the obscurity of

night in these diligences, upon those canals, upon those rivers, upon these railways! Pictures as to which the victims are in part silent, because it is impossible for them to explain them, and which the shameless fellows and vile travellers reproduce, with peals of laughter, at the end of the journey. The small size of the vehicles, the frankness inspired by travel, the idleness enjoyed, the close contact of the person, the rocking of the carriage, the obscurity of the night, the liberties which the situation involves, are more than sufficient to frighten fathers of families, and particularly when having, as is generally the case, to travel with people unknown, and mostly rude. If we turn from carriages by land to sailing vessels, we shall have at each furrow they trace upon the sea, upon the waters of rivers or canals, to weep over other as great, or greater abominations, committed through the gross brutality of captains and passengers. The disorder of sea-sickness, the prostration of the body, the relaxation of the mental powers, the necessity the poor ladies are under of seeking assistance, gives to the ill-disposed captains, who in some countries are fortunately few, all imaginable advantages for failing in the highest quality of a seaman—nobleness of conduct. Few persons have ever travelled without being able to relate anecdotes, some filthy, others piquant, and not a few indecent. These men, as soon as they see a young woman alone, without any one to protect her, or any one able, when they shall arrive on shore, to knock out their brains, permit themselves to take all manner of improper liberties with their hands; to employ every *double-entendre*, every disrespectful look, every vicious smile proper to rascals. Poor Education! into what vile hands art thou passing? The government ought by severe laws, to surround all travellers, whether by sea or land, with an atmosphere of respect, and require the captains, masters, and commanders of mercantile vessels to acquire for themselves in the social world, a reputation for their good manners, and to repress the freedom of men on board who are travelling as passengers. On a hundred

occasions we have seen the modesty of a lady shocked where she could not possibly cry out or make demonstrations of disgust, for the very reason that she was a lady; and from this very virtue the vicious and discourteous are enabled to get the best of it. Fortunately, the generality are not of this stamp; but, nevertheless, amid so many abuses, it is necessary for the minority to be corrected, that they may not make proselytes. And what might we not say about certain vessels of South American rivers? Oh, here we have not to do with particulars; all go the same road. We only warn fathers, that if they had, in order to reach heaven, to pass by those rivers, they would pray not to die till roads were made, or rather that they might never go, for roads take many centuries to become decent. How delightful it would be, at least for those who travel, if all knew how to respect the dignity inherent in them as men, and to look upon woman with veneration! Oh! a day must come, when civility will replace grossness, virtue receive its adoration, and vice be ashamed to find itself beside it; but until this happy moment, it will be well for the governments to begin taking more care of the decorum of those who travel by road, or are obliged to cross the seas!

The vessel to which Schmidt has confided his two children of adoption, is one of those miserable barges which serve only for wickedness, under pretext of carrying fruit and provisions. The gendarme makes his harvest by smuggling, or otherwise, out of the boatmen; and Henri, on this occasion has wished to do a good action, little guessing at the result. The children have no passport, and it was therefore necessary to find a vessel and crew accustomed to illicit traffic; for the same reason it is no wonder that these men indulge in such conversations as we have heard, to the prejudice of their passengers.

The wickedness of the Isle described by the fluent pen of Eugène Sue, furnishes a scene in which the author imitates nature in colors so true, that we devoutly wish, for the true fame of the celebrated writer, that he had employed just such in

all his works; and as in this isle, so equally in other places, there are to be found men who are rational beings only to the extent necessary to enable them to devise and execute their schemes of wickedness.

It is four o'clock in the afternoon, and till now nothing has occurred that could awaken the least suspicion in the young people, who, having gained confidence, have begun, still always in German, to joke about their riches. For a while Flaneur is observing them, in order to get hold of some gossamer-pretext for beginning the conflict; and as love, though it does not see, yet makes itself seen, in looks, in gestures, in movements, in broken words, there has not escaped so much as a turn of the eyes from the glance of the sagacious malefactor; and, excessively annoyed at not understanding what they say, he catches at that very thing, and in order to commence, calls Flamangel, who, for his part, is busy, weaving his own plots. A manifestation of affection, which a man of more experience would have called imprudent, and which Hector believes only fraternal, gives the heartless rascals an occasion for commencing hostilities; it is thus.

Rosamunda is seated on the bench on the right side of the prow, and at her left, the young man Hector: the wind agitates her blond and curling chevelure, which caresses the lips of the young man, making him remain silent: as though to free himself from the emotions which it causes him, he takes a curl between his fingers, and giving it a few turns, gazes at the work of his hands, that is, the fine and silky ringlets, the contact of which electrizes him and holds him speechless; when suddenly his ears are assailed by these words which proceed from the mouth of Flamangel:

— Look, Flaneur, look, this brother and sister love one another like a newly married couple!

— That's just what I am thinking; the young man's jealousy is just like a sweetheart's, and his actions are something more.

— And she sleeps when he combs her.

— And he gives her such looks, that . . . . .

— Well! there's no harm in that; all men are brothers, and women sisters.

— Ha! ha! ha! Every one has his own way to kill fleas! these are as much brother and sister as my grandmother . . . . .

— Ha! ha! ha! And look at the captain, how serious he is! Hope to be he won't hear us, for he . . . . by — —— . . . . he is very fond and tender with the fair little ones that are sisters, and his passengers, and . . . .

— But he is right, boy, for this is . . . . . whew-w! . . . . . what a gal!

The blood of Hector runs through his veins with such velocity, that he can neither hear nor see. Rosamunda, observing that he trembles from head to foot, seizes his hand and presses it between hers. The young man distinguishes some few words more which fill his face with blazes, and throwing down the soft hands of the girl, he jumps to his feet, approaches the two men, and says with a tone of anger:

— I believe, sirs, that to insult people is contrary to all laws, and ought to be chastised; move away from hence and shut your unclean mouths, for besides complaining of it to the captain, I tell you I have nineteen years on my back and a heart.

— Ha! ha! ha! See what news the boy is telling us! He has got a heart, and I'd like to see the man who has not; and nineteen years . . . .

— And you take it so cool, Flaneur?

— Why, who'd care about a driveller like that?

From behind Hector, who is pale with rage, arises the soft voice of Rosamunda, who says to him, seizing him by the arm:

— Come, Hector, come.

— Poor little blondine!—exclaims Flaneur—how pale she is lest something should happen to her . . . . brother.

— *Bon Dieu!* how young they are to be travelling by such solitary places all alone!

— Have done, sirs, have done, or I will let you see I have got some strength in my arm.

Here is the very thing. The bandits venture to raise their fists, and Hector freeing himself from the hands of Rosamunda, assails one of them, and gives good proof that it is not in vain that he has taken lessons in the gymnasium of the Paraclete, for he makes Flamangel measure his length on the deck, and is preparing to give just such another lesson to Flaneur, when, at the cries of all, and particularly at the demand of Rosamunda, the captain interferes.

In a few minutes quiet is entirely restored, and the rascally captain threatens his comrades to put them ashore unless they conduct themselves according to his orders, and tells Hector he has just served them right, and taken the very best means of teaching the nasty fellows how to treat folks with respect; and still further to screen himself from all responsibility, he adds:

— I told you once before this morning, that this is the first time these men have been in my boat, and I am very sorry now that I have taken them.

It is eleven o'clock at night; the weather is calm, and in the barge not a breath is to be heard. After the scene of the afternoon, an absolute peace had reigned between the boatmen and passengers, so that the young people, after enjoying the cool of the evening, and the delicious spectacle presented by the twinkling canopy which covered their amorous sighs, determined to go to bed. Rosamunda felt afraid, and would not suffer Hector to separate himself from her side; so she put the portmanteau which inclosed her treasure underneath the blanket, which served for a pillow, lay down under the caboose, and made the youth stretch himself at her feet. The moon illuminates this interesting picture without shining upon the beautiful group, except on one side. Muchetampot is singing, and the other two malefactors go and come, making believe to be arranging something. The two young people are not asleep, and they hear Muchetam-

pot put Flamangel at the rudder, and go to bed at a little distance from them. Now there is heard only the murmuring of the waters of the river which pass by kissing the timbers.

The age at which our two young friends have arrived, is one in which disagreeable sensations do not long retain their hold, and in which anger is but momentary; it is like the tropical climate, which, in the midst of its luxury, becomes furious, and in a few minutes again presents its smiling face to the earth which it has agitated with its tempestuous rage. Rosamunda sleeps, feeling the warmth of Hector's hand upon her feet. He, at the delicious impression received from the smooth feet of his enchanting little companion held fast in his hands, plunges into dreams which make him, without knowing it, kiss the hem of her dress, which magnetizes him by its delicious contact. Oh, upon what a beautiful group is the midnight moon shedding its rays! Rosamunda is enveloped from her waist downwards in a colored blanket, her delicious head is raised by the portmanteau, with her face upwards, her long natural ringlets are scattered on this side and on that, adorning her beautiful bosom as with an ample collar; her right arm is raised over her head, the left reposes on her breast, which rises and falls with majestic tranquillity, Hector is beside her with both hands clinging to her feet, and his countenance hidden among the folds of the beauty's dress: they are a subject worthy of the pencil of Velasquez, especially when the moon pours out her silver light upon the group, and heightens its beauty by the fantastic effects of her rays.

They are a little below Montereau, in an eminently dangerous whirlpool, formed, in a bend of the river, by the strong current of the waters of the Seine. The solitude of the spot, the profound sleep of the two young people, and the opportunity furnished them by the whirlpool, determine the bandits to put into execution their infernal idea. Flaneur and Flamangel, on all fours, and without shoes, approach the place where they are sleeping, which is close to the bulwarks of the prow, under the

caboose. One sets himself at the head and the other at the feet of Hector; they regard him with attention, lean down, stretch out their arms, take hold of him; he struggles between the two; now cries are heard, now they are making an effort, as though to throw him overboard; they have him still struggling on the very edge of the boat, which is wandering as it is impelled by the current. Hector makes superhuman exertions; Rosamunda screams; Muchetampot calls for help; the brigands conquer: Hector has gone head first into the water. They rush upon Rosamunda, the barge approaches the bank, the two seize her between them, they tear her dress, she is barefooted, they seem trying to throw her overboard, she makes one effort, gives a spring, and falls into the river, calling Hector with all her might. . . . .

At the same time that these things are passing on the Seine, between Montereau and Melun, Schmidt has been for four-and-twenty hours preparing to leave his ruins. At about one o'clock in the morning, some of the inhabitants of the neighborhood are looking towards the Paraclete. They see flames and smoke; it is so dense and red that the laborers vow with oaths, that hell itself has been opened there, and that the devils are broiling the wizard, the conjuror, the old man of the ruins, upon a gridiron. They cross themselves so fast, that any one seeing them from a distance would say they were driving away from their faces thousands of insects. They dare not give information to the police of what they see, because, perchance the wizard being done too hot on Satan's gril, might let fly through the air some drops of burning oil, and so reduce their houses to lava, and their fields to ashes. What is in reality passing is the following:

Schmidt, before his decampment, wishes to destroy every thing that exists in the vaults of the Paraclete; and having sent José with some money safely to Paris, forms a great pyre of the skeletons, craniums, gallows, seats, beds, instruments, and

all that he possesses, and impregnating the whole with a powerful combustible liquid, now sees that burning to ashes which he had made yield him so much knowledge, but which men would judge proofs of guilt sufficient to condemn him, thus compelling him to reveal to them that which he does not choose them to know. Of all these objects he reserves only the skulls of his wife and daughter, which, hidden amongst his modest baggage, were to accompany him for the rest of his life.

CHAPTER XI.

Unhappy that I am, exclaimed Paul, who shall deliver me from the body of this death? And if the apostle thus complained of his body of death, of his body of passions, of appetites, of misery, the spirit wishing to do well, and the body not permitting it; of this law of the members warring against the law of the soul, how much more reason have not men, who are very far from being Pauls, to complain of their body of death? Oh! if wishing to do well we see a law which fights against the law of the mind, what must be the condition of the miserable men who have never bowed before any law but that of their appetites? Oh! world of mire! Why do not men reflect, and instead of amassing gold, which they shall soon leave for others to count up, seek treasure for themselves and others in education, which is the gold of fine chrysol, and which can purify us from the dross of the flesh? Oh! how many will laugh at us, poor beginners in the thorny career of the writer, because we give utterance to ideas like these? No matter: our consolation is, that they are the genuine offspring of the Gospel doctrine, and the gates of hell shall never prevail against the ægis to which we cling. Laugh on! you—you who laugh at us will be brought to confess that which thousands of thousands, in spite of you, already confess, and will yet manifest; and then we, who believe in the Testament of Christ, will rejoice, not at seeing you confounded, but at seeing you turned to him, and confessing that education based on faith in the God-Man, does set free from the unbridled lusts of the body of this death.

We see among us occasionally, some of those elevated minds who have not only to contend with the flesh, which gives them trouble enough, but also with the world; and while they, with much difficulty, come off victorious over the former, the latter submerges them in its quagmires of impurity. Their own weakness, their miseries, their griefs, their sufferings, certainly were not sufficient to overcome those men; it was necessary in order to make them die every moment, that they should have others of their kind, who, from want of religion and education, from parcity of wisdom, or rather let us say from stupidity, exercise the odious office of executioners of humanity. Let us see if it is not so. Observe the rich or the poor, the great or the little, the wise or the ignorant, the soldier or the citizen, the priest or the believer, the man of letters or the artist, the artisan or the journalist, the citizen or the rustic, the wife or the husband, the public man or the obscure, the young man or the aged, fighting with outstretched arms against THE BODY OF THIS DEATH: he is born weeping, whatever may be his cradle, whether of filagree or of osiers; he weeps for seven years, because he can neither understand, nor make himself understood; when a child he is in desperation, because all domineer over him, while he feels an inner force, which, though he knows not what it is, tells him that his soul is equal to those of others; he sees himself humiliated by hundreds of infirmities which afflict him: what is pleasing to the palate injures him, cold makes him sick, heat martyrizes him, the wind fills him with pain, quietude of the body enervates him, excessive movement fatigues him, little sleep weakens him, much sleep imbrutes him; when he sees that what the soul tells him the body fights against, he is in despair, and that what the latter desires the former reproves, he is exasperated; the age of mere impressions passes, and these are followed by infinite torments: attending school, the appetite for overcoming his equals in trifles, the stings of concupiscence which wake him from the sweet dream of innocence, and a thousand other things, which

the lad suffers before he is fifteen, and which all undergo, are torments which his body inflicts upon him in all social conditions. He has arrived at puberty. It is here that the flesh and the world unite to levy homage to Mammon, Money, the Devil; and between the three they drive him mad. The poor suffers, thinking how he will gain his miserable subsistence, and for that he has to bow the neck to every body. The rich suffers, because the conservation of riches costs many anxieties, many toils, many pains. The public man has to fight with as many Hercules as the individuals or passions which compose the nation. The noble wishes to be more than the plebeian, the plebeian to be equal with the noble. The sage is indignant to see men so imbruted; the ignorant laughs at the sage, suffering because he cannot be equal to him; the rulers suffer, and the ruled are in fury; the grossness of the coarse irritates those who are refined; tyranny exasperates the mild; selfishness makes every one of us suffer when we see others better off than ourselves. We covet the wife, the knowledge, the virtue, the wealth, the prosperity, the health, the goods of others. Carried away by this whirlwind of disorderly passions, we introduce contentions at the fireside, into the cities, into kingdoms, into nations; we light the brand of discord between Spaniards and French, between the English and North Americans, between citizen and citizen, between brother and brother, between parents and children; we awaken mistrust between husband and wife; we turn every thing to account for the gratification of our appetites. Oh! who will deliver us from the body of this death. If a few retire from the world we go after them, to hurl them back into the hurricane in which we are whirling, to goad them into desperation; and we employ at one time religion, at another politics, now the rights of man, now social inequality, the pride of the nobles, the abject condition of the proletarian classes, the misery of the people, the want of instruction, the mode of government, our own qualities, to rob our fellow-creatures of their equanimity. Here is a little child

who cried for a toy, playing by himself, glad, enjoying his acquisition. Leave him alone. Look at his eyes, sparkling with pleasure; observe the agitation of his little breast, the restlessness of his whole frame; he is full of joy; do not embitter this waking dream in which he is revelling. Oh! impiety of the misery of this body of death, aggravated by the want of good examples! Another little one comes up, touches the toy, takes it in his hands, breaks it, or calls it a thousand ugly names, or wants it for himself, and the first little one suffers, grows angry, cries, is in a passion, longs to make an end of him who has woke him out of the calm of his little enjoyments and filled him with rage.

The son of the artisan betakes himself to study, accomplishes feats of intelligence, sleeps with the book under his pillow, dreams about it, wakes up with it; as he partakes of his poor meal it is beside him; he takes a mouthful and ponders over what he is reading; he goes his way content in the fulfilment of his duty. Oh! professors and classmates, leave him alone in your midst; do not discourage him. But oh! cruelty! however well he may do, the professor hears him like the sound of another's funeral bell, while he praises the stammering of the son of the noble or the rich; and the son of the son of the people, seeing how he is treated beside other men, loses courage, tears leap into his eyes, he is disheartened, and goes home exclaiming amid bitter sobs, "Because I am poor, therefore it is they give me no prize; I have studied with all my heart, I know more than the son of Lord Mammon, but he is rich. Father, it is of no use for me to study; it seems to me that I shall never gain any thing by it. I hate the rich, I hate the rich; I hate the professor; they are all unjust." And that young man is a viper, who waits but his turn to bite with concentrated rage and fermented poison.

Here is an artisan in his workshop, anxious to give a last touch to the produce of his skill, anxious to have his task completed, that he may buy bread for his children; he needs the

night for rest. Leave him alone! No. The ambitious demagogue finds him out, touches him in the quick, represents to him the insufficiency of his pay, the toilsomeness of his work, the ease of the rich, the tyranny exercised over the poor, the sorrow the latter devours in obscurity while the other enjoys every thing and supplies his vices with whatever caprice may dictate, and the artisan who was quiet, counting on the caresses of his children, looks at them, considers that they will one day suffer as he does, and he becomes indignant, kindles up, makes gestures as though seizing arms to take vengeance for the inequalities of human condition, born of an eternal law which cannot cease to be, but of which the demagogue does not speak—he takes good care of that, because then adieu to his ambitions—and the workman is changed from a peaceful industrious man to a rioter, a perturber of the public peace; and while the demagogue himself suffers the penalty of his own doctrines, the poor artisan falls a victim to his credulity. Oh! why did you not leave him alone in peace, or if you must needs visit him, why did you not counsel him industry, constancy, respective education, holy religion?

Here are the tailor, the shoemaker, the carpenter, the mason, the laborer, and all the operative, manufacturing, industrious classes of society, devouring their misery, their wants, weeping over their misfortunes. Then comes along a rich or an influential man, pretending to hold out a hand to them to help them arise from their debasement, and at the same time striking bitter woe into the heart of the pretty wife, the charming daughter or the beautiful relative. Leave them alone! No, pompously responds the magnate, for these classes remain passive, and it is their duty to fulfil their mission.

Here is the young writer, seated at his poor table, burning his eyelids, straining every nerve to give bread to his children. Leave him alone! No! the envy of some immures him, others draw him out from obscurity to public light for their own ends, and revolution overwhelms him; or when they have launched

him into the arena, he finds no one come to his aid. Oh! have compassion! Why do you not encourage him? why not protect him . . . . why not leave him alone?

Here is a rich man with power and position, wishing perhaps to act aright, and he falls in with a scoundrel who deceives him, cheats him; and the rich man who might have made hundreds happy, is indignant at being thus practised upon, and fearing all the needy, like the man who has cheated him, refuses any longer to do good. Oh! why did you not leave him alone, that he might pour out part of his wealth upon the necessitous? Oh! the theory of Rousseau as to the natural state of man, oftentimes appears really and certainly true, on account of the inattention of men to religion, to education, to wisdom. And what might not be said of the anxiety of the human heart for money, for honors, for fame, for beauty?

Ask woman, study her, consider her, and she will furnish you with luminous examples of these truths. The married woman, the maiden, the widow, the young, the old, if she is alone is good; she suffers, because such is the lot of the human race; but if she is surrounded by others she is lost. She sees friends with elegant attire, which comes very often no one knows whence or how; loose conversation, visits of gentlemen, the stories of her circle, the anecdote of a relative, the slander of an acquaintance, are so many powerful enemies who drive her into evil. Oh! why do you not leave her alone? Has she not pains enough with her body of this death? Of whatever states, of whatever classes, of whatever conditions we discourse, we shall see that the world is more fearful even than the flesh.

It seems as though the human race had forgotten the law of God and turned idolater. Where is fraternity? What has become of the love of our neighbor? Whither has gone the precept, "that which you would not for yourselves, do not to others?" Whither has wandered the knowledge of religion? Its ministers, who should be ministers of peace, make war upon the tranquillity of the conscience. Who will give us a voice of thunder

to stun the world crying Religion, Wisdom, Education? Poor head of ours! whither hast thou gone? We fancy we hear many who, regarding us with contempt, and shrugging their shoulders, say to us: "All you have said is old, we know it by heart." What say you, *old?* Then why do you not practise it, and leave him in peace who has enough to do to struggle with his body? What say you, *old*? We reply only with the mild, sensible, generous, and eternally-to-be-celebrated Lamartine, that the ripe fruit is better than the young, since it has a honey which in the other is but sour juice. The old is the symbol of duration, of constancy, and the Gospel is not old, for with its author time has no existence. Oh! holy, true religion, oh! prudent wisdom, oh! gentle education! descend upon the earth and embrace under your shadow the circumference of the world, that all men may recognize you and follow in your track. But what! will men perchance listen to a poor mortal, when they do not, unless it be a very few, listen to God? It seems, if we may be pardoned the comparison, that they would fain imitate the dogs, who every where and always bark at each other whenever they meet, and if one happens to be lying down quietly, twenty rush at him to molest him, to pick a quarrel with him, to bite him, to goad him into battle, that they may tear each other to pieces.

If each one will lay his hand upon his heart, and turn his eyes within, no one can possibly doubt that this is true; viz.: that if his kind-heartedness is converted into anger, he owes it to intercourse with men; that if his good faith degenerates into mistrust, he owes it to intercourse with men; that if his rectitude takes a tortuous road, he owes it to intercourse with men; that if his innocence changes into iniquity, he owes it to intercourse with men; that if he is tortured by envy, he owes it to intercourse with men; that if very often he looks upon religion as a torment to his soul, it is men who have thus transformed the mild, gentle, inestimable code of Jesus Christ, our bounteous Legislator, who himself experienced that the flesh is weak;

that if he becomes indignant against certain classes of society, he owes it to intercourse with them, to false demagogic eloquence, or to the prejudices of men his companions; and in fine, from the companies we visit we derive the evil or the good our souls desire. Proverbs are certain maxims passed through the alembic of experience, which stripped of flowers, of leaves, of the terrestrial parts, remain the spirit of the truth only, and if we consult them, we shall see that "it is better to be alone than ill-accompanied;" that "you may know a man by the company he keeps;" that "good fruit will be spoiled if you mix it with the rotten;" and there are innumerable others which corroborate the foregoing proposition; that is, that the world does more injury to man than his body of death. And what is the reason of this? We turn in the circle: the want of religion, which commands us to love our neighbor as ourselves; the want of wisdom, which teaches the causes and effects of our actions, and of all the phenomena produced by the senses, furnishing remedies for what is evil and incitements to continuance in what is good; the want of respective education, which would make men mild in society, and teach them to feel that all their intercourse with their fellow-creatures ought to have for its sole object, to add to their own and to other's enjoyment. Oh! if men were penetrated with these truths, how would it be possible that they should harass their brethren?

Poor Schmidt, from the age of thirty-five years, had renounced intimate intercourse with men, because he found them always so prone to do ill to their fellows. He had renounced honors, riches, worldly fame; he had married, believing no one would perturb the harmony of the little world he was going to form for himself; he had given himself up to science, that he might in this manner do good to his kind, since it was not within his power to do it in any other; he had travelled in order to gather up knowledge, which could not but in some measure add to the happiness of men, and one of these in his absence did not leave him alone, but sought by his ini-

quitous proceedings to convert the gentle Schmidt into a sanguinary criminal. The sage has experienced the war of his body of death; he has succumbed many times in the conflict; he has wept over his wanderings, he has almost purged out his faults; but at this hour, seated near the ashes which during the night he has been making there, pass through his mind the words: "He who taketh the sword shall perish by the sword," and like a fiery serpent they burn his brains, rending from him a cry of horror. We know Schmidt has been victim of the world, of its bad organization, of the immorality of men. But why has he just uttered a cry so sad, and repeated between his teeth, "He who taketh the sword shall perish by the sword?" Let us listen to him; his countenance is sad, his voice is weak, his gesture mournful in the last degree, he looks up to heaven, and a tear trickles from his eye:

—You are right—says he, as though talking with some one—you are right. In youth the flesh made me mad; men are right to conspire against me. Oh! how miserable is the son of Adam! Even science becomes in his hands subservient to evil; even holy religion is converted into the instrument of his ideas; even education serves to ensnare him. . . . .

Some whistles are heard; the sage drops his head on one side, closes his eyes, stands up and says:

—Ah! it is Henri; this night I shall leave the Paraclete.

At the entrance of the vaults he is met by the agent of police, who with changed countenance says to him:

—Doctor, Doctor, they are lost!

—Who, Henri?

—The two young people have been thrown into the river; the captain has been met bound by those who were coming up early this morning by the steamboat, and the murderers were the worthy boatman's two companions.

—Henri! Henri! do you really know this that you are saying? Is it certain? Is it positive?

— So positive that the barge has been towed up, and is now at the pier of Nogent. The crime was committed at midnight, between Montereau and Melun.

— Oh God! oh God! even to the loss of my children of adoption! Thy will be done on earth, even as it is done in heaven!

— And more, Doctor, the fire in the night has given rise to calumny, curiosity, and great suspicion against you, and I doubt not that before noon, the authorities will present themselves at these ruins.

— That is unimportant; as far as concerns myself, I fear nothing; but my children, Henri, my children! And their bodies, and their bodies?

— Nothing is said to give any hope that they have been found.

— Oh God! this only was wanting to the poor Schmidt! Henri, this night you will come here, and will find close to the entrance of the monastery a box for you.

— And where are you going, Doctor?

— I don't know whether I go or remain; but in any case you will find it. The bodies of my children! . . . . The bodies of my children! . . . . .

CHAPTER XII.

Who that knew him would have said that the sage Schmidt would one day be wandering around the ruins where he had thought to be at last happy, and that he would fall a victim to moral death? But such is the great drama of the world; its protagonist personages change, but the antagonist are always the same: World, Devil and Flesh; or, Irreligion, Ignorance, Want of education, Idleness, and Inconstancy. This drama, represented during these sixty centuries, proves that the modern school which generally makes vice triumphant and virtue suffer, has not done so ill, considering what happens in fact. Since the tragedy of Abel, vice remains living and virtue dead; and if perchance men celebrate the latter, sing hymns to it, praise it, it is after having said over it the prayers for the departed. At the hour of death there will not be wanting to Schmidt some panegyrist, as among the Egyptians in the time of their Pharaohs; but while he lives they manage to do him all the evil possible, perhaps with the intention of judging his ashes impartially, and celebrating his death as liberation from a monster, who could with a breath poison the earth.

It is night, and in a little boat there is a man crossing the river, who, with two little linen bags at his feet, looks towards the ruins of the Paraclete, and sighs. He sets foot on shore, puts the bags on his shoulders, and having remunerated the boatman, begins to walk. Before him runs a dog, who stops from time to time, as though he asked his master which path to take; but the man is so absorbed that he pays no attention to the

mute prayers of the animal, nor knows whither his steps are leading him. In the midst of his dejection it might be inferred that these ways were as familiar to him as his own house, supposing him to have one. He neither speaks nor groans nor sighs; he walks and walks without even feeling the weight of his burdens, or taking note of the distance between him and the ruined monastery. Sometimes, impelled by instinct, he puts the bags on the ground, sits upon them, and passes his hand over his broad forehead as though a violent heat afflicted him, or some desperate thought tormented him. The road he takes leads in a direction contrary to that of Paris; it is day, and he still walks; there is reigning in his system that force which is lent by desperation, a force which knows no limits but those imposed by the enervation of the body, which often falls prostrate on the ground exhausted of material strength, and which does not correspond to the abnormal state of the spirit. In the places through which he passes he is taken for a beggar: such is his aspect.

He has walked for two days and nights; it is summer, and he feels neither the heat of the sun nor the keen air of the night. On the third morning, during the hours of scorching heat, he falls into a ditch beside the high road; the faithful sheep-dog puts his nose near the nostrils of the swooned man, pricks up his ears, wags his tail, sits up on his hind legs looking round on all sides, his countenance puts on a sorrowful expression; again he sniffs around his master, sits up again and begins to utter cries as sad as though he were a rational being who had just lost a son. The hour is unseasonable for people passing that way; it is nearly noon and the month of August, and the dog continues howling in a lugubrious manner, which frightens the people round about, because they superstitiously believe it is a sign of some sinister occurrence. The dog approaches anew, puts his nose to the mouth of the man, raises his head as if seeking something, sets off running, finds a brook, slakes his thirst, returns dripping wet, shakes his woolly ears sprinkling the half-dead man, smells him anew, some drops of

water fall upon his countenance from the lower jaw of the animal, who sits up again howling forth his despairing complaint. Down the road are heard the bells of one of those immense harvest wagons which are used by the French in general, and particularly in Champagne and Franche Comté; the sheep-dog turns one ear back, puts his head on one side and redoubles his howls. Shortly after the wagon appears to the left full of corn-sheaves; the dog continues his ill-omened cries, and the wagoner runs up, curious to see the cause of the poor animal's distress. On arriving at the ditch he sees Schmidt, who has been suddenly attacked by a fit of epilepsy arising from extreme weakness, fatigue, and heat, these being united with a violent mental suffering, and which have perhaps deprived him of existence. The extraordinary noise which he makes, gnashing his teeth, the convulsive movements and fearful contortions into which he is thrown, the separation of the joints of the fingers, and particularly of the thumb, which sticks fast to the palm of the hand, the froth which exudes from his mouth, the turn in his eyes which are fixed on one side, certain fearful starts and the incurvation of the extremities of his body, frighten the countryman, who is, like all the ignorant, superstitious, and believes that he has to do with a wizard, or an enchanter, or a man possessed. The presence of the dog, which runs violently round the wagoner and Schmidt, confirms the former in his idea, and now he is filled with terror at seeing the distortions of Schmidt's countenance and the fright of the horses who begin to run. But what wonder that the rustic believes such follies, since the Gentile nations believed this infirmity, from its symptoms, to be the effect of the anger of the gods, and Christians, till within a very few years, characterized it as the violence of evil spirits? Oh ignorance! when wilt thou quit this world? Sure enough the villager attends to his horses rather than to his brother, and making the sign of the cross, sets off running to catch the former, and leaves Schmidt, like the poor man of the Gospel, whom the Samaritan found in the middle of the road. Oh, what a religion

is that of the ignorant and superstitious! Not in vain did Christ set before us the example before mentioned, to show us of what superstition is capable. Now, indeed, the dog begins again to howl, seeing that his master is abandoned. Does not the animal on this occasion better deserve the character of compassionate than the man?

For some time Schmidt and his dog remain thus, till it pleases Heaven to send this way a woman, young and lusty, who is carrying on her arm a basket of mulberries. When she sees what is passing she lays down the basket, fetches some water, sprinkles the face of the epileptic, goes to get assistance, and returns with two men just as the sick man is recovering the use of his senses.

Woman is a hundred times more humane than man: travel, suffer, be in pain, be unhappy, and you will find woman an angel of consolation. Oh! why do not men respect this which is, even by instinct, the more virtuous half of the human race?

Schmidt knows what is the matter with him from the effects he experiences, and begs they will remove him to a place where he can bleed himself. Another wagon which is coming along the road, supplies them with the means of doing this.

Thirty-four leagues has the sage walked in two days and some hours, and he is now near Ferté, a little village not far from Chaumont, whose vicinity is solitary enough, in the midst of the fertility of Champagne. In a poor house in the environs of the village is his lodging. Two days afterwards he sets out for Chaumont.

Schmidt enters this small but very beautiful city, and at the expiration of some day or two receives, late in the evening, the following note:

Doctor,

Notwithstanding the time that has transpired, it seems to me that you must be the very individual who some years ago cured a relation of mine in Paris; and my eldest daughter having been given up by the physicians, I have recourse to you, whose science has done such wonders. If you will

listen to the voice of a despairing father, have the goodness to come with the bearer to this house, where you may wipe away the tears of a whole family,

Your obed't servant, JEAN TARD.

The bearer of this note is a boy. The doctor asks him some few questions, to which he replies by saying only:

— I am a servant of the house.

— And is the sick lady far from here?

— An hour's distance in the country.

— Then it will be necessary to take a carriage.

— I have come in one.

— Then come, my son; I am not following my profession here, for I am only on a journey; but it is my duty to do good when the opportunity is offered me.

They descend the staircase of the poor inn where Schmidt is lodged, and enter the carriage. It must be about ten o'clock at night. To travel at that hour by the communal, or cross-roads, in the province of Champagne, is not to be accomplished without very considerable inconvenience, considering the neglect in which these roads are left in all France, and particularly in the district where that which we are narrating took place. It is not unknown to us how much France has advanced since the year '30, in means of communication. We know that at that period, she numbered twenty-eight royal, and ninety-seven or more departmental roads, of which number, particularly in the west, there are many strategic roads of the first class. We are not ignorant that she had ten railroads, though of no great length; but we also know that the French surface is watered by more than five thousand rivers, of which from one hundred and ten to one hundred and twelve are navigable, many lakes, although small, and seventy to eighty canals, of more than two thousand miles in extent. It appears also that it was not without reason that the Romans gave the province, which Schmidt is at this moment traversing, the name of *Campus*,* or Cham-

* Almost synonymous with the term *prairie*, as used in this country.

pagne, and its extensive plains, crossed and watered by the Seine, the Marne, the Aube, the Aisne, and the Meuse, are at some periods overflowed, and lakes, pools, and dangerous deposits are thus formed. The irrigating canals, which are numerous here, present another no less inconvenience for travelling by night. This understood, we will return to the moment when Schmidt entered the carriage. And yet once again we allow ourselves to be carried away by the imagination, which suggests to us how France, for the last two centuries, has been the nation the most worthy of being studied. This France is the centre of modern civilization, and the focus of barbarity. Look at her last Revolution of 1793, and her establishments, her academies, her assemblies of the learned, of politicians, of artists, of *littérateurs*, of men profoundly versed in every branch of science, in every art, of every imaginable attainment. This France, in her tribunals, presents fearful causes and criminals; and among her victims, heroes and heroines. This France overflows with magnanimous sentiments, with sublime enthusiasm, with veritable philanthropy, with longing for glory, with consciousness of the Dignity of Man, with real religion, with thirst for pleasures, with ambition for knowledge, with proverbial hospitality, with exquisite delicacy, with refined manners, with unequalled taste, with a thousand virtues that cannot be appreciated without living in its bosom; but this same France wallows in nauseating scenes, in miseries, in diabolic fury, in Neronic cruelties, in abjectness, in the lees of sensuality, in Satanic impiety, in inconceivable lubricity, in covetousness, in avarice, in gross ignorance, in a population of filthiest reptiles, like that which is seen in the quarters of *la cité* in Paris, in those of the Terrace behind the theatre at Marseilles, in those of the River-banks at Bordeaux and other cities, enthusiasm, inheritance of the French mind, becomes fury: and this sanguinary people, which has seen more than sixteen hundred persons decapitated in one day, which has watered its streets with blood, which has hanged great men and heroes on the lamp

posts, which has given to the flames sumptuous edifices and entire populations, which has cut the throats of thousands of Protestants, which has set up a common prostitute in a temple to be worshipped, which has decapitated the benevolent Louis XVI., which has inflicted every kind of martyrdom on a Marie Antoinette—a woman one of the most celebrated for her gifts ever produced by Germany, which purged these faults by the death of Robespierre, of Danton, and St. Just, which has given life to a Marat, and conceded it also to a Charlotte Corday; this France, which rises in moments of rage and fury, like a swollen ocean, to destroy the world, while in the very act of submerging the plain under her tremendous wave, do but call to her recollection her name, her exploits, her national glory, her goodness, and the word of him who thus appeals to her, has the magical effect of the Divine hand when it is stretched over the raging element, and makes it in ripples of crimpled lace, kiss the sandy beach . . . . . Oh! this France is the very image of a man gifted with the most exquisite sensibility, with a most kind heart, with most susceptible fibre, with most rare soul, with most gigantic imagination, with most refined enthusiasm, and who is capable of all good and of all evil. Oh! this France is a Titanic plant, which in the hours of intensest heat yields a grateful shade, and stupefies one who ventures to enjoy the cool air of evening under its magnificent branches. Oh! this France is a delicious woman, that intoxicates with love, and upsets the reason of the lover, making him commit every kind of crime, to satisfy the caprices of the beautiful coquette. Oh! this France is a garden where are to be seen twenty-four thousand plants, as in the tropical zone, thousands of which are beneficent, and hundreds death-giving to one who does not know how to use them at exactly the right moment. Oh France! incomparable from the remotest antiquity! Not in vain dost thou take to thyself the name of free, or *franca*, for in thy bosom grows the consecrated Tree of Liberty; but before yielding richest fruits, it is bristling with thorns, which draw much blood to water its wide-spreading feet

and make its roots penetrate into the bowels of the earth, whence will spring up all over the surface of the world. suckers and mighty stems. Oh France! country of heaven and of hell, inconceivable mixture of good and of evil, paradise before the fall of man, and land of malediction afterwards, why dost thou not cut down the Tree of Death, uproot it, cut it up, burn it, and foster, cultivate, prune, and adorn the tree of life with religion, wisdom, education, industry, and constancy, that its fruits may yield felicity to every French throat, and delight to the stranger, like the fruit of a neighbor's garden? If such atrocities are committed on thy delicious soil, it is because thou dost not equally partition the waters of these five streams, and dost permit them to water, even to overflowing, certain seeds, certain vegetables, and leave others to remain sterile. Listen not to mercenaries, listen to thy veritable sons, to the noble republican Lamartine, who with his writings will assuredly second thy noble instincts, and with the delectable flow of his smooth and consolatory words, will make thy noble tendencies fruitful. Read, all men, his "*Tailleur de St. Point*," and you will feel your heart rise up with unequalled sensibility, even to Divinity. Why, since thou art so lovely, commit such horrors? Why does thy hatred invent such deeds of vengeance? Why dost thou suffer thyself to be dragged along by unworthy passions? Will it be perchance because thou wouldst present a picture in which lights and shadows meet to exhibit the better the perfection of thy forms? If it be so, remember, beautiful land, that moral pictures admit light, but not shadows; soft pencillings, like those of Raphael, Murillo, Rivera, and the ideal Italian school, but not dense masses of color, like the Flemish school, or the pictures of Cano.

Art thou wandering again, imagination? Wilt thou not remain with Schmidt? Oh! now I remain beside him to see of what the heart of man is capable when it has been exasperated.

The carriage has set out, it has been moving along for ten minutes through the environs of Chaumont, Schmidt taking no

notice of its progress, so absorbed is he in his thoughts, which are wandering far away. The sage is thinking:

— What chance is this? How can I have been recognized after ten years? Who can be the person whom I aided in Paris? But how can I guess at any one among the thousands I have known? Oh! if I can console a father by my fallacious science—fallacious I call it, for what else is medicine?—but if I can dry his tears, God will wipe away mine, which I also pour out for children of my mind and heart. Hector is an excellent swimmer, she, my beloved Rosamunda, is not behind him in any thing; who will assure me that they have not saved themselves? The fact that no body has been found, proves it to me; but in these last few days my head has been so overturned, . . . even now it is not serene. Will they not have been able to escape the terrible death of suffocation in the water? oh yes: God will have protected them in that moment, and interlacing their arms they will have been inspired by the bravery which the desperation of that agony united to the first devouring impulse would inevitably awaken. I imagine I see them falling into the turbid current, the splash of the body of one is a summons to the other, drawn by the electric fluid of their love they have met in the transparent obscurity of the water; they have embraced, they have stretched out their arms, like divers they have walked along the bed of the river until they were beyond the reach of their enemies. Yes, yes, they are saved. I feel it here, here in the soul. I will read, as is my custom, all the periodicals, and will find their names living as their memory lives in my soul.

The carriage goes along without making any noise, which silence recalls to consciousness him who is thus discoursing to himself. He puts his head out of the window and sees that the coach is going across the fields over a boggy ground. It is a moonlight night, so that objects are represented to the sight in a peculiar manner: it seems as though at each step they are going to bury themselves in a lake, or that they are passing

along the bank of a river, which has been overflowed during the day, and but recently confined again within its narrow bed, making the wheels sink into the miry earth, which the river in retiring has left behind in the adjacent fields. Every tree resembles a misshapen man, every plant which waves in the breeze seems like a woman fleeing through the forest from the companionship of men, every whisper is a moan, every murmur of the waters an *oh!* . . . of pain. The noise of the town has given place to the silence of the fields, interrupted only by the voices of nature, which are instantly wrapped again in immobility more monotonous. Schmidt moves to the other seat, puts his head out of the little front window, and says to the boy who is driving the carriage :

— My good lad, we have been travelling an hour, when shall we arrive at the house ?

— In a few minutes, M. le Docteur.

And he cracks his whip and sets off at such a pace, that he who is within replies :

— Don't go so very fast, for the road does not seem good.

— What ?

— The road does not seem good.

— I can't hear. *Get on!* . . . . *get on!* . . . .

And he jerks the reins.

— Take care, boy, take care ; don't you hear ?

The voice of Schmidt is carried away by the wind, and the boy repeats :

— I can't hear, sir. *Get on! Arré! Chasseur! arré! Tirailleur! arré! Hoo-o-o who-oy!*

The coachman makes the horses fly, and at last arrives at a cross road which is steep. Now Schmidt raises his voice, seeing that he has checked his pace, and again repeats :

— Boy, why do you drive so furiously ?

—Beg your pardon, Doctor, for not answering you before ; but I wanted to get home quickly, because I heard you ask me how soon we should arrive.

— Certainly ; and when shall we do so ?

— Do you see that light in front, to the left ?

— Where ?

— Here by the left window.

— I see it

— Then that's it ; we shall be there in five minutes.

The descent begins to be more gentle, and the coachman hurries on again. If before he had run full gallop, now he flies ; so that in a few instants they are on the very verge of a canal of rapid current and great body of water, which is crossed by a plank of some six or seven yards long The boy leaps to the ground, opens the door, and says to the doctor :

— Now, sir, you have to go along here, and the house in front is the sick lady's. If you wish I'll lead the way. Can you see pretty well ?

— No, my good man, I do not see well enough to venture to go across, for I am old and suffer from an infirmity which might attack me in passing so dangerous a bridge.

— Then you had better wait a bit, for they have heard us, I dare say, and won't be long coming with a light.

In fact, he has no sooner spoken this than a man appears carrying a lantern in his hand, who advances towards the bridge to receive the doctor.

— Do you see ? They are coming already. Now I will stop here to arrange the harness of Chasseur, which is out of order.

At this moment steps are heard besides those of the man carrying the lantern, on this side of the canal, and a voice, saying :

— Good evening, gentlemen, are you waiting for Master Peter ?

— Good evening, François, you come just in time to help me set to rights the horses' traces. The gentleman is the doctor who has come to see the young lady.

The new-comer begins to make extravagant salutes after the manner of the French peasants, and rejoins :

— How is she to-night? I heard the sound of the coach while I was down home, and says to my wife, it must be the doctor.

— Master Peter and all the family, think she will die

. . . . . .

At this moment the man with the lantern arrives at the plank which serves for a bridge.

— Julien, have you found the good doctor?

— Good evening, sir, I am here.

— God will reward you. I trust your visit will take away pains that I have for a long time suffered. Julien, pass on first and give your hand to M. le Docteur.

— Thanks,—says the physician, seeing that the little cloud of light emitted by the lantern is coming close up to him—thanks; I see now sufficiently well to pass over alone.

And he begins to walk across the plank which, when he is in the middle, bends a little, but it is broad and strong enough not to inspire him with distrust. While he is crossing, François and Julien go over to the other side of the road, doubtless to arrange the harness, as the latter has said. Schmidt arrives without obstacle to the other side, though while in the centre he felt a giddiness or fainting, which, in the infirmity from which he has begun to suffer, might have been attended with fatal results.

It will be well before they approach the house, which stands at a little distance, to listen to the grandfather explaining the sickness of his granddaughter and give some description of him, although the light of the lantern is cast only on the ground, and its broad round top hinders our seeing the countenance of him who has it in his hand; but from the little that can be seen, any one would be well assured that his extraction had not been that of a laborer, considering either his appearance, his manners, or his language. He is old, as though of some sixty-six years, clothed in the garb of the farmers of Champagne. On joining Schmidt, and the latter directing to him the

questions usual with physicians in dangerous cases before seeing the sufferer, he explains to him in polished and intelligent language the infirmity which afflicts his granddaughter. They arrive at the door of the farm-house, when Schmidt, after hearing the narration of the old man, stops on the threshold, inclines his head, collects all his intellectual forces, and asks his introducer:

— How old is the young wŏman?

— Twenty-three years and some months.

— Do you know whether your granddaughter's affections are fixed upon any one?

— I am sure not, for the poor little thing has suffered since she was a year old, when through a wicked physician she lost her mother.

— And did she feel this so profoundly as to have retained the impression so long a time? It is uncommon.

— I will tell you. Her mother did not die, she disappeared from her husband's side to hide her shame: she was my daughter, but I cannot do less than speak thus. To crown the misfortune, poor Regina, which is the name of my granddaughter, discovered some three months since by chance, that her mother is still living in the environs of Paris, in a deplorable state, and as my son-in-law, who is an honest soldier, wishes not even to hear the name of his wife, Regina, seeing herself separated from her mother, has fallen into so profound a melancholy, that at this critical period of life, it has overturned her constitution.

During this short explanation, the countenance of the sage, which took an air of gloom mingled with dread, was made visible by the rays of light which were transiently cast upon it by the lantern, which revolved in the hand of him who held it. After a space of intense emotion, he pronounces the name of Regina, and adds:

— Will you have the goodness to tell me the name of her mother and father, for I have, as it were, a recollection of something that is like this sad narration?

The old man trembles, the lantern shows that, but nothing more can be conjectured, and he replies:

— My son-in-law is named Chicard.

The physician passes his hand down his stiff beard, and continues, as if he had been speaking:

— Then have the goodness to introduce me to the apartment of the sufferer.

Tard puts the lantern under a table, knocks at a door close by, which is opened by a female advanced in years, who is weeping, and they are both introduced to the bedside of Regina, whose back is at this moment turned towards the new-comers. The matron, with a profusion of compliments, explains many details to the physician, and her husband remains at the foot of the bed. Till now Schmidt has observed only the sick woman, whose breath is wheezing, without seeing her face; but while reflecting he gives a glance towards the panel of the opposite wall, and sees the portrait in oil of a woman whom, at every moment of his sufferings, as we have seen in the preceding pages, he has remembered, though wrapped in a mystery which till now we have not penetrated; but it is plain enough that on seeing this portrait, he shudders, looks at the two weeping parents, sees innocence and grief in their countenances, and a tear escapes him, a cry of love issuing from his mouth, which the bystanders interpret as we do, as love for humanity.

— Will you have the goodness to turn Mademoiselle Regina round this way?

— Regina, Regina, daughter of my heart—says the disconsolate, aged matron—my daughter, turn round; here is the Doctor that your papa says, comes to cure you; come, I will help to turn you round this way.

— What, Grandmamma, what?

— Here is M. le Docteur, in whom your father places all his hope of seeing you once more well.

— And is her father here?—says Schmidt, with deep and manifest emotion.

— No, Sir, he lives in Chaumont.

The breast of the physician, without his perceiving it, dilates; and at the same time, with the breath in his mouth, he adds:

— Well! let us try and console this little angel; fear nothing; if science has any resources, we will give them all to her, and after examining her, I believe I shall give you much consolation.

In this interim the young woman has turned. She is the portrait of the portrait which hangs upon the wall in front. Schmidt gazes at her with devouring eyes. It seems as if he were going to mesmerize her, or to give her his soul, with those looks. He bends down, applies his ear to the chest of the patient, touches her fleshless bosom, feels her pulse, weeps, and says:

— Her paleness, her symptoms, all manifest that every part of the animal economy has been affected by the burden imposed upon it at the moment when nature was about to develope itself. My daughter, do you not feel heat, weight, and pain in the loins?

— Yes, Sir.

— Do you not observe a dilatation and hardness in the breast?

— Yes, Sir.

— Do you not suffer sometimes much Cephalia, at others, Cephalalgia, and often Hemicranea, or, as you say in common parlance, head-ache?

— Yes, Sir.

— Have you not lost your appetite for some months? Have you not felt extreme lassitude, and a light but slow fever?

— Yes, Sir,—replies the old lady, and adds—She is lusty by nature, and what most alarms us is, that she has in her ankles ulcerous wounds, which nothing will close up.

— That is well, that will save her; for the consumption is only in its first stage. Come, my friends, you need not afflict

yourselves; I am going to prescribe the method you must follow with Mll'e Regina; and if she has change of air and scene, I can assure you she will recover her health in a couple of months.

They are going to fetch him writing materials; but he gazes at the girl, turns his eyes to the portrait, takes her hand, presses it, and drops upon it a tear, no longer master of himself, and tells the aged man he wishes to go into another room to write his prescription. After consoling and encouraging Regina, he goes out with his eyes fixed on the portrait, his right hand upon his breast.

When he is seated he begins to write; he remains a quarter of an hour studying the method he ought to use with the patient; he finishes, stands up, and delivers the paper to Tard, saying:

— If you follow the course which I have just prescribed, be sure of the life of your grandchild; and as I am on a journey, I shall perhaps be unable to come here again, but follow the prescription exactly, and you run no risk. I should be glad to remain beside Regina till I saw her cheerful and vivacious, but . . . but it cannot be.

— Oh, M. le Docteur, God bless you; if my son-in-law were here, he would be happy indeed to hear you speak thus.

— Then mind you follow the prescription to the letter.

What passes in the soul of Schmidt every time the innocent old man mentions his son-in-law, or his unhappy daughter, it is impossible for us to decipher, but we know he suffers cruelly; it is therefore that he again repeats:

— Follow the prescription to the letter, and do not fear— and goes out at the door. Jean Tard takes the lantern, and they go out in the direction of the Canal, the same way as they came. On arriving at the plank, the old man gives a few calls, and a voice at some distance answers him:

— All right.

— Good night, Sir, and follow the prescription.

— Wait, Doctor, wait till the boy comes.

— He is with the carriage, thank you. I see well enough to be able to cross.

— Julien, M. le Docteur is going to cross.

— All right.

— Good night, then, follow the prescription.

— Good night, Doctor, try and see her, if possible once more.

— I will do all in my power.

Schmidt begins to walk, and the old man to cry out:

— Julien, come, quick, what are you about? . . .

The plank cracks, Schmidt totters, the plank comes in two; Schmidt falls into the canal. The voice of the old man, with accent of despair, is raised above the splash at the fall of Schmidt. Some efforts of the victim are heard, and a running in different directions.

CHAPTER XIII.

It was eight days after the unhappy Schmidt had left the Paraclete, when this which we have just related happened; and in this interval, various things have taken place in those ruins. On the day following the departure of the sage, when all the laborers of the vicinity were yet in alarm at the flames and dense smoke of the previous night, it was known as well in Nogent, as all around, that the Justice of Men was going to surprise the sorcerer of the vaults of the ruined monastery. Whatever silence the police wished to keep in the business, it was not possible that their visit to the dreaded place, and the formidable man, could escape the public curiosity. After the Sous-préfet had penetrated with all the apparatus with which men surround their contemptible Justice into the cavernous vaults, and found them deserted and charred by fire, seeing ashes scattered over what had been the chemico-anatomical saloon, the warrant for apprehension, *on suspicion and flight*, was made out against the physician, Pierre Schmidt. If in that moment there had been desired a hundred or a thousand witnesses of fabulous atrocities on the part of the Sorcerer, not only would the ignorant country people have deposed to any number of such deeds, but the disciples of Abelard would also have taken anew their mortal remains, and testified to the turns and revolutions made upon the gallows by his innumerable victims. Nothing of the kind, however, was necessary, in order that the name of the delinquent might be proclaimed, and the police be at his heels. But ah! Schmidt has disap-

peared in the impetuous canal, in which an old enemy of his has sought to bury him, at least so runs the common voice in the neighborhood of Chaumont, no particular reason, however, being assigned for his misfortune.

Justice has no sooner abandoned the Paraclete, about three o'clock in the afternoon, than all the inhabitants of the neighborhood direct their steps thither in procession; and although they have seen the before-mentioned explorers issue forth unhurt, the first platoon which venture to poke their noses into the mouth of the cavern, are not without their terrors, and there are runnings, and cries, and faintings, and falls, and frights, and I don't know how many other catastrophes, because the raven with the pilled head, poor animal, lost as it is without its master's companionship, flies round and round the ruins croaking. Among the crowd of people who have come together, are found the two laborers whom we saw at the beginning, crossing themselves at the sight of the raven; and the more astute of them, on this occasion gathers round him a crowd of curious folks, speaking in this fashion, in a loud tone, as though to give himself importance.

— Eh! Julien, eh! I told you a while ago! see if I've been mistaken the least bit in the world: the raven's the soul o' the sorcerer, and so as they don't catch him they'll see many *cattystrofies.*

— Then come, let's kill him—says a voice in the crowd.

— Come on!—repeat a hundred.

No one came there to shoot, and yet by magic a gun finds its way to their hands. The most dexterous applies the stock to his shoulder, shuts his left eye and points to the raven. Poor ingrate! that didst not return to the ark of Noah, why now dost thou give the lie to thy proverbial inconstancy and stretch out thy neck to see if thou canst meet thy master? Fly! Fly! Let not thy wings hang down! Disappear! Hover over the vaults!

Paf! . . . .

taf! . . . . —repeats the echo; but not till after the miserable messenger of Schmidt has, with fluttering wings, rolled down the mouldering walls.

A cry as of the roaring of the waves dashing themselves on the rocks of the solitary Syrtes arises from the mouth of that ignorant rabble, and some daring ones begin to run in the direction of the spot where the poor raven has fallen; a hundred follow these, and when they arrive at the spot it is yet struggling in the last convulsions of death. With branches doubled together like tongs they take hold of him, and it causes them horror to observe the protuberances on the bare head of the raven, who has never done any other mischief than out of gratitude seek its master. Oh! the ignorant populace is fearful when blinded by superstition, whether in politics, in religion, or any other human passion. The voice of a man, no matter whom, in these popular gatherings, when the spirit is prepared, produces a magical and always a diabolical effect. One voice arouses a thousand cries, and the tumult goes on increasing like soap-lather beaten by branches of thorny bramble. In all these popular reunions, which have caused some pages of History to be written in blood, the beginning has been a voice uttered by nobody knows whom; but these voices are like the thunderbolt which destroys, kills, annihilates, overturns a city, no one being able to tell whence it cometh. One of these cries has the power to create a phalanx of brigands, one of these cries awakens atrocious passions, and the earth itself sprouts up with arms to enable the people to imbrue their hands in innocent blood. Oh! as the raven dies so have died thousands of innocents, and like it been dragged along the ground, quartered as they quarter it, torn to atoms as it is. Men who command! would you be able to mollify the fury aroused by these mysterious voices in the breast of the poor stupid people, and to control the commotion of their raging waves? Then educate them, instruct them, make

them know their Dignity, and then with a word you will control them better than now by brutal force, you would run no risk, you would no more exasperate them by attacking them with your bayonets. The people in the popular street-fights are like the sea, which they imitate in their fury, which is divided for a moment by the oars of the vessel, to unite again, the vessel being passed, with all the more impetus. To oppose material force not by its like but by moral, ought to be the political maxim of men in our age. The people have been provoked for many centuries, they are accustomed to despotic treatment, they are very ignorant, they have good impulses, they are not wanting in heart nor in a certain *criterium* which makes them appreciate the just, the good, the useful, the heroic, the grand; they must be treated with moderated mildness, with reserved frankness, with a self-respectful kindness. To let yourself down like the demagogues, even to ignominy, makes the masses proud, and they despise the wretch as soon as they know him; to be proud so far as to claim to be superior to them irritates them. Oh if the people were better educated and had a high idea of their Dignity as rational beings, those insulated voices which are heard in the popular reunions and cause such misfortunes, would be solitary cries to which the air would echo back a universal shout of "Human Dignity"

But come, whither does our pen carry us? We are wandering. No: for the excited country people, when they see the raven lifeless, suddenly enter the vaults, and by their cries, their gestures, their menaces, show that if Schmidt were here he would pay the tribute of his blood to this fanatic people. The sight of the ashes yet hot, the carbonized bones, the half-consumed skulls, ropes that they find, two stones enveloped in a net, some blocks of wood which have plainly served to torture victims, fearful anecdotes which run from mouth to mouth, atrocious conjectures which the ignorant form at pleasure with nauseating colorings, all these united and much that escapes us in this tumult, rouse them to anger, intoxicate them with fury, they long

to find if it were only the skeleton of the wizard, to grind his bones to powder. They search, they examine, they open sepulchres, they cry out, ... until another of those mysterious voices says in a corner:

— He escaped last night by the river.

A confused rumor is heard and presently they may be seen, those besotted beings, defiling one by one, relating at pleasure what they have seen, what they have heard, things that could not even enter into the mind of an educated man.

Among the multitude who are retiring, for the night is fast approaching, Henri, the agent of police, may be seen, and the two countrymen of the first day of our History.

The chimneys of town and country are beginning to smoke, the stars one by one are breaking out, now is heard the munching of the dilatory ox and now the little bells on the beasts of labor, now go the fowls to roost upon their perches, from time to time is heard the bark of the faithful dogs guardians of the dwelling-places of men, when not only those who have been profaning the abode of Schmidt, but those also who have remained at home, are talking of the horrors of those vaults and of the diabolical disposition of their master. This subject is about to become the butt of universal curiosity, when the news arrives of the misfortune of the two young people, and even then all the weight of the crime falls upon the malefactor Schmidt. If we wished to relate what was said by these clowns, and even by those who were in their own estimation refined, we should never come to an end: it is enough to say that many of the laborers will not sleep, believing, although they know nothing of the doctrine of the metempsychosis, that the soul of the raven has passed into the mosquitos, and that this night they will have the power to inflict death or contaminate their beds with scandalous images.

The man who lives agitated by exterior things, now absorbed in business, now wallowing in vice, now corroded by ambition, in a word devoured by all those passions which are called into play by intercourse with men, can care but little, according to

our poor understanding, for that which is longed for by one who, abstracting himself for the greater part of his life from exterior things, soars with rapid flight into regions more spiritual. It is true that the latter will often fall into the snares laid for him by those who are more accustomed to the habits of the dwellers in the heavy terrestrial atmosphere; but what matter? in compensation he enjoys that which truly ennobles him, elevation of soul. How many would be delighted with us to enjoy *ubiquity!* How beautiful must it not be to see men running about on their ant-hill of a planet, and be able to dart our own glances into the infinite orbs that roll over our heads, and to contemplate the glorious multiform scene that from this height lies within the vision! Well! God cannot do less than pity men as from his throne he sees them in this world, and his infinite goodness will pardon many things. We will have the hardihood to beg of him that, if it be not contrary to his divine attributes, he would give us part of his prerogative: that of being in all places, after we have passed into Eternity; because the enjoyment of this gift must, according to our limited understanding, form part of the blessedness conceded to the soul of the mortal. Oh! if one could see the world at one glance, what varied ideas one would form of it! But since this is not possible, let us bow our neck and see what is happening the night ushered in by the afternoon of the poor Raven's death.

It is seven o'clock in the evening, between the lights, and a woman, who does not seem a country girl nor yet absolutely a city demoiselle, is ascending the river in the direction of Nogent. She arrives at the town, and for three or four hours is wandering round it apparently without any object; and she must certainly be tolerably familiar with the place, for she constantly comes back to one particular spot on the southwest.

Through the thick material of her vail, strong emotion, delight, hope, and doubt, may be observed on her countenance. She enters several shops, but does not buy any thing, and except what she cannot help saying on these occasions, she does not say

any thing; the mallet which has ten times repeated its blows on the bronze of the Tower, which serves to indicate the march of Time, is perhaps still hot, when, provided with a dark lantern, she takes the road that leads to the ruins of the Paraclete. Wrapped in a large shawl, she hides at once her agitation and the scarce light yielded, in spite of itself, by the lantern. What is she, a weak woman, going to do in the terrible ruins? Let us follow her. Her respiration denotes that she is tired; but she knows so well the little paths which lead to the mouth of the cavern, that we almost doubt whether it *is* fatigue, this thick breathing, and the manifest undulation of her breast, which the shawl at this moment does not conceal. Now she is in the entrance of the ruined portico, she turns to the left, she loses herself among the ruins, and now we do not see her; but fortunately, the silvery light of her little lantern has betrayed her, and between the irregular shapeless walls we can discern her shadow, that sometimes expands, sometimes contracts, and breaks itself, so to speak, in the ruins. Now she hides the light and we have lost her. She whistles, whistles again, repeats several times a prolonged whistle; she has taken out the little lantern, and we can see her; she glides down a sloping bank, formed by the crumbling masses, and is covered with ivy; she plunges into the subterranean caverns. Let us not leave her, for without light it would be impossible to see what she is doing. What bravery! She fears nothing, she calls Schmidt, José.

— Doctor, Doctor, here is Martha, come to bring you good news, glorious and happy tidings. Doctor, Dr. Schmidt!

She is answered by the echo of her own voice, and footsteps, that repeat . . . . *sat* . . . . *sat* . . . .

Martha stops, reflects, exclaims:

— Can he have died?

This word in the mansions of the dead has a surprising effect on the heart of Martha, daughter of the husbandman, dishonored by the noble, the grateful woman who comes with her

heart in her mouth to give to her protector good news. The young woman continues:

— And José, also? And the dog? It cannot be.

Nevertheless, she trembles. But controlling her emotion, she goes to the anatomical saloon. When near she perceives the smell of smoke, discovers some signs of fire, leans down and lights the ground. Close besides her she finds the wings of the raven.

— What do I see? What do I see? Has even the raven fallen a victim to the fatal Destiny of the most generous and compassionate man ever known?

She continues her walk; the door of the saloon is turned to charcoal; in this department nothing is to be seen but brands, ashes, and heaps yet smoking; some calcined bones make her utter a cry of grief. Martha weeps, Martha reflects, Martha thinks to have guessed what has happened, Martha believes Schmidt has disappeared a victim to suicide, but sighing, she continues her examination. She passes from one room to another, finding only solitude, she calls and only silence answers, she weeps, she is in despair, and returning to the entrance of the caverns, picks up one of the raven's wings, kneels down, prays to God for the soul of Schmidt, longs to have wings like this which she has found, that she may fly to announce the misfortune to others who will weep bitterly over it, and concludes with this apostrophe:

— Wise old man, restorer of my life, you have like myself bowed down under misfortune, you have died through doing good, and here is a feeble woman who pledges herself, for your sake and her own, to avenge you on the wretch who makes so many suffer. Oh! Doctor! if Martha, the poor Martha, had been here you should not have died. Liberator of the poor, my protector, my old father's generous benefactor, Martha loves you, Martha would have rejoiced in consoling you with all the sacrifices you could have wished from her, if you would but only

have preserved your days for the good of many! And what shall we do now?

The answer is a copious flood of tears, which she concludes, saying between her sobs:

— But HE shall not be long happy!

Martha abandons the sad spot.

THE END.

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

LAS CUATRO POSTRIMERÍAS DEL HOMBRE.

Muerte, Juicio, Infierno, y Gloria,

POR

ADADUS CALPE.

ESPAÑOL.

PROSPECTO.

Cuando el hombre llega al uso de la razon, lo primero, que le entristece los sentidos y el alma, es su fin. Desde entónces sabe lo que es el horror de la muerte, espera con miedo el juicio, se estremece al pensar en el infierno, y ansia dudoso llegar á la gloria. Ese mismo horror, ese miedo, ese estremecimiento, y esa duda ansiosa esperimenta en el azaroso curso de su vida; pero, aunque lo sabe, no piensa que, si horrible es la muerte del cuerpo, tremenda es la de su honor, de su conciencia, de su vida pública y doméstica; si formidable es el juicio de sus acciones, palabras y pensamientos mas allá de este valle de amargura, mas temible es el de sus semejantes, porqué carecen de la sabiduria, de la bondad, y de la justicia de Dios: si horrendo es el lugar del castigo, insoportable es tambien el infierno de la sociedad en que vivimos: si deliciosa, si indescribible, si infinita es la gloria para el que obró segun la ley, dulce y deleitable es la pequeña gloria, que puede formarse en este mundo con la religion, la sabiduria, el trabajo, la educacion, y la constancia.

El objeto de esta obra, que está dividida en cuatro volúmenes, es demostrar la verdad de lo que se acaba de decir.

Notices of the Press.

Courrier des Etats-Unis 22 *Juillet*, 1850.—*New-York.*

Las Cuatro Postrimerías del Hombre.—Tel est le titre d'une série de romans philosophiques écrits en espagnol, dont la publication vient de commencer à New-York. L'auteur, Mr. Adadus Calpe, se propose développer, sous cette forme intéressante, quelques vérités de l'ordre le plus élevé. La première livraison, que nous avons sous les yeux, semble révéler chez lui des qualités de style et une grande originalité; il ne sera toutefois possible de juger du mérite de l'ouvrage que lorsqu'il sera plus avancé.

Notices of the Press—continued.

New-York Courier & Inquirer, 10*th January*, 1851.

LAS CUATRO POSTRIMERÍAS DEL HOMBRE: MUERTE, JUICIO, INFIERNO Y GLORIA, is a Spanish romance, written in this city by Mr. ADADUS CALPE, and in course of publication by W. G. STEWART. Its title signifies "The Four Last States of Man!—Death, Judgment, Hell and Heaven," and the book is designed to illustrate the evils of ignorance and superstition. The spirit is philosophical, and the story, so far as yet developed, is ingenious and interesting.

Journal of Commerce, 11*th January*, 1851.—*New-York.*

This work is designed to illustrate the evils of ignorance and superstition. The interest of this story increases as it becomes developed, and the appearance of future numbers will be gladly welcomed by those who are familiar with the beautiful language in which it is written.

New-York Daily Tribune, *January* 12, 1851.

LAS CUATRO POSTRIMERÍAS DEL HOMBRE, (the Four Final Conditions of Man). By ADADUS CALPE. New-York: WM. G. STEWART.

We have received the first and second numbers of this work—a novel in the Spanish language, by Señor ADADUS CALPE, a resident of this city. It will be published in four parts, the whole forming a work of about 2500 pages. The style is fresh and graphic, and the story, so far as we have perused it, is animated and interesting. To the large and growing Spanish population of this city and country, it will be an attractive work, while to those studying the language it may be read with profit.

The Era, *January* 12, 1851.

LITERARY.—A Spanish gentleman, Señor ADADUS CALPE, who has travelled and reflected greatly, has commenced the publication of a series of metaphysical romances, under the title of "LAS CUATRO POSTRIMERÍAS DEL HOMBRE" (the Four Ends of Man), in the Spanish language. The first and second parts contain a part of "MUERTE" (Death), and thus far evince a highly imaginative and philosophic vein of thought; the incidents are wrought out with ingenuity, and the entire work will develop a new and elevated view of moral thoughts and human actions.

Pennsylvania Inquirer, *August* 5, 1850.—*Philadelphia.*

A ROMANCE IN SPANISH.—We have been favored with the first number of a new work, which has just been commenced in New-York. It is written and printed in Spanish. The title, translated, is "THE FOUR LAST STATES OF MAN." The author is ADADUS CALPE, a highly-gifted Spaniard, who has taken up his residence in this country. The spirit is at once philosophical and imaginative; the incidents exhibit great ingenuity, and the interest excited is thus far intense.

This work may be obtained of the Publishers of *The Two Fathers*, Messrs. STRINGER & TOWNSEND. The first volume has already appeared in 12 Nos., price 25 cents each, or complete, bound in cloth, $3 50.

The SECOND PART of THE TWO FATHERS is now in press. It will form a volume similar to "The Ruins of the Paraclete," but containing some 40 or 50 more pages, entitled **HECTOR ALONE.**

The THIRD PART, **SCIENCE AND LOVE,** will follow immediately after the publication of the Second.

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